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001



THE
DRAMATICK
WORKS

OF

Mr. *Nathanael Lee.*

IN

THREE VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, the Corner
of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON,
at the *Dolphin* and *Grown*, and D. BROWNE, at
the *Black Swan*, without *Temple-Bar*; J. WELLING-
TON; A. BETTESWORTH and E. CLAY, in
Trust for R. WELLINGTON.

MDCCLXXXIV.

TEST
2011-11-10
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THE
DRAMATICK
WORKS
OF

Mr. *Nathanael Lee.*

VOLUME the FIRST.

Containing

OEDIPUS.
THEODOSIUS; or,
the FORCE of LOVE. || PRINCESS of CLEVELAND.
|| LUCIUS BRUTUS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, the Corner
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TON; A. BETTESWORTH and F. CLAY, in
Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIV..

OE D I P U S:

A

T R A G E D Y,

As it is Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK'S THEATRE.

Written by

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

*Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
Ni teneant —————* Virg.

*Vos exemplaria Græca,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.* Horat.

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P R E F A C E.

THOUGH it be dangerous to raise too great an Expectation, especially in Works of this Nature, where we are to please an unsatiable Audience; yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an Author, and therefore both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* inform'd you, that *Oedipus* was the most celebrated Piece of all Antiquity: That *Sophocles*, not only the greatest Wit, but one of the greatest Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage at the publick Cost, and that it had the Reputation of being his Master-piece, not only amongst the Seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater Number which are perish'd. *Aristotle* has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry, *Horace* has mention'd it: *Lucullus*, *Julius Caesar*, and other noble Romans, have written on the same Subject, though their Poems are wholly lost; but *Seneca's* is still preserv'd. In our own Age, *Cornéille* has attempted it, and, it appears by his Preface, with great Success: But a judicious Reader will easily observe, how much the Copy is inferior to the Original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his Success to the happy Episode of *Theseus* and *Dirce*; which is the same thing, as if we should acknowledge, that we were indebted for our good Fortune, to the Under-plot of *Agrastus*, *Eurydice*, and *Creon*. The truth is, he miserably fail'd in the Character of his Hero: if he desir'd that *Oedipus* should be pitied, he shou'd have made him a better Man.

A 2.

P R E F A C E.

Man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to shew him in his first Entrance, a Just, a Merciful, a Successful, a Religious Prince, and, in short, a Father of his Country: Instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the *Theban* Crown, than solicitous for the Safety of his People: Hectored by *Theseus*, contemn'd by *Dirce*, and scarce maintaining a second Part in his own Tragedy. This was an Error in the first Concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the second or the third: He introduc'd a greater Hero than *Oedipus* himself; for when *Theseus* was once there, that Companion of *Hercules* must yield to none: The Poet was oblig'd to furnish him with Business, to make him an Equipage suitable to his Dignity, and by following him too close, to lose his other King of *Brentford* in the Crowd. *Seneca*, on the other side, as if there was no such thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expression, pointed Sentences, and philosophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The *Frenchman* follow'd a wrong Scent; and the *Roman* was absolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of *Corneille*, was, that an Episode must be, but not his Way: And *Seneca* supply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his *Tiresias* raising the Ghost of *Laius*: Which is here perform'd in view of the Audience, the Rites and Ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the *Greeks*: But he himself was beholden to *Homer's Tiresias* in the *Odysses* for some of them: And the rest have been collected from *Heliodore's Aethiopiques*, and *Lucan's Eriabo*. *Sophocles* indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have follow'd him as close as possibly we could: But the *Athenian* Theatre, (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene, (or two at most) which manage the Business of the Play, and after that succeeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up more time in Singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The principal Person appears almost constantly through the Play; but the inferior

Parts

P R E F A C E.

Parts seldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to lose any considerable Character which we have once presented. Custom likewise has obtain'd, that we must form an Under-plot of second Persons, which must be depending on the first, and their By-walks must be like those in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great Parterre: Or like so many several lodging Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the same Gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we could think so, the ancient Method, as 'tis the easiest, is also the most Natural, and the Best. For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject to breed Distraction: And while we would please too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we please in none. But we have given you more already than was necessary for a Preface, and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Instructions, than that Politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a Condition to invade them.





PROLOGUE

WHEN Athens all the Grecian State did guide,
And Greece gave Laws to all the World beside,
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 'twas sung in Verse, or said in Prose.
Then, Oedipus, on Crowded Theatres,
Drew all admiring Eyes and listening Ears:
The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best Design!
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, should it fail, (as ~~Hogarth~~ avert our fear!)
Damn it in Silence, lest the World should hear.
For were it known this Poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect Savage:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men;
But think the Nation all turn'd Pigs again.
Faith as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect your selves of too much Wit.
Drive not the Jest too far, but spare this Piece;
And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
See twice! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed Canon do not always run.

With

PROLOGUE.

*With some respect to ancient Wit proceed;
You take the four first Councils for your Creed.
But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone rely,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay,
Record it, in Memorial of the Fact,
The first Play bury'd since the Woollen Act.*



A f

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OEdipus	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
Adrastus.	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
Creon	<i>Mr. Samford.</i>
Tiresias.	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
Hæmon.	<i>Mr. Crosby.</i>
Alcander	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
Diocles	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
Pyracmon	<i>Mr. Boman.</i>
Phorbas	<i>Mr. Gillo.</i>
Dymas	
Ægeon	
<i>Ghost of Lajus</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>

W O M E N.

Jocasta	<i>Mrs. Betterton.</i>
Eurydice	<i>Mrs. Lee.</i>
Manto.	<i>Mrs. Evans.</i>

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

SCENE THEBES.

OEDIPUS.



OE D I P U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present Condition of Thebes; dead Bodies appear at a Distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles, and Pyracmon.

ALCANDER.



Methinks we stand on Ruins; Nature shakes
About us; and the universal Frame
So loose, that it but wants another Push
To leap from off its Hinges. [Globe
Dioc. No Sun to cheer us; but a bloody
That rolls above; a bald and beamless Fire;
His Face o'er-grown with Scurf: The Sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seasons
Lie all confus'd; and, by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget

Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
 In his Mid-way, and, seeing not his Livery,
 Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw Damps
 With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
 Scattering their pestilential Colds and Rheums
 Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murraings follow'd
 On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
 At last, the Malady
 Grew more domestic, and the faithful Dog
 Dy'd at his Master's Feet.

Dioc. And next his Master:
 For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
 First on inferior Creatures try'd their Force:
 And last they seiz'd on Man.

Pyx. And then a thousand Deaths, at once advanc'd,
 And every Dart took place; all was so sudden,
 That scarce a first Man fell; one but began
 To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too;
 A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
 Drops in the pious Act. Heard you that Green?

[Green within.]

Dioc. A Troop of Ghosts took flight together there:
 Now Death's grown Riotous, and will play no more
 For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
 How are we sure we breathe not now our last,
 And that next Minute,
 Our Bodies cast into some common Pit,
 Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
 By half a People.

Alc. There's a Chain of Causes
 Link'd to Effects; invincible Necessity
 That whate'er is, could not but so have been:
 That's my Security.

To them, enter Creon,

Cre. So had it need, when all our Streets lie cover'd
 With dead and dying Men;
 And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
 More than she hides in Graves!
 Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen

The

The Nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death.

Dioc. Now, *OEdipus*,
(If he return from War, our other Plagues)
Will scarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be sung before him.

Alc. He will do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of conquer'd *Argians*, to renew his *Thebes*.

Cre. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates,
With their detested Omen.

Dioc. Of his Children.

Cre. Nay, though she be my Sister, of his Wife.

Alc. O that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!

Dioc. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.

Cre. Come, you're my Friends:
The Queen my Sister, after *Lajus's* Death,
Fear'd to be single; and supply'd his Place
With a young Successor.

Dioc. He much resembles
Her former Husband too.

Alc. I always thought so.

Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black
He will be very *Lajus*. [Locks,

Cre. So he will:

Mean time she stands provided of a *Lajus*
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
These Women are such cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The same resemblance in a younger Lover
Lies brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
And urges their Remembrance to Desire.

Dioc. Had Merit, not her Dotage, been consider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *OEdipus*,
A Stranger!

Cre. That word Stranger, I confess,
Sounds harshly in my Ears.

Dioc. We are your Creatures,
The People prone, as in all general Ills,

To sudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
 The Queen a Woman weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
 A Princess young and beauteous, and unmarried.
 Methinks from these disjointed Propositions
 Something might be produc'd.

Cre. The Gods have done
 Their Part, by sending this commodious Plague.
 But oh the Princess! her hard Heart is shut
 By Adamantine Locks against my Love.

Alc. Your Claim to her is strong; You are betroth'd.

Pyr. True; in her Nonage.

Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, young *Adrastus*,
 When he was Hostage here ———

Cre. Oh Name him not! the Bane of all my Hopes;
 That hot-brain'd, head-long Warrior, has the Charms
 Of Youth, and somewhat of a lucky Rashness,
 To please a Woman yet more Fool than he.
 That thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form
 And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.

Alc. But since the War broke out about our Frontiers,
 He's now a Foe to *Thebes*.

Cre. But is not so to her; see, she appears;
 Once more I'll prove my Fortune: You insinuate
 Kind Thoughts of me into the Multitude;
 Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with Freedom
 And you shall see 'em toss their Tails, and gad,
 As if the Breeze had stung 'em.

Dioc. We'll about it. [Exeunt *Alc.* *Dioc.* and *Pyr.*

Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice*!
 A lavish Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
 And madest thee of such Kindred-mold to Heav'n,
 Thou seem'st more Heav'n's than ours.

Eur. Cast round your Eyes;
 Where late the Streets were so thick sown with Men,
 Like *Cadmus* Brood they jostled for the Passage:
 Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em
 Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways.

When

When you have thought on this, then answer me,
If these be Hours of Courtship.

Cre. Yes, they are;

For when the Gods destroy so fast, 'tis time
We should renew the Race.

Eur. What, in the midst of Horror!

Cre. Why not then?

There's the more need of Comfort.

Eur. Impious *Creon*!

Cre. Unjust *Eurydice*! can you accuse me
Of Love, which is Heav'n's Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you say pursues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?

Eur. Still th' old Argument.

I bad you, cast your Eyes on other Men,
Now cast 'em on your self: Think what you are.

Cre. A Man.

Eur. A Man!

Cre. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.

Eur. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you
For any other Part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: Hence from my Sight,
Thou Poison to my Eyes.

Cre. 'Twas you first poison'd mine; and yet methinks
My Face and Person should not make you sport.

Eur. You force me, by your Importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Cre. A Prince, who loves you;

And since your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at its highest Value.

Eur. Love from thee!

Why Love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the Light:

Nature her self start back when thou wert born;

And cry'd, the Work's not mine ———

The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw

Thy Mountain back, and thy distorted Legs,

Thy Face it self,

Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man;

And half o'ercome with Beast, stood doubting long.

Whose Right in thee were more:

And

And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames,
Were not the holier Work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mould? yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rumbled 'em
On heaps in their dark Lodging, to revenge
Her bungled Work she stamp't my Mind more fair:
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
The God strook Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making less than Man, he made me more.

Eur. No; thou art all one Error; Soul and Body.
The first young Trial of some unskill'd Pow'r;
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
The crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back;
And wander'd in in thy Limbs: To thy own kind
Make Love, if thou canst find it in the World:
And seek not from our Sex to raise an Offspring,
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the Gods
To cut off humane Kind.

Cre. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: That Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you false, and break the Vows
You made to me.

Eur. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurse.

Cre. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd, leath'd *Creon*,
Is Master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young *Minion*, spoil the Gods' fine work,
And stab you in his Heart.

Eur. This when thou dost,
Then mayst thou still be curs'd with loving me:
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghost—— No, let his Ghost have rest:
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself.

[*Exit. Eur.*
Cre.

Creon. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an Offence to Sight:
My Body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in Day to make my Vices seen
By all discerning Eyes, but the blind Vulgar.
I must make haste ere Oedipus return,
To snatch the Crown and her; for I still love;
But love with Malice; as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the seraps for Slaves.

*Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, and led by his
Daughter Manto.*

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad!
Wou'd his Apollo had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll shun his Walk; and seek
My popular Friends. *[Exit Creon.]*

Tir. A little farther; yet a little farther,
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary Steps: and thou who seest
For me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
With impious Steps upon dead Corps; — Now stay:
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
Where are We?

Man. Under Covert of a Wall:
The most frequented once, and noisy Part
Of Thebes, now midnight Silence reigns ev'n here;
And Grass untrodden springs beneath our Feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this Place a sunny Bank!
There let me rest a while: a sunny Bank!
Alas! how can it be, where no Sun shines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy Head
To glimmer through the Damps.

*[A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow, A Creon, A
Green, A Creon.]*

Hark! a tumultuous Noise, and Creon's Name
Thrice echo'd.

Man. Fly, the Tempest drives this way.

Tir.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindness take their flight?
If I could fly, what cou'd I suffer worse,
Secure of greater Ills!

[*Noise again, Creon, Creon, Creon.*
Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; followed
by the Crowd.

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but must refuse
The Honours you intend me; they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better Choice.

1 Cit. Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my Life:
That's double work.

2 Cit. My first Word is always my Second; and there-
fore I'll have no second Word: and therefore once again
I say, A *Creon*.

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon*!

Cre. Yet hear me, Fellow-Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow-Citizens! there was a Word of Kindness!

Alc. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar Name?

1 Cit. Never, never; he was too proud.

Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a Stranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half destroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish
Under a *Theban* born.

'Tis true, the Gods might send this Plague among you,
Because a Stranger rul'd: but what of that,
Can I redress it now?

3 Cit. Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us,
Because he reigns.

Cre. *Oedipus* may return: you may be ruin'd.

1 Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 Cit. Half of us that are here present, were living Men
but Yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop and
drop, and no Man knows whether he be dead or living.
And therefore while we are sound and well, let us satisfy
our Consciences, and make a new King.

3 Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Co-
ronation, and then if we must die, we'll go merrily to
All.

All. To the Question, to the Question.

Dioc. Are you content, *Creon* should be your King?

All. A *Creon*, A *Creon*, A *Creon*!

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*, and thou *Creon*, hear me.

1 *Cit.* Who's that would be heard? we'll hear no Man:
We can scarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2 *Cit.* Oh, 'tis *Apollo's* Priest, we must hear him; 'tis
the old blind Prophet that sees all things.

3 *Cit.* He comes from the Gods too, and they are our
betters; and in good Manners we must hear him: Speak,
Prophet.

2 *Cit.* For coming from the Gods that's no great Mat-
ter, they can all say that; but he's a great Scholar, he-
can make Almanacks, and he were put to't, and there-
fore I say hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*? are the Gods
Unjust in punishing? are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 *Cit.* Yes, yes, no doubt there are some Sins stirring,
that are the Cause of all.

3 *Cit.* Yes there are Sins; or we should have no Taxes.

2 *Cit.* For my part I can speak it with a safe Conscience,
I ne'er sinn'd in all my Life.

1 *Cit.* Nor I.

3 *Cit.* Nor I.

(Doors.)

2 *Cit.* Then we are all justified, the Sin lies not at our

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty;
Were every Man's false dealing brought to light,
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Measures, th' other Man's Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not sinn'd?

2 *Cit.* Nay, if these be Sins, the Case is alter'd; for my
part I never thought any thing but Murder had been a
Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em; impious *Thebans*!

Have

Have you not sworn before the Gods to serve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King
By publick Voice elected? answer me,
If this be true!

2 *Cit.* This is true; but it's a hard World, Neighbours,
If a Man's Oath must be his Master.

Cre. Speak *Diocles*; all goes wrong.

Dioc. How are you Traitors, Countrymen of *Thebes*?
This holy Sir, who presses you with Oaths,
Forgets your first; were you not sworn before
To *Lajus* and his Blood?

All. We were; we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Successor,
Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1 *Cit.* He puts the Prophet in a Mouse-hole.

2 *Cit.* I knew it wou'd be so; the last Man ever speaks
the best Reason.

Tir. Can Benefits thus die, ungrateful *Thebans*?
Remember yet, when after *Lajus*'s death,
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen slew;
Your selves for fear mew'd up within your Walls,
She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town,
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; 'till stooping down,
She clap'd her leathern Wing against your Towers,
And thrust out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in Temples
To invoke the Gods for aid, the proudest he
Who leads you now, then cower'd, like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* shook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus* cruddled in his Veins:

Till

Exit Oedipus arriv'd.

Call'd by his own high Courage and the Gods,
Himself to you a God: ye offer'd him
Your Queen, and Crown; (but what was then your Crown?)
And Heav'n's authoriz'd it by his Sacrifice:
Speak then, who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis Oedipus.

Tir. 'Tis Oedipus indeed: your King more lawful
Than yet you dream: For something still there lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read through Mists:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth;
Of wondrous Fate; and now, just now disclosing
I see, I see! how terribly it dawns.
And my Spak thickens with it:

Cit. How the God strikes him!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Triumph!
But oh! Guileless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
Incest; Discovery! Punishment ~~now~~ 'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within; Enter Hamon.

Ham. Rouse up ye Thebans; raise your *Io Paeon!*
Your King returns; the Argives are o'er-come;
Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like Oedipus:

All. Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus!

Crown. Buries confound his Fortune! *[Aside.]*
Haste, all haste, *[To them]*

And meet with Blessings our victorious King;
Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlanders;
And raise a Brazen Column, thus inscrib'd,
To Oedipus, now twice a Conqueror; Deliverer of his
Thebes.

Trust me, I weep for Joy to see this Day. *(trymen)*

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows why thou weep'st:—Go, Court,
And, as you use to supplicate your Gods
So meet your King with Bayes, and Olive-Branches;
Bow down, and touch his Knees; and beg from him
An end of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. *[Ex. Tiresias, the People following.]*

Enter

Enter Oedipus in Triumph; Adrastus Prisoner; Dymas, Train.

Cre. All hail, great *Oedipus*;

'Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes* :

To thy own *Thebes* ; to all that's left of *Thebes* :

For half thy Citizens are swept away,

And wanting to thy Triumphs :

And we, the happy Remnant, only live

To welcome thee, and die.

: *Oedip.* Thus Pleasure never comes sincere to Man ;

But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury :

And, while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,

Ere it can reach our Lips it's dash'd with Gall

By some left-handed God. . O mournful Triumph !

O Conquest gain'd abroad and lost at home !

O *Argos* ! now rejoice, for *Thebes* lies low ;

Thy slaughter'd Sons now smile, and think they won ;

When they can count more *Theban* Ghosts than theirs.

Adr. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes* ; you temper'd so

Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy seem'd

The'manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd :

While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*,

Can never want for Subjects : Every Nation

Will crowd to serve where *Oedipus* commands.

Cre.toHæm. How mean it shews to fawn upon the Victor !

Hæm. Had you beheld him fight, you had said otherwise:

Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy

Superior Virtue.

Oedip. This indeed is Conquest,

To gain a Friend like you : Why were we Foes ?

Adr. 'Cause we were Kings, and each disdain'd an Equal.

I fought to have it in my pow'r to do

What thou hast done ; and so to use my Conquest ;

To shew thee, Honour was my only Motive.

Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,

And *Thebes* thus waste, I would not take the Gift,

Which, like a Toy dropt from the Hands of Fortune,

Lay for the next Chance-comer.

Oedip. embracing. No more Captive,

But Brother of the War : 'Tis much more pleasant,

And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy Love,
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from soft use.

Adr. My Conqueror!

Oedip. My Friend! that other Name keeps Enmity alive,
But longer to detain thee were a Crime;
To love, and to *Eurydice*, go free:
Such welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Adr. I go without a Bluff, though conquer'd twice,
By you and by my Princess. [*Ex. Adrastus.*]

Cre. [*Aside.*] Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
And her, and ev'n by him, the Slave of both:
Gods, I'm beholden to you, for making me your Image,
Wou'd I could make you mine. [*Ex. Creon.*]

*Enter the People with Branches in their Hands, holding
them up, and kneeling: Two Priests before them.*

Oedip. Alas, my People!

What means this speechless Sorrow, down-cast-Eyes,
And lifted Hands! if there be one among you
Whom Grief has left a Tongue, speak for the rest.

Pr. O Father of thy Country!

To thee these Knees are bent, these Eyes are lifted,
As to a visible Divinity.

A Prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose
The business of Mankind: for Providence
Might on thy careful Bosom sleep secure,
And leave her Task to thee.

But where's the Glory of thy former Acts?
Ev'n that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it.
Millions of Subjects shalt thou have; but mute.

A People of the dead; a crowded Desert.

A Midnight Silence at the Noon of Day.

Oedip. O were our Gods as ready with their Pity,
As I with mine, this Presence shou'd be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my sad Eyes
Not search in vain for Friends, whose promis'd Sight
Flatter'd my Toils of War.

Pr. Twice our Deliverer.

Oedip.

Oedip. Nor are now your Vows
 Address'd to one who sleeps:
 When this unwelcome News first reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was sent to *Delphos* to inquire
 The Cause and Cure of this contagious Ill:
 And 'is this Day return'd: but since his Message
 Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it
 But in this general Presence: Let him speak.

Dym. A dreadful Answer from the hallow'd *Ura*,
 And sacred *Tripous* did the Priests give,
 In these mysterious Words,

The Oracle: *Shed in a curst Hour, by curst Hands,
 Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land.
 When Lajus Death is expiated well,
 Your Plague shall cease: the rest let Lajus tell.*

Oedip. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too?
 And such a King's, and by his Subjects shed!
 (Else why this Curse on *Thebes*?) no wonder then
 If Monsters, Wars, and Plagues revenge such Crimes!
 If Heav'n be just, its whole Artillery
 All must be empty'd on us: Not one Bolt
 Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more;
 New-moulded Thunder of a larger Size,
 Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What, touch anointed Pow'r!
 Then Gods beware; *Jove* wou'd himself be next;
 Cou'd you but reach him too:

2 *Pr.* We mourn the sad Remembrance.

Oedip. Well you may:

Worse than a Plague infects you: y'are devoted
 To Mother Earth, and to th' infernal Pow'rs:
 Hell has a Right in you: I thank you, Gods,
 That I'm no *Theban* born: how my Blood craddles!
 As if this Curse touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
 Than all this Presence! — Yes, 'tis a King's Blood,
 And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
 To expiate this Blood: But where, from whom,
 Or how must I atone it? tell me, *Theban*,
 How *Lajus* fell? for a confus'd Report
 Pass'd through my Ears, when first I took the Crown:

But

But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,
It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.

1 *Pr.* He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.

Oedip. Nor any from him? came there no Attendant?
None to bring the News?

2 *Pr.* But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew breath to speak some few faint Words.

Oedip. What were they? something may be learnt from
thence.

1 *Pr.* He said a Band of Robbers watch'd their Passage;
Who took advantage of a narrow way
To murder *Lajus* and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.

Oedip. Made you no more Inquiry,
But took this bare Relation?

2 *Pr.* 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monster *Sphinx* began to rage;
And Present Cares soon buried the Remote;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

Oedip. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Just then, the *Sphinx* began to rage among you;
The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending Minute,
And dated thence your Woes: thence will I trace 'em.

1 *Pr.* 'Tis just thou should'st.

Oedip. Hear then this dreadful Imprecation; hear it:
'Tis laid on all; not any one exempt:
Bear witness Heav'n, avenge it on the perjur'd,
If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger
Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author,
Ten Attique Talents be his just Reward:
But, if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,
The Murder'r he conceal, the Curse of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: From Fire and Water,
Converse, and all things common be he banish'd.
But for the Murderer's self, unsound by Man,
Find him ye Pow'rs Celestial and Infernal;
And the same Fate or worse than *Lajus* met,

Let be his Lot: his Children be accurs'd;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his be' curs'd
Both Pr. Confirm it Heav'n!

Enter Jocasta; Attended by Women.

Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n succeed your Wishes;
And bring th' effect of these your pious Pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.

Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!

Oedip. O fatal Sound, Unfortunate *Jocasta*!
What hast thou said! an ill Hour hast thou chosen
For these foreboding Words! why, we were cursing!

Joc. Then may the Curse fall only where you laid it;

Oedi. Speak no more!

For all thou say'st is ominous: we were cursing;
And that dire Imprecation hast thou fasten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my Blessings turn'd into a Curse?
O Unkind *Oedipus*! My former Lord
Thought me his Blessing: be thou like my *Lajus*.

Oedi. What yet again! the third time hast thou curs'd me
This Imprecation was for *Lajus*' Death,
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me!

Oedip. Why dost thou gaze upon me? prithee Love
Take off thy Eye; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*:
His Speech, his Garb, his Action; nay his Frown;
(For I have seen it;) but ne'er bent on me.

Oedip. Are we so like?

Joc. In all things but his Love. *(Speak how well.)*

Oedip. I love thee more: so well I love, Words cannot
No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more
Than I my dear *Jocasta*.

Joc. I love you too

The self same way and when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love start up in your Defence,
And bade me not be angry: be not you:
For I love *Lajus* still as Wives shou'd love:
But you more tenderly; as part of me:
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks

I lull my Child asleep.

Oedip. Then we are blest:

And all these Curses sweep along the Skies
Like empty Clouds; but drop not on our Heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private Fears;
But this blest Meeting has o'er-paid them all.
Good Fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your Consent
To make my Brother happy.

Oedip. How! *Jocasta*?

Joc. By Marriage with his Neice, *Eurydice*?

Oedip. Uncle and Neice! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Incest: 'Tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adrastus*,
No choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They shou'd not marry; speak no more of it;
The Thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creon*;
Remember he's my Brother.

Oedip. That's the Bar:
And she thy daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her self,
And like a Whirl-pool swallow her own Streams.

Joc. Be not pleas'd; Ill move the suit no more.

Oedip. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but think on Incest. Move we forward
To thank the Gods for my Success, and pray
To wash the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]





A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE *An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being suppos'd behind.*

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander and Pyracmon.

Hæm. SURE 'tis the End of all things ! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghastly Ball of round Eternity !
Call you these Peals of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds ? By *Jove*, they seem to me
The World's last Groines ; and those vast Sheets of Flame
Are its last Blaze ! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen-Globes ;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Gellies,
And *Chaos* is at Hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* sleeps,
But such as ne'er must wake. All crowd about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King ; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's glare, descry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers. [Thunder, &c.]

Hæm. Ha ! *Pyracmon*, look ;
Behold, *Alcander*, from yon' West of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman ;
A Sceptre bright with Gems in each right Hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazzling Purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just West ; a bloody red stains all the Place :
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of Golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,
8 And

And seem so crowded, that they burst upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets stick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left Sides,
As they would shoot their Quills into their Hearts.

Ham. But see! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this?

*[Thunders again. The Scene draws, and discovers
the Prodigies.]*

*Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, and all
coming forward with Amazement.*

Oedip. Answer, you Pow'rs Divine; spare all this Noise,
This rack of Heav'n, and speak your fatal Pleasure.

Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night,
Burst forth such Myriads of abortive Stars?

Ha! my *Jocasta*, look! the Silver Moon!

A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face!

She's all o'er Blood! and look, behold again,

What mean the mystick Heav'ns, she journeys on?

A vast Eclipse darkens the labouring Planet:

Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War;

Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,

And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you see the Prodigies continue;

Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humourous.

Oedip. Forbear, rash Man — Once more I ask your
Pleasure!

If that the Glow-worm light of humane Reason

Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,

And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?

Why do the Rocks split, and why rolls the Sea?

Why those Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?

Why yon' Gigantick Forms, Ethereal Monsters?

Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs

Which your own Hands have made? Then be it so.

Or if the Fates resolve some Expiation

For murder'd *Lajus*; hear me, hear me, Gods!

Hear me thus prostrate: Spare this groaning Land;
 Save innocent *Thebes*, stop the Tyrant Death;
 Do this, and lo I stand up an Oblation
 To meet your swiftest and severest Anger,
 Shoot all at once, and strike me to the Center.

*The Cloud draws that veils the Heads of the Figures in
 the Sky, and shows 'em Crown'd, with the Names of
 Oedipus and Jocasta written above in great Charac-
 ters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senses
 Are vanish'd with that Cloud that fleets away;
 Or just above those two Majestick Heads,
 I see, I read distinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and Jocasta.

Alc. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wide
 Too far in the vast deep of Destiny.

[Thunder; and the Prodigies vanish.]

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
 When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
 Had some new Monsters made? will you not turn,
 And bleis your People; who devour each word
 You breathe?

Oedip. It shall be so.

Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to save thee!
 Draw from my Heart my Blood, with more content
 Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocasta*!
 By all the Endearments of miraculous Love,
 By all our Languishings, our Fears in Pleasure,
 Which oft have made us wonder; here I swear
 On thy fair Hand, upon thy Breast I swear,
 I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
 To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
 For which the awful Gods should doom my Death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
 But he who murder'd *Laius*, frees the Land:
 Were you, which is impossible, the Man,

Perhaps

Perhaps my Son-in-law first should drink your Blood ;
 But you are innocent, as your *Jocasta*,
 From Crimes like those. This made me violent
 To save your Life, which you unjust would lose :
 Nor can you comprehend, with deepest Thought,
 The horrid Agony you cast me in,
 When you resolv'd to die.

Oedip. Is't possible ?

Joc. Alas ! why start you so ? Her stiff'ning Grief,
 Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
 Was dull to mine : Methinks I should have made
 My Bosom bare against the armed God,
 To save my *Oedipus* !

Oedip. I pray, no more.

Joc. You've silenc'd me, my Lord.

Oedip. Pardon me, dear *Jocasta* ;
 Pardon a Heart that sinks with Sufferings,
 And can but vent it self in Sobs and Murmurs :
 Yet to restore my Peace, I'll find him out.
 Yes, yes, you Gods ! you shall have ample Vengeance
 On *Lajus*' Murderer. O, the Traitor's Name !
 I'll know't, I will ; Art shall be conjur'd for it,
 And Nature all unravel'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir —————

[him,

Oedip. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just ; I'll fetch
 Tho' lodg'd in Air, upon a Dragon's Wing,
 Tho' Rocks should hide him : Nay, he shall be dragg'd
 From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along :
 His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias* Pow'r,
 (*Tiresias*, that Rules all beneath the Moon)
 Confin'd to Flesh, to suffer Death once more ;
 And then be plung'd in his first Fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,

Tiresias attends your Pleasure.

Oedip. Haste, and bring him in.

O, my *Jocasta*, *Eurydice*, *Adrastus*,
Creon, and all ye, *Thebans*, now the End
 Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodiges,

B 4

Draws

Draws on: This Battle of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

*Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter
Manto, follow'd by other Thebans.*

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind
Knows all the Business of the Courts above,
Opens the Closets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud
The Traitor who conspir'd the Death of *Lajus*:
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blasts unhappy *Thebes*?

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us
To tell; yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The roused God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself;
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burst,
My rivell'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire;
I shall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
O Charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With pow'rful Strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly God-head to be mild.



SONG

SONG to A P O L L O.

PHœbus, God below'd by Men;

*At thy dawn, every Beast is roused in his Den;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy Absence complain,
And we die, all die till the Morning comes again.*

Phœbus, God below'd by Men!

Idol of the Eastern Kings,

Awful as the God who flings.

His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;

God of Songs, and Orphean Strings,

Who to this mortal Bosom brings,

All harmonious heav'nly things!

Thy drowsy Prophet to revive,

Ten thousand thousand Forms before him drive:

With Chariots and Horses all o'fire awake him,

Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophecies shake him:

Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with the Load,

Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

*Tir. The Wretch, who shed the Blood of old Labdacides,
Lives, and is great;*

But cruel Greatness ne'er was long:

The first of Lajus Blood his Life did seize,

And urg'd his Fate,

Which else had lasting been and strong.

The Wretch, who Lajus kill'd, must bled or fly;

Or Thebes, consum'd with Plagues, in Ruins lie.

Oedip. The first of Lajus Blood! pronounce the Person;

May the God rore from thy prophetick Mouth,

That even the dead may start up, to behold:

Name him, I say, that most accursed Wretch,

For by the Stars he dies:

Speak, I command thee;

By Phœbus, speak; for sudden Death's his Doom:

Here shall he fall, bleed on this very Spot;

His Name, I charge thee once more, speak.

B 5

Tir.

Tir. 'Tis lost,
Like what we think can never shun Remembrance;
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Oedip. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where-e'er it be.

Cre. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* shall point out the great Offender.

'Tis true, respect of Nature might injoin
Me Silence, at another time; but, oh,
Much more the Pow'r of my eternal Love!

That, that should strike me dumb: Yet *Thebes*, my
Country ———

I'll break through all, to succour thee, poor City!
O, I must speak.

Oedip. Speak then, if ought thou know'st:
As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O Beauty! O illustrious Royal Maid!
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with such modest, chaste and pure Affection,
The coldest Nymph might read 'em without blushing;
Art thou the Murtheress then of wretched *Laius*?
And I, must I accuse thee! O my Tears!
Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a Cause?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous Hand destroy'd
Thy Father (O monstrous Act!) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.

Oedip. *Eurydice*!

Eur. Traitor, go on; I scorn thy little Malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence,
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their Opposite, and form'd a Liar,
I thus disdain thee! Thou once didst talk of Love;
Because I hate thy Love,
Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain,
And Traitor, doubly damn'd, who durst blaspheme
The spotless Virtue of the brightest Beauty;
Thou dy'st: Nor shall the sacred Majesty,

[*Draws and wounds him:*

That guards this Place, preserve thee from my Rage.

Oedip. Disarm 'em both : Prince, I shall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him.

Adr. Sir,

I must acknowlege in another Cause
Repentance might abash me ; but I glory
In this, but smile to see the Traitor's Blood.

Oedip. Creon, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre. My Hurt is nothing, Sir ; but I appeal
To wise *Tiresias*, if my Accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Laius* Blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her ?
Then she is Faulkless, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er cease to drop, O *Thebes* ;
If Pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure which Heav'n it self prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to save your Lives,
More willingly than you can wish my Fate ;
But let this good, this wise, this holy Man,
Pronounce my Sentence : For to fall by him,
By the vile Breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would sink my Soul, tho' I should die a Martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel ;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my Life :
For, should she perish, Heav'n would heap Plagues on
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled Bolts [Plagues,
Upon your guilty Heads.

Cre. You turn to Galantry, what is but Justice :
Proof will be easy made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of Life ; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-law :
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 Theb. Both, let both die.

All Theb. Both, both ; let 'em die. [here,

Oedip. Hence, you wild Herd ! For your Ring-leader
He shall be made Example. *Hamon*, take him.

1 Theb. Mercy, O Mercy.

Oedip.

Oedip. Mutiny in my Presence!
Hence, let me see that busy Face no more. [Rage?

Tir. *Thebans*, what Madness makes you drunk with
Enough of guilty Death's already acted:
Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,
With Prince *Adrastus*; which the God reproveth
By inward Checks, and leaves their Fates in doubt.

Oedip. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,
Or suffer; for I feel a Sleep like Death
Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the Pow'rs divine refuse to clear
The mystick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' Infernal Gods to shew
Their horrid Forms; Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
And leave their grisly King without a Waiter.
For Prince *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,
My Life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,
'Till the dark Mysteries of Hell are done.
Follow me, Princes; *Thebans*, all to rest.
O, *Oedipus*, to morrow ——— but no more.
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy Brain this Night with softer Slumbers:
'To Morrow, O to Morrow! ——— sleep, my Son;
And in prophetick Dreams thy Fate be shown.

[*Ex.* *Tir.* *Adr.* *Eur.* *Man.* and *Theb.*

Manent *Oedipus*, *Jocasta*, *Creon*, *Pyracmon*, *Hæmon*,
and *Alcander*.

Oedip. To Bed, my Fair, my Dear, my best *Jocasta*.
After the Toils of War, 'tis wondrous strange
Our Loves should thus be dash'd. One moment's Thought,
And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole Years in Care, so now and then
I may have leave to feed my famish'd Eyes
With one short passing Glance, and sigh my Vows:
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the Passion
Of languishing *Jocasta*. [Exit

Oedip. Thou softest, sweetest of the World! good Night.
Nay, she is beautiful too; yet, mighty Love!

I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unusual Chilneſs came upon me;
An unknown Hand ſtill check'd my forward Joy,
Daſh'd me with bluſhes, tho' no Light was near:
That ev'n the Act became a Violation.

Pyr. He's ſtrangely thoughtful. [call me?]

Oedip. Hark? who was that? Ha! *Creon*, did'ſt thou

Cre. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here. [Voice

Oedip. That's ſtrange! methought I heard a doleful
Cry'd *Oedipus*—— The Prophet bade me ſleep.

He talk'd of Dreams, and Viſions, and to morrow!

I'll muſe no more on't, come what will or can,

My Thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;

And with thoſe Thoughts I'll reſt: *Creon*, good Night.

[*Ex. with Ham.*]

Cre. Sleep ſeal your Eyes up, Sir, eternal Sleep.

But if he muſt ſleep and wake again, O all

Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,

And Hags of Fancy wing him through the Air:

From Precipices hurl him headlong down;

Gharybdis rore, and death be ſet before him.

Alc. Your Curſes have already tak'n Effect;

For he looks very ſad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he ſtands, for ever;

His Eye-balls never move, Brows be unbent,

His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,

Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: You tear your ſelf, but vex not him.

Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,

While blind *Tireſias* conjures up the Fiends,

And paſs the time with nice *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try Promiſes, and Threats, and if all fail,

Since Hell's broke looſe, why ſhould not you be mad?

Raviſh, and leave her dead, with her *Adraſtus*.

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly

For ſuch another thought. Luſt, and Revenge!

To ſtab at once the only Man I hate,

And to enjoy the Woman whom I love!

I aſk no more of auſpicious Stars,

The

The rest as Fortune please; so but this Night
She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest;
Yet, ere he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers: none must dare be near him.

Cre. Hæmon, you do your Duty; — *[Thunder:]*
And we obey. — The Night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis just that all retire to their Devotions;
The Gods are angry: but to Morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lie, will make all clear. *[As they go off.]*
Oedipus Enters, walking asleep in his Shirt, with a
Dagger in his right Hand, and a Taper in his left.

Oedip. O, my *Jocasta!* 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms;
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever! — Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholy Light, that seems
The Gloom of glowing Embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and see, she's here again!
Jocasta? Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blast me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus' Rock,*
And Vultures gnaw out my incestuous Heart.
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope!*
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha, who waits there? Slaves,
My Sword: what, *Hæmon,* dar'st thou, Villain, stop me?
With thy own Poniard perish. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a change of Death? By all my Honours,
New murder; thou hast slain old *Polybus:*
Incest and Parricide, thy Father's murder'd!
Out thou infernal Flame: now all is dark,
All blind and dismal, most triumphant Mischief!
And now while thus I stalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus!*

[Thunder, &c.]
Enter.

Enter Jocasta attended, with Lights, in a Night-gown.

Oedip. Night, Horror, Death, Confusion, Hell, and
Where am I? O, *Jocasta*, let me hold thee, [Furies!
Thus to my Bosom, Ages let me grasp thee:
All that the hardest temper'd weather'd Flesh,
With fiercest humane Spirit inspir'd, can dare
Or do, I dare; but oh you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deafen'd Ears
Are burst; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By some tempestuous Hand, shoot flaming Fire:
That sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true:
Methought I heard your Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves; now, in a still small tone
Your dying Accents fell, as racking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell, sink murmuring down,
And bubble up a Noise.

Oedip. Trust me, thou Fairest, best of all thy Kind,
None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd so before.
Yet what most shocks the niceness of my Temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own Death, is, that this horrid sleep
Dash'd my sick Fancy with an act of Incest:
I dreamt, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother;
Which, tho' impossible, so damps my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a Mischief on my self,
Lest I should sleep and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!
I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,
The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,
And thousand other Labours of the State,
Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oedip. Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul,
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,
And of an Inclination so ignoble,

That

That I must hide me from your Eyes for ever.
 Be witness, Gods and strike *Jocasta* dead,
 If an immodest Thought, or low Desire
 Inflam'd my Breast, since first our Loves were lighted.

Oedip. O rise, and add not, by thy cruel Kindness,
 A Grief more sensible than all my Torments.
 Thou think'st my Dreams are forg'd; but by thy self,
 The greatest Oath, I swear, they are most true:
 But, be they what they will, I here dismiss 'em;
 Begone, *Chimæras*, to your Mother Clouds,
 Is there a Fault in us? Have we not search'd
 The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
 Of Birds and Beasts, and tir'd the Prophet's Art.
 Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
 Seem like Physicians at a loss to help us:
 Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
 We'll snatch the strongest Cordial of our Love;
 To Bed, my Fair.

Ghost within. *Oedipus!*

Oedip. Ha! who calls?

Did'st thou not hear a Voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. *Jocasta!*

Joc. O my Love, my Lord, support me!

Oedip. Call louder, till you burst your Airy Forms;
 Rest on my Hand. Thus, arm'd with Innocence,
 I'll face these babling *Dæmons* of the Air.
 In spite of Ghosts, I'll on,
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms;
 I'll break 'em, with *Jocasta* in my Arms:
 Clasp'd in the folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
 And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a dark Grove.*

Enter Creon, and Diocles.

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than be unhappy.
Dioc. What mean you by these Words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be than to be *Creon*.
A thinking Soul is Punishment enough;
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.

Dioc. You are not wretched.

Cre. I am: my Soul's ill-married to my Body.
I wou'd be young, be handfom, be belov'd:
Cou'd I but breathe my self into *Adraftus* —

Dioc. You rave; call home your Thoughts.

Cre. I prithee let my Soul take Air awhile;
Were she in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battle;
And had my Rival Pris'ner; brave, brave Actions:
Why have not I done these?

Dioc. Your Fortune hinder'd.

Cre. There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handfom Fools: Body and Brawn
Do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
And straight grew famous: a mad boistrous Fool,
Nay worle, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

Dioc. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.

Cre. Goes it there!
I understand thee; I must kill *Adraftus*.

Dioc.

Dioc. Or not enjoy your Mistress :

Eurydice and he are Prisoners here,
But will not long be so : this Fell-tale Ghost
Perhaps will clear 'em both.

Cre. Well, 'tis resolv'd.

Dioc. The Princess walks this Way ;
You must not meet her,
'Till this be done.

Cre. I must.

Dioc. She hates your Sight :
And more since you accus'd her.

Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot stay to tell thee my Design ;
For she's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd !

Eur. On Death, and thee.

Cre. Then were they not well sort'd ; Life and ~~me~~
Had been the better Match.

Eur. No, I was thinking
On two the most detested things in Nature :
And they are Death and thee.

Cre. The thought of Death to one near Death is dread-
O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more, (ful.
Or if to be, to wander after Death ;
To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day ;
And when the Darkness comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves : and in the silent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps ;
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghost
Into your lifeless Lips :
Then, like a lone benighted Traveller
Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd
By whistling Winds, whose every Blast will shake
Your tender Form to Atoms.

Eur. Must I be this thin Being ? and thus wander ?
No Quiet after Death !

Cre.

Cre. None: you must leave
This beautiful Body; all this Youth and Freshness
Must be no more the Object of Desire,
But a cold Lump of Clay;
Which then your discontented Ghost will leave,
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the best of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy Lot?
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur;
Vicissitudes of Fires, and then of Frosts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Lash;
This for *Eurydice*; there for her *Adraftus*.

Dioc. For her *Adraftus*!

Eur. Yes; for her *Adraftus*:
For Death shall ne'er divide us: Death, what's Death?
Cre. You seem'd to fear it.

Eur. But I more fear *Creon*:
To take that hunch-back'd Monster in my Arms,
Th' excrescence of a Man.

Dioc. to Cre. See what what you've gain'd.

Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad;
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear dress'd
To frighten Children; pull but off his Mask
And he'll appear a Friend.

Cre. You talk too slightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the News of your own Country;

Dioc. May now you are too sharp.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of Murder and of Parricide?

Cre. You provok'd me:
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of Blood to *Laius*. Be advis'd,
And you may live.

Eur. The Means?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.
The Fool *Adraftus* has accus'd himself.

Eur.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me:

Cre. He says he loves you; if he does 'tis well:
He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then Death must be his Recompense for Love!

Cre. 'Tis a Fool's just Reward:

The wife can make a better use of Life:
But 'tis the young Man's Pleasure; his Ambition:
I grudge him not that Favour.

Eur. When he's dead,
Where shall I find his Equal!

Cre. Every where.

Fine empty things, like him,
The Court swarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things in Camps they are so common;
Crows feed on nothing else: Plenty of Fools;
A glut of 'em in *Thebes*.

And Fortune still takes care they shou'd be seen;
She places 'em aloft, o'th' topmost Spoke
Of all her Wheel: Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation; if she form
A Man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive;
'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.

Eur. That is a *Green*: O thou black Detractor,
Who spitt'st thy Venom against Gods and Men!
Thou Enemy of Eyes:
Thou who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thy self: who hast conspir'd against
My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all;
And only fit for thee.

But for *Adraustus*' Death, good Gods, his Death!
What Curse shall I invent?

Diac. No more: he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.
He who wou'd give his Life; give up his Fame. →

Enter Adraustus.

If all the Excellence of Woman-kind
Were mine; — No, 'tis too little all for him:
Were I made up of endless, endless Joys. —

Adr. And so thou art:
The Man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Price:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left, but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince should throw away;
But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And last it must be kept.

Cre. to Dioc. Work him be sure
To Rage, he's passionate;
Make him. th' Aggressor.

Dioc. O false Love; false Honour.

Cre. Dissembled both, and false!

Adr. Dar'st thou say this to me!

Cre. To You! why what are you, that I should fear you?
I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*,
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis lost in Battle. For your Love,
Vows made in Wine are not so false as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confess'd you did:
A mighty Argument to prove your Passion to the Daughter.

Adr. [Aside.] Gods, must I bear this Brand and not retort
The Lye to his foul Throat!

Dioc. Basely you kill'd him.

Adr. [Aside.] O, I burn inward: my Blood's all o' fire.
Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt sat closest,
Had but an Ague-fit to this my Fever.
Yet for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,
To free my Love— Well then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure, you cou'd not.

Dioc. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your Fellow-thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adr. [Aside.] Down swelling Heart!
'Tis for thy Princess all.— O my *Eurydice*! — [To her.

Eur. to him. Reproach not thus the Weakness of my Sex,
As if I could not bear a shameful Death,
Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime

Of

Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature;
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dioc. See, he stands mute.

Cre. O Pow'r of Conscience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one No to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid Act
That e'er cou'd stain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adr. Ha! Villain!

Dioc. Echo to him Groves: cry Villain.

Adr. Let me consider! did I murder *Lajus*,
Thus like a Villain?

Cre. Best revoke your Words;
And say you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a Villain; prithee change me that
For any other Lye.

Dioc. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not! proclaim your Innocence,
Accuse the Princess: So I knew 'twould be.

Adr. I thank thee, thou instruct'st me:
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. [*Aside.*] Cool'd again.

Eur. Thou, who usurp'st the sacred name of Conscience
Did not thy own declare him innocent;
To me declare him so? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's new thy Conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my supple Glove,
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'Tis my obedient Conscience.

Adr. Infamous Wretch!

Cre. My Conscience shall not do me the ill Office
To save a Rival's Life; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,

By

By forfeiting her Life, to save thy own, ~~———~~)
 Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
 She shall be mine: (she is, if Vows were binding;)
 Mark me, the Fruit of all thy Faith and Passion,
 Ev'n of thy foolish Death, shall all be mine.

Adr. Thine, say'st thou, Monster;
 Shall my Love be thine?

O, I can bear no more!

Thy cunning Engines have with labour rais'd
 My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
 To fall and pass thee dead.

See here thy Nuptials; see thou rash *Ixion*, [Draws,
 Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud;
 And in her Room avenging Thunder rolls
 To blast thee thus—Come both. ~~———~~ [Both draw,

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd!

Now see whose Arm can lanch the surer Bolt,
 And whose the better *Foot*! ~~———~~ [Fight.

Eur. Help; Murder, help!

*Enter Hæmon and Guards, run betwixt them and beat
 down their Swords.* [cries,

Hæm. Hold; hold your impious Hands: I think the Fa-
 To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you:
 Now, by my Soul, the holiest Earth of *Thebes*
 You have profan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
 Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice,
 All full of humane Souls; that cleave their Barks
 To dante at Midnight by the Moon's pale Beams:
 At least two hundred Years these reverend Shades
 Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
 Shed by the Priest's own Hand to *Proserpine*.

Adr. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance: I knew not
 The Honours of the Place.

Hæm. Thou, *Creon*, didst.

Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,
 Durst violate the Religion of these Groves,
 To touch one single Hair: but must, unarm'd,
 Parley as in Truce, or furlily avoid
 What most he long'd to kill.

Cre.

Cre. I drew not first;
But in my own Defence.

Adr. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience: all Reproach could urge
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hæm. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I must judge this Act:
Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire:

Tiresias, and the Brother-hood of Priests,
Approach the Place: None at these Rites assist,
But you th' accus'd, who by the Mouth of *Lajus*
Must be absolv'd or doom'd.

Adr. I bear my Fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my Trial.

Hæm. 'Tis at Hand.

For see the Prophet comes with Vervin crown'd,
The Priests with Yew, a venerable Band;
We leave you to the Gods.

[*Ex. Hæmon with Creon and Diocles.*

*Enter Tiresias, led by Manto: The Priests follow; all clothed
in long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers;
Ill-fated Pair! whom, seeing not, I know:
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were join'd:
When lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death: I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God so much a Friend to Love,
Who can control the Malice of our Fate?
Are they all deaf? or have the Giants Heav'n?

Tir. The Gods are just. ———

But how can Finite measure Infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not know itself!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plummets,
Fathom the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.
Whatever is, is in its Causes just;
Since all things are by Fate. But purblind Man
Sees but a part o'th' Chain; the nearest Links;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That posess all above.

Eur. Then we must die!

Tir.

Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.

Adr. Why then there's one Day less for human Ills:
And who wou'd moan himself, for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass? something, or nothing. —
I shall be what I was again, before:

I was *Adrastus*; —
Penurious Heav'n, can'st thou not add a Night
To our one Day; give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her Vow
First made to *Creon*: but the time calls on:
And *Lajus*' Death must now be made more plain:
How loth I am to have recourse to Rites
So full of Horror, that I once rejoice
I want the use of Sight. —

1 Pr. The Ceremonies stay.

Tir. Choose the darkest part o'th' Grove;
Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love;
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lie.
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit;
Draw the barren Heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows:
And turn your Faces from the Sun:
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in Bloody, and Blood like Wine,
To Mother Earth and *Proserpine*:
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feast the Ghosts that love the Steam;
Snatch a Brand from Funeral Pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;

C

And

And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[Peal of Thunder; and Flashes of Lightning; then Groaning below the Stage.]

Man. O, what Laments are those? *[with Pain,*

Tir. The Groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth
And heave it up: they pant and stick half way.

[The Stage wholly darken'd.]

Man. And now a sudden Darknefs covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd? Infernal Gods,
Must you have Musick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have such Sounds as Hell ne'er heard
Since Orpheus brib'd the Shades,

Musick first. Then Sing.

1. Hear, ye sullen Pow'rs below:
Hear, ye Taskers of the Dead.
 2. You that boiling Cauldrons blow,
You that scum the molten Lead.
 3. You that pinch with Red-hot Tongues;
 1. You that drive the trembling Hosts
Of poor, poor Ghosts,
With your sharpen'd Prongs;
 2. You that thrust 'em off the Brim;
 3. You that plunge 'em when they swim:
 1. Till they drown;
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down
Ten thousand, thousand, thousand Fathoms low.
- Chorus. Till they drown, &c.
1. Musick for a while
Shall your Cares beguile:
Wondring how your Pains were eas'd;
 2. And disdain'g to be pleas'd;

3. Till

3. *Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal Bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
And Whip from out her Hands.*

1. *Come away
Do not stay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have Holy-day.*

Chorus. *Come away, &c.*

[A flash of Lightning: The Stage is made bright,
and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the Trees.

1. Lajus! 2. Lajus! 3. Lajus!

1. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!

Tir. *Hear and appear.*

By the Fates that spun thy Thread;

Cho. *Which are three,*

Tir. *By the Furies fierce, and dread!*

Cho. *Which are three,*

Tir. *By the Judges of the dead!*

Cho. *Which are three,
Three times three!*

Tir. *By Hell's blue Flame:*

By the Stygian Lake:

And by Demogorgon's Name,

At which Ghosts quake,

Hear and appear.

[The Ghost of Lajus rises arm'd in his Chariot as he
was slain. And behind his Chariot, sit the three
who were murder'd with him.

Ghost of Lajus. Why hast thou drawn me from my
To suffer worse above; to see the Day, [Pains below,
And Thebes more hated? Hell is Heav'n to Thebes,
For Pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing Night, this ignominious Head:
In Hell I shun the publick Scorn; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,

And chatter at my Wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:

Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurst,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghost. O spare my Shame.

Tir. Are these two Innocent?

Ghost. Of my Death they are.

But he who holds my Crown, Oh, must I speak?
Was doom'd to do what Nature most abhors.
The Gods foresaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloth'd with Flesh his pre-existing Soul.
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new form'd Mass
With Temperance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly Virtue: But in vain.
For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its work by his mistaking Hands.
Ask'st thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*:
Who stains my Bed with Incest? *Oedipus*:
For whom then are you curst, but *Oedipus*!
He comes; the Paricide: I cannot bear him:
My Wounds ake at him: Oh his murd'rous Breath
Venoms my airy Substance! hence with him,
Banish him; sweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blast your Fields, and mark his Way with Ruin.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driv'n;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heav'n.

[*Ghost descends.*]

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hæmon, &c.

Oedip. What's this! methought some pestilential Blast
Struck me just entring; and some unseen Hand
Struggled to push me backward! tell me why
My Hair stands bristling up, why my Flesh trembles!
You stare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And some lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen saw'st thou entring?

Oedip. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his Back;

Till

Till weary with the weight, she shook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes,

Adr. Oh, *Oedipus*!

Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus*!

Tir. O! Fatal King!

Oedip. What mean these Exclamations on my Name?

I thank the Gods, no secret Thoughts reproach me:

No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,

And strike my Soul quite empty in your Sight.

Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd

These fix'd Regards, and silent Threats of Eyes:

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence;

And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Oedip. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice*:

Thou shak'st: Thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adrastus*;

And boldly as thou met'st my Arms in fight;

Dar'st thou not speak? why then 'tis bad indeed:

Tiresias, thee I summon by thy Priesthood,

Tell me what News from Hell: Where *Laius* points,

And who's the guilty Head!

Tir. Let me not answer.

Oedip. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil
To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oedip. Dar'st thou converse with Hell, and canst
thou fear

An human Name!

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Would make thee more unhappy: 'Twill be found,
Tho' I am silent.

Oedip. Old and obstinate! Then thou thy self
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murder,
And shun'st the Justice, which by publick Ban
Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the Guilt were mine
It were not half so great: Know wretched Man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curse
Falls heavy on thy self.

C 3.

Oedip.

Oedip. Speak this again :
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest :
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For blushing thou hast seen it: Hear me Earth,
Whose hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But sent it back to Light: And thou Hell, hear me,
Whose own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid Truth,
Oedipus murther'd *Lajus*.

Oedip. Rot the Tongue,
And blasted be the Mouth that spoke that Lye.
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not so.

Oedip. Who were my Parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

Oedip. Why seek I Truth from thee?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradesman's Oaths, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Priests tell.
O why has Priest-hood Privilege to lye,
And yet to be believ'd! — thy Age protects thee —

Tir. Thou canst not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
And 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers.

Oedip. Riddles, Riddles!

Tir. Thou art thy self a Riddle; a perplex
Obscure *Ænigma*, which when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.

Oedip. Impossible!

Adrastus, speak, and as thou art a King,
Whose Royal Word is sacred, clear my Fame.

Adr. Wou'd I cou'd!

Oedip. Ha, wilt thou not: Can that *Plebeian* Vice
Of Lying Mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then Truth is lost on Earth.

Cre. The Cheat's too gross:
Adrastus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Juggler, but *Adrastus*' Organ.

Oedip.

Oedip. 'Tis plain, the Priest's suborn'd to free the Pris'ner.

Cre. And turn the Guilt on you.

Oedip. O, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been bely'd?

Eur. Hear me.

Cre. She's brib'd to save her Lover's Life.

Adr. If, *Oedipus*, thou think'st——

Cre. Hear him not speak.

Adr. Then hear these holy Men.

Cre. Priests, Priests all brib'd, all Priests.

Oedip. *Adrastus* I have found thee:

The Malice of a vanquish'd Man has seiz'd thee.

Adr. If Envy and not Truth——

Oedip. I'll hear no more: Away with him.

[*Hæmon takes him off by force: Creon and Eurydice follow.*]

To Tir.] Why stand'st thou here, Impostor!
So old, and yet so wicked——Lye for Gain;
And Gain so short as Age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed Hour; Remember *Lajus*:
No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual Darkness; we shall feel before us
To reach each other's Hand; remember *Lajus*.

[*Ex. Tiresias: Priests follow.*]

Oedipus solus.

Remember *Lajus*! that's the Burden still:
Murder and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd
My Soul starts in me: The good Sentinel
Stands to her Weapons; takes the first Alarm
To Guard me from such Crimes——Did I kill *Lajus*?
Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful Dream,
My Soul then stole my Body out by Night;
And brought me back to Bed ere Morning-wake.
It cannot be even this remotest Way,
But some dark hint would juggle forward now,
And goad my Memory——Oh my *Jocasta*!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

Oedip. Why, would'st thou think it?

No less than Murder.

Joc. Murder! what of Murder?

Oedip. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Incest; bear not these a frightful Sound?

Joc. Alas!

Oedip. How poor a Pity is Alas
For two such Crimes!— was *Lajus* us'd to lye!

Joc. Oh no: The most sincere, plain, honest Man—
One who abhor'd a Lye.

Oedip. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me— but why accuse I him?
I did not hear him speak it: They accuse me;
The Priest, *Adrastus* and *Eurydice*,
Of murdering *Lajus*— Tell me while I think on't,
Has old *Tiresias* practis'd long this Trade?

Joc. What Trade?

Oedip. Why, this foretelling Trade?

Joc. For many Years.

Oedip. Has he before this Day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

Oedip. Have you ere this inquir'd, who did this Murder?

Joc. Often; but still in vain.

Oedip. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an Infant-lye; but one Day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Priest;
The Blood of *Lajus* was to murder *Lajus*:
I'm not of *Lajus*'s Blood.

Joc. Ev'n Oracles
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now!

Oedip. And what foretold it?

Joc. That he should have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: True indeed,
A Son was born; but to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
For'd through his untry'd Feet, and bound with Cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himself liv'd many, many Years,

And

And found a different Fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three Ways meet: Yet these are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.

Oedip. Say'st thou, Woman?

By Heav'n thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul!

Joc. What, new Disturbance!

[said 't it !]

Oedip. Methought thou said'st—(or do I dream thou
This Murder was on *Lajus*' Person done,
Where three Ways meet?

Joc. So common Fame reports.

Oedip. Would it had ly'd.

Joc. Why, good my Lord?

Oedip. No Questions:

'Tis busy time with me; dispatch mine first;
Say where, where was it done!

Joc. Mean you the Murder?

Oedip. Could'st thou not answer without naming Murder?

Joc. They say in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia*, and from *Delphos*,

Oedip. So! — How long! when happen'd this!

Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.

Oedip. What will the Gods do with me!

Joc. What means that Thought?

Oedip. Something: But 'tis not yet your Turn to ask;
How old was *Lajus*, what his Shape, his Stature,
His Action, and his Mien? quick, quick, your Answer—

Joc. Big made he was, and tall: His Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: His Hair just grizzled,
As in a green old Age: Bate but his Years,
You are his Picture.

[Picture?]

Oedip. [Aside.] Pray Heav'n he drew me not! am I his

Joc. So I have often told you.

Oedip. True, you have;

Add that to the rest: How was the King
Attended when he travell'd?

Joc. By four Servants:

He went out privately,

Oedip. Well counted still:

One scap'd I hear; what since became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling begg'd I would dismiss him:
He had my Leave; and now he lives retir'd.

Oedip. This Man must be produc'd; he must, *Jocasta*.

Joc. He shall—yet have I leave to ask you why?

Oedip. Yes, you shall know: For where should I repose
The Anguish of my Soul, but in your Breast!

I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my Birth;

My Parents, *Polybus* and *Merope*,

Two Royal Names; their only Child am I.

It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feast,

One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,

Not the King's Son; I stung with this Reproach,

Struck him: My Father heard of it: The Man
Was made ask Pardon; and the Business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

Oedip. And strangely it perplext me,

I stole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd

The God, to tell my certain Parentage.

He bade me seek no farther:——'Twas my Fate

To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,

By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!

Oedip. But yet they frighted me;

I lookt on *Corinth* as a Place accurst,

Resolv'd my Destiny should wait in vain;

And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a Fear.

Oedip. Suspend your Thoughts; and flatter not too soon.

Just in the Place you nam'd, where three Ways meet,

And near that time, five Persons I encounter'd;

One was too like, (Heaven grant it prove not him)

Whom you describe for *Lajus*: Insolent

And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on Spoil.

I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by Force repell'd

The Force they us'd: In short, four Men I slew:

The

The fifth upon his Knees demanding Life,
 My Mercy gave it——Bring me Comfort now,
 If I slew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
 From *Thebes* and you my Curse has banish'd me:
 From *Corinth* Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your Mind;
 My Husband fell by Multitudes oppress'd,
 So *Phorbas* said: This Band you chanc'd to meet;
 And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.

Oedip. There's all my Hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
 And I shall live again——

To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal;
 Or clear my Virtue, or my Crime reveal:
 If wandring in the maze of Fate I run,
 And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun,
 Impute my Errors to your own Decree;
 My Hands are Guilty, but my Heart is free. [*Ex. Amb.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pyracmon and Creon.

Pyr. **S**ome Business of Import that Triumph wears
 You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess
 When you are pleas'd, by a malicious Joy:
 Whose red and fiery Beams cast through your Visage
 A glowing Pleasure. Sure you smile Revenge,
 And I could gladly hear.

Cre. Would'st thou believe!
 This giddy hair-brain'd King, whom old *Tiresias*
 Has Thunder-struck with heavy Accusation,
 Tho' conscious of no inward Guilt, yet fears;
 He fears *Jocasta*, fears himself, his Shadow;
 He fears the Multitude; and, which is worth

An

An Age of Laughter, out of all Mankind,
 He chooses me to be his Orator:
 Swears that *Adrastus*, and the lean-look'd Prophet,
 Are joint Conspirators; and wish'd me to
 Appease the raving *Thebans*; which I swore
 To do.

Pyr. A dangerous Undertaking;
 Directly opposite to your own Interest.

Cre. No, dull *Pyracmen*; when I left his Presence,
 With all the Wings with which Revenge could imp
 My Flight, I gain'd the midst o'th' City;
 There, standing on a Pile of dead and dying,
 I to the mad and sickly Multitude,
 With interrupting Sobs, cry'd out O *Thebes*;
 O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
 This barbarous Stranger, this Uurper, Monster,
 Is by the Oracle, the wise *Tiresias*,
 Proclaim'd the Murderer of thy Royal *Lajus*:
Jocasta too, no longer now my Sister,
 Is found Complotter in the horrid Deed.

Here I renounce all tie of Blood and Nature,
 For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*.
 And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
 And roar'd, and with a thousand antick Mouths
 Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the Cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail: I see you on the Throne,
 And *Oedipus* cast out.

Cre. Then straight came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Croud,
 Whom he had wrought; I whisper'd him to join,
 And head the Forces while the Heat was in 'em:
 So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
 The King, and greet him with another Story.
 But see, he enters.

Enter Oedipus and Jocasta, attended.

Oedip. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
 Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
 Of ought concerning what we have discover'd?

Joc.

Joc. He started when I told him your Intent,
 Replying, what he knew of that Affair
 Would give no Satisfaction to the King;
 Then, falling on his Knees, begg'd, as for Life,
 To be dismiss'd from Court: He trembled too,
 As if convulsive Death had seiz'd upon him,
 And stammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r so wildfy,
 That had he been the Murderer of *Lajus*,
 Guilt and Distraction could not have shook him more.

Oedip. By your Description, sure as Plagues and Death
 Lay waste our *Thebes*, some deed that shuns the Light
 Begot those fears: If thou respect'st my Peace,
 Secure him, dear *Jocasta*; for my Genius
 Shrinks at his Name.

Joc. Rather let him go:
 So my poor boding Heart would have it be,
 Without a Reason.

Oedip. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
 Therefore retire: And once more, if thou lov'st me,
 Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.

Joc. You shall, while I
 Have Life, be still obey'd:
 In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,
 And set the fairest Countenance to view;
 Your gloomy Eyes, my Lord, betray a Deadness
 And inward Languishing: That Oracle
 Eats like a subtil Worm its venom'd Way,
 Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
 Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely.

Oedip. O, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's excess!
 All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [Ex. *Joc.*

Ghost. *Oedipus!*

Oedip. Ha! again that Scream of Woe!
 Thrice have I heard, thrice since the Morning dawn'd
 It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
 Call'd from some vaulted Mansion, *Oedipus!*
 Or is it but the Work of Melancholy?
 When the Sun sets, Shadows, that shew'd at Noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible;

So

So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
 Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets seem the Watch of Death,
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her Godlike Sons.
 Echoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
 Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves:
 Each Mole-hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*.
 While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,
 And sweat with an Imagination's weight;
 As if, like *Atlas*, with these mortal Shoulders
 We could sustain the Burden of the World.

[*Creon comes forward.*]

Cre. O, sacred Sir, my Royal Lord——

Oedip. What now?

Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful Action,
 Thy Breath comes short, thy darted Eyes are fixt
 On me for Aid, as if thou wert pursu'd:
 I sent thee to the *Thebans*, speak thy Wonder;
 Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
 The King himself's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas,

[*yours!*]

My Life's not worth a Thought, when weigh'd with
 But fly, my Lord, fly as your Life is sacred,
 Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
 Who therefore, on his Knees, thus prostrate begs
 You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your Ruin.
 When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
 They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,
 And drove me through the Streets, with Imprecations
 Against your sacred Person, and those Traitors
 Which justify'd your Guilt: Which curs'd *Tiresias*
 Told, as from Heav'n, was Cause of their Destruction.

Oedip. Rise, worthy *Creon*, haste and take our Guard,
 Rank 'em in equal Part upon the Square,
 Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
 And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes.

[*Shout.*]

I hear 'em roar: Begone, and break down all
 The Dams that would oppose their furious Passage.

[*Ex. Creon with Guards.*]

Enter

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Adr. Your City

Is all in Arms, all bent to your Destruction:
I heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
A thundring Shout, which made my Jaylors vanish,
Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the cruel King?
Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, those awful Pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which these Ears have heard,
And these Eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless;
For, since I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have observ'd in all his Acts such Truth
And God-like Clearness; that to the last gush
Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his Life,
And here have sworn to perish by his Side.

Oedip. Be witness, Gods, how near this touches me,

[Embracing him.]

O what, what Recompense can Glory make?

Adr. Defend your Innocence, speak like your self,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntless Virtue.
But, hark! the Storm comes nearer.

Oedip. Let it come.

The force of Majesty is never known
But in a general Wrack: Then then is seen
The Difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There stands your Plague, the Ruin, Desolation
Of this unhappy ——— speak; shall I kill him?
Or shall he be cast out to Banishment?

All Theb. To Banishment, away with him.

Oedip. Hence, you Barbarians, to your slavish Distance;
Fix to the Earth your fordid Looks; for he
Who stirs, dares more than Mad-men, Fiends, or Furies,
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majesty of Thundring *Jove*.
Did I for this relieve you when besieg'd
By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean-jaw'd Famine made more Havock of you,
Than

Than does the Plague? But I rejoyce I know you,
 Know the base Stuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
 The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
 Born to a greater, nobler, of my own;
 Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
 To rule such Brutes, so barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad Repentance,
 A general Consternation spread among 'em.

Oedip. My Reign is at an end; yet ere I finish——
 I'll do a Justice that becomes a Monarch,
 A Monarch, who, i'th' midst of Swords and Javelins,
 Dares act as on his Throne encompass'd round
 With Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
 Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your Head: [*Seizes him.*
Here, Hæmon, take him: but for this, and this,
 Let Cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O sacred Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
 Pardon her, if she acts by Heaven's Award;
 If that th' Infernal Spirits have declar'd
 The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
 May speak, O do not too severely deal,
 But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain:
 If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
 If innocent, then let *Tiresias* die. [*Alcander?*]

Oedip. I take thee at thy Word. Run, haste, and save *Al-*
 I swear the Prophet, or the King shall die.
 Be Witnesses, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath;
 And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I submit. [*Trumpets sound.*]

Oedip. What mean those Trumpets?

Enter Hæmon with Alcander, &c.

Hæm. From your Native Country,
 Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
 That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father:
 He comes as an Ambassador from *Corinth*,
 And sues for Audience.

Oedip. Haste, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
 To embrace him.

Hæm.

Hæm. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
In private Conference ; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings!
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without Fears the blackest Nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy Slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As Infants Dreams.

Oedip. What does the Soul of all my Joys intend?
And whither would this Rapture?

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down those lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence resounded those false Oracles,
That rob'd my Love of Rest : if we must pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice ;
And not a Gray-beard forging Priest come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his Dotage mad the gaping World.
But see, the Oracle that I will trust,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter Ægeon, Kneels.

Oedip. O, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thousand welcomes, O, my Foster-Father,
Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,

As, to a sinking Mariner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore!
But speak, O tell me what so mighty Joy
Is this thou bring'st, which so transports *Jocasta*?

Joc. Peace, Peace, *Ægeon*, let *Jocasta* tell him!
O that I could for ever Charm, as now,
My dearest *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oedip. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon*, answer me,
And speak in short, what my *Jocasta*'s Transport
May ever do.

Æge. Since in few Words, my Royal Lord, you ask

To

To know the Truth; King *Polybus* is dead.

Oedip. O all you Powers, is't possible? what, dead!
But that the Tempest of my Joy may rise
By just degrees, and hit at last the Stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Assassins, or Poison? speak:
Or did he languish under some Disease?

Æge. Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more:
'Till, like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

Oedip. O, let me press thee in my youthful Arms,
And smother thy old Age in my Embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocasta*, yes *Adrastus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires shall be kindled in the midst of *Thebes*;
I'th' midst of Tumult, Wars, and Pestilence,
I will rejoice for *Polybus* his Death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
Yet farther, let it pass yon dazzling Roof,
The Mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thundring Joy.

Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oedip. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,

Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now;
Your Birds of Knowledge, that, in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Paricide?
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attack'd him?
Avant, begone, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I should weep;
But, as I am, I've Reason to rejoice:
And will, tho' his cold Shade should rise and blast me.
O, for his Death, let Waters break their Bounds,
Rocks,

Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting *Io's* ring:

Io, Jocasta, Io *paan* sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy End?
But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul since you forsook the Land,
Waves all the neighb'ring Princes that adore her. [speak.

Oedip. Waves all the Princes! poor Heart! for what? O

Æge. She, tho' in full-blown Flow'r of glorious Beauty,
Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age:

And, for your sake, has sworn to die unmarried.

Oedip. How! for my sake, die, and not marry! O,
My Fit returns.

Æge. This Diamond, with a thousand Kisses blest,
With thousand Sighs and Wishes for your Safety,
She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.

Oedip. There's Magick in it, take it from my Sight;

There's not a Beam it darts, but carries Hell,

Hot flashing Lust, and Necromantick Incest:

Take it from these sick Eyes, Oh hide it from me;

No, my *Jocasta*, tho' *Thebes* cast me out,

While *Merope's* alive, I'll ne'er return!

O, rather let me walk round the wide World

A Beggar, than accept a Diadem

On such abhorr'd Conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own Unhappiness,

By these extravagant and needless Fears. [rather

Oedip. Needless! O, all you Gods! By Heav'n I'd

Embrue my Arms up to my very Shoulders

In the dear Entrails of the best of Fathers,

Than offer at the execrable Act

Of damn'd Incest: therefore no more of her.

Æge. And why, O sacred Sir, if Subjects may

Presume to look into their Monarch's Breast,

Why should the Chaste and Spouseless *Merope*

Infuse such Thoughts as I must blush to Name?

Oedip. Because the God of *Delpbos* did forewarn me,
With Thundring Oracles.

Æge.

Æge. May I intreat to know 'em?

Oedip. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the sad Remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest!
Methinks I have his Image now in View;
He mounts the *Tripod* in a Minute's space,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple roof;
While from his Mouth

These dismal Words are heard: [Blood to spill,
" Fly, Wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's
" And with prepos't'rous Births, thy Mother's Womb to
Æge. Is this the Cause [fill.

Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinth*?

Oedip. The Cause! why, is it not a monstrous one?

Æge. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you should
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The Act would prove no Incest.

Oedip. How, *Ægeon*?

Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not incestuous!
Thou rav'st, and so do I; and these all catch
My madness; look, they're dead with deep Distraction:
Not Incest! what, not Incest with my Mother?

■ *Æge.* My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother.

Oedip. Ha! did I hear the right? not *Merope*
My Mother!

Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.

Oedip. Then all my Days and Nights must now be spent
In curious Search, to find out those dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; speak then *Ægeon*,
By all the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By all the ties of Nature, Blood, and Friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King
A Point or smallest Grain of what thou know'st:
Speak then, O answer to my Doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?

Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest Gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could bestow in costly Mantles

Upon

Upon its Infant Heir.

Oedip. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth's* Crown,
Because *Ægeon's* Hand presented me?

Æge. By my Advice.

Being past all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.

Oedip. Perhaps I then am yours, instruct me, Sir;
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,
With all the Obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploring Pardon.

Kill me if you please,

I will not wringe my Body at the Wound :
But sink upon your Feet with a last Sigh,
And ask Forgiveness with my dying Hands.

Æge. O rise, and call not to this aged Cheek.
The little Blood which should keep warm my Heart ;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest
With such a God-like Offspring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Cithæron*.

Oedip. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible.
Of the great Things you utter, and is calm :
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Cithæron! speak, the Valley of *Cithæron!*

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd with the Conversation of a Man
Who led a rural Life, and had Command
O'er all the Shepherds who about those Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks ; in this Man's Arms
I saw you smiling at a fatal Dagger.
Whose Point he often offer'd at your Throat ;
But then you smil'd, and then he drew it back,
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again ;
'Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy Death.
Then I rush'd in, and, after some Discourse,
To me he did bequeath your innocent Life ;
And I, the welcome Care to *Polybus*.

Oedip.

Oedip. To whom belongs the Master of the Shepherds?

Æge. His Name I knew not, or I have forgot:
That he was of the Family of *Lajus*,
I well remember.

Oedip. And is your Friend alive? for if he be,
I'll buy his Presence, tho' it cost my Crown.

Æge. Your menial Attendants best can tell
Whether he lives or not; and who has now
His Place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of human Feet was never seen,
O'er-grown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds:
Beneath whose venomous Shade I may have vent
For Horrors that would blast the barbarous World.

Oedip. If there be any here that knows the Person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his Life
To speak; Concealment shall be sudden Death;
But he who brings him forth, shall have Reward
Beyond Ambition's Lust.

Tir. His Name is *Phorbas*:

Jocasta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oedip. Then all goes well, since *Phorbas* is secur'd
By my *Jocasta*. Haste, and bring him forth;
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha? what mean
These Tears, and Groans, and Strugglings? speak, my
Fair,

What are thy Troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you take the Prophet's Counsel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oedip. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my Birth, tho' Death
Attends the Search: I have already past
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater Labour than to venture o'er:
Therefore produce him.

Jac. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,

My

My Love, my all, my only utmost Hope,
I beg you, banish *Phorbas*: O, the Gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this first Request.
Deny me all Things else; but, for my sake,
And as you prize your own eternal Quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your Presence.

Oedip. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall appear,
Tho' his dread Eyes were *Bastisks*. Guards, haste,
Search the Queen's Lodgings; find, and force him hither.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet send,
And stop their Entrance, ere it be too late:
Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
With Furies, slain out-right with meer Distraction,
Keep from your Eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
Forbear this Search, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?

Oedip. Tempests will be heard,
And Waves will dash, tho' Rocks their basis keep.——
But see, they Enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
Either forbear this Subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A Story, that shall turn thee into Stone.
Could there be hewn a monst'rous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made thro' the Center, by some God,
Through which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy
Ears,

They would not wound thee, as this Story will.
Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta: Yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our Loves were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson;
Tear off this curling Hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital Part,
And, when at last I'm slain, to crown the Horror,
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground.

T.

To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound. [Exit.

Oedip. She's gone; and as she went, methought her
Eyes

Grew larger, while a thousand frantick Spirits
Seething, like Bubbles, on the Brim,
Peep'd from the wat'ry Brink, and glow'd upon me,
I'll seek no more; but hush my genius up
That throws me on my Fate. ——— Impossible!
O wretched Man, whose too too busy Thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'n's round,
With an eternal hurry of the Soul:

Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rowling Year
Seems to stand still, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath disturbs the drowsy Waves:
But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes:
Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the Bottom. *Hæmon*, you I sent:
Where is that *Phorbas*!

Hæm. Here, my Royal Lord.

Oedip. Speak first, *Ægeon*, say, is this the Man?

Æge. My Lord, it is: Tho' Time has plough'd that
Face

With many Furrows since I saw it first;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the Ground, quite to
forget it.

Oedip. Peace; stand back awhile:

Come hither Friend; I hear thy Name is *Phorbas*:
Why dost thou turn thy Face? I charge thee answer.
To what I shall enquire: Wert thou not once
The Servant of King *Lajus*, here in *Thebes*?

Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no foreign Slave.

Oedip. What Office hadst thou? what was thy Em-
ployment?

Phor. He made me Lord of all his rural Pleasures;
For much he lov'd 'em: Oft I entertain'd
With sporting Swains, o'er whom I had command.

Oedip.

Oedip. Where was thy Residence? To what part o' th' Country

Didst thou most frequently resort?

Phor. To Mount *Cithæron*? and the pleasant Vallies Which all about lie shadowing its large Feet.

Oedip. Come forth, *Ægeon*. Ha! why start'st thou, *Phorbas*?

Forward I say, and Face to Face confront him;
Look wistly on him, through him, if thou canst,
And tell me on thy Life, say, dost thou know him?
Didst thou e'er see him? converse with him
Near Mount *Cithæron*!

Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?

Oedip. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, didst thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, sacred Sir?

Oedip. Near Mount *Cithæron*, answer to the Purpose,
'Tis a King speaks; and royal Minutes are
Of much more worth than thousand vulgar Years:
Did'st thou e'er see this Man near Mount *Cithæron*?

Phor. Most sure, my Lord, I have seen Lines like those
His Visage bears; but know not where, nor when.

Æge. Is't possible you should forget your antient Friend?

There are perhaps
Particulars, which may excite your dead Remem-
brance.

Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale?
The Swaddling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold.
Have you forgot too how you wept, and begg'd
That I should breed him up, and ask no more?

Phor. Whate'er I begg'd; thou like a Dotard speak'st
More than is requisite: And what of this?
Why is it mention'd now? And why, O why
Dost thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?

Æge. Be not too rash. That Infant grew at last
A King; and here the happy Monarch stands.

D

Phor.

Phor. Ha! whither wouldst thou? O what hast thou utter'd!

For what thou'st said, Death strike thee dumb for ever.

Oedip. Forbear to curse the Innocent; and be Account thyself, thou shifting Traitor, Villain, Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Phor. O Heav'ns! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oedip. Why speak you not according to my Charge? Bring forth the Rack; since Mildness cannot win you, Torments shall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir; You will not rack an Innocent old Man.

Oedip. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me say?

Oedip. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?

Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods, *Phorbas* had perish'd in that very Moment.

Oedip. Moment! Thou shalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying.

Here, bind his Hands; he dallies with my Fury: But I shall find a way ———

Phor. My Lord, I said

I gave the Infant to him.

Oedip. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Phor. He was not mine, but given me by another.

Oedip. Whence? and from whom? what City? Of what House?

Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the Ground. Would I could sink beneath it: By the Gods, I do conjure you to inquire no more.

Oedip. Furies and Hell! *Hæmon*, bring forth the Rack; Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous Flames: He shall be bound, and gash'd, his Skin scald off, And burnt alive.

Phor. O spare my Age.

Oedip. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oedip. Who gave that Infant to thee?

Phor. One of King *Lajus* Family.

Oedip.

Oedip. O, you immortal Gods! But say, who was't?
Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?

A Servant; or one of the Royal Blood?

Pbor. O wretched State! I die, unless I speak;
And if I speak, most certain Death attends me!

Oedip. Thou shalt not die, speak then, who was it?
speak,

While I have Sense to understand the Horrour;
For I grow cold.

Pbor. The Queen *Jocasta* told me
It was her Son by *Lajus*.

Oedip. O you Gods! — But did she give it thee?

Pbor. My Lord, she did.

Oedip. Wherefore? for what? — O break not yet,
my Heart;

Tho' my Eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,
Or must I ask for ever? for what End?

Why gave she thee her Child?

Pbor. To murder it.

Oedip. O more than savage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a Cause!

Pbor. There was a dreadful one
Which had foretold, that most unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oedip. But one Thing more.

Jocasta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was slain; Speak, I conjure thee,
For I shall never ask thee ought again,
What was the Number of th' Assassins?

Pbor. The dreadful Deed was acted but by one;
And sure that one had much of your Resemblance.

Oedip. 'Tis well! I thank you, Gods! 'tis wond'rous
well!

Daggers, and Poison; O there is no need
For my Dispatch; and you, you merciless Pow'rs,
Hoord up your Thunder-stones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little note. [Falls.

Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently for-
ward;

Chafe, chafe his Temples : How the mighty Spirits,
 Half strangled with the Damp his Sorrows rais'd,
 Struggle for Vent : But see, he breathes again,
 And vigorous Nature breaks through all Opposition.
 How fares my Royal Friend ?

Oedip. The worse for you.
 O barbarous Men, and oh the hated Light,
 Why did you force me back to curse the Day ;
 To curse my Friends ; to blast with this dark Breath
 The yet untainted Earth and circling Air ?
 To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
 Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me ?
 Methinks there's not a Hand that grasps this Hell,
 But should run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
 Stand from this Spot, I wish you as my Friends,
 And come not near me, lest the gaping Earth
 Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

*[Draws, and claps his Sword to his Breast, which
 Adrastus strikes away with his Foot.]*

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your Life :
Creon, Alcander, Hæmon, help to hold him.

Oedip. Cruel *Adrastus* ! wilt thou, *Hæmon* too ?
 Are these the Obligations of my Friends ?

O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes !

Dear, dear *Adrastus*, look with half an Eye
 On my unheard-of Woes, and judge thy self,
 If it be fit that such a Wretch should live !

O, by these melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
 With all the low Submissions of a Slave,

I do conjure thee give my Horrors way ;

Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave :

As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd Wretch,
 All mangled o'er from Head to Foot with Wounds,
 And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me Things impossible ;
 And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
 To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.

Tir. Tho' banish'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may reign ;
 Th' infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more ;

Calm

Calm then your Rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oedip. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men ;
Hence, from my Arms, avaunt. Enjoy thy Mother !
What, violate, with bestial Appetite,
The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn !
This is not to be born ! Hence ; off, I say ;
For they who let my Vengeance, make themselves
Accomplices in my most horrid Guilt.

Adr. Let it be so ; We'll fence Heav'n's Fury from
you,

And suffer all together ; this perhaps,
When Ruin comes, may help to break your Fall.

Oedip. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend ;
So now in very Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof
Meet, like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind ;
For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the Rack of out-cast *Oedipus*.
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
Shadow the Globe ; may the Sun never dawn,
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb ;
And for an Universal Rout of Nature
Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a Glimpse, one Starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark.
That Jars may rise, and Wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World. [*Exeunt.*]





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon, Alcander, and Pyracmon.

Cre. **T** *Hebes* is at length my own; and all my Wives,
Which sure were great as Royalty e'er form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious Stars have crown'd.
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the Burning-glass of Glory!

Pyr. Might I be Counsellor, I would intreat you
To cool a little; Sir;

Find out *Eurydice*;
And, with the Resolution of a Man
Mark'd out for Greatness, give the final Choice
Of Death, or Marriage.

Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*;
As one who, tho' Unfortunate, believ'd,
Thought Innocent; and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you must mark him dead;
Since nothing but his Death, not Banishment,
Can give Assurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the Storm
Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Passions,
As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire;
Therefore, *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall die, or be my Bride.

Alcander, summon to their Master's Aid
My menial Servants, and all those whom Change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our Part; Away. What now? [*Ex. Alc.*

Enter

Enter Hamon.

When *Hamon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretel there is a fatal Cause.

Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King?

Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed;
All left him there, at his Desire, alone;
But sure no Ill, unless he died with Grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.

Hæm. I did; and, having lock'd the Door, I stood;
And through a Chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him;
At first, deep Sighs heav'd from his woeful Heart
Murmurs, and Groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
And art thou still alive, Oh Wretch! he cry'd;
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wond'rous Heap of Sorrow!
But, to the fatal Period.

Hæm. Thrice he struck,
With all his Force, his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus, with Out-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well,
These Bubbles of the shallowest emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on;
Yet these thou think'st are ample Satisfaction
For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust;
No, Parricide; if thou must weep, weep Blood;
Weep Eyes, instead of Tears; O, by the Gods,
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and sits my Wees.
Which said, he smil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the Floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery red, and glowing Vengeance;
Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more

D 4

WJ

Will view your Heav'n, 'till with more durable Glasses.
The mighty Souls immortal Perspectives.

I find your dazzling Beings; Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal Farewel view.
When with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground.

Cre. A Master-piece of Horror; new and dreadful!

Hæm. I ran to succour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant Strings away,
What then remains, but that I find *Tiresias*,
Who, with his Wisdom, may allow those Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul? [Exit;

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; most honest, faithful, foolish *Hæmon*.
But see, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander attended.

I see thou hast been diligent.

Alc. Nothing these,
For number, to the Crowds that soon will follow;
Be resolute,
And call your utmost Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
These Eyes be clos'd, 'till they behold *Adraustus*
Stretch'd at the Feet of false *Eurydice*.
But see, they're here! retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adraustus, and Eurydice, attended.

Adr. Alas, *Eurydice*, what fond rash Man,
What inconsiderate and ambitious Fool,
That shall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
Will dare, with his frail Hand, to grasp a Scepter?

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass

Our

Our softer Hours in humble Cells away:
 Not but I love you to that infinite Height,
 I could (O wondrous Proof of fiercest Love!)
 Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd Innocence away;
 Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
 From Blood and Murder,
 Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
 Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*:
 Vouchsafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
 And at your Feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

[*Creon and Attendants come up to him.*]

Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black Design, *Adrastus*.
 And therefore, as a Traitor to this State,
 Death ought to be thy Lot: Let it suffice
 That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince: abuse not
 Her proffer'd Mercy, but retire betimes,
 Lest she repent, and hasten on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
 Most abhor'd of Men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee;
Thebans, to you I justify my Love:
 I have address my Prayers to this fair Princess;
 But, if I ever meant a Violence,
 Or thought to Ravish, as that Traitor did,
 What humblest Adorations could not win;
 Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul Dishonour;
 And let Men curse me by the Name of *Creon*!

Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath:
 Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
 Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your Lives,
 To take the Part of that Rebellious Traitor.
 By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
 By Queen *Jocasta's* Order, by what's more,
 My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,
 I here resign to Prince *Adrastus' Arms*
 All that the World can make me Mistress of.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
 Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.

D. 5.

Traitor,

Traitor, resign the Princess, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate Wretches,
Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, Villain, no;

With twice those odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cause to vanquish thee.
Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love; ten thousand thousand Times more Dear
Than Life, or Liberty.

Cre. Fall on, *Attander.*

Pyracmon, you and I must wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princess.

Adr. Ah, Traitor, dost thou shun me?
Follow, follow,

My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.

[*Ex. fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by Adrastus.*]

Enter Oedipus.

Oedip. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, there goes the Monster!
Nor have I hid my Horrors from my self;
For tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, thro' glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger Size her black Ideas,
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes:
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife and Mother, Tortures, Hell and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful Offspring's brought to light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me:
What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta's* Look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father: There a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Lajus* just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
Cries out, how fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too

Fly!

Fly all, be gone, fly from my whirling Brain;
Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly Figures!
O Gods! Gods, answer; is there any Mean?
Let me go mad, or die.

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of Mankind,
This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whose Story told, whose very Name but mention'd,
Would cool the Rage of Fevers, and unlock
The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her Feet?

Oedip. By all my Fears, I think *Jocasta's* Voice!
Hence; fly; be gone! O thou far worse than worst
Of damning Charmers! O abhor'd, loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n,
But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
The Golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,
Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oedip. Art thou not gone then? Ha!
How dar'st thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'st thou in the Grave to reap new Pleasures?

Jac. Talk on, 'till thou mak'st mad my rowling
Brain;

Groan still more Death: and may those dismal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
Methinks at such a Meeting, Heav'n stands still;
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: This Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: The busy Emmets cease;
Yet hear me on——

Oedip. Speak then, and blast my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolve a Ruin
To match my Crimes; by all my Miseries,
The Horror worse than thousand thousand Deaths,

To

To send me hence without a kind Farewel.

Oedip. Gods, how she shakes me! stay thee, O *Jocasta*,

Speak something ere thou goest for ever from me.

Joc. 'Tis Woman's Weakness, that I wou'd be pity'd;

Pardon me then, O Greatest, tho' most Wretched,

Of all thy Kind: My Soul is on the Brink,

And sees the boiling Furnace just beneath:

Do not thou push me off, and I will go,

With such a Willingness, as if that Heav'n

With all its Glory glow'd for my Reception.

Oedip. O, in my Heart, I feel the Pangs of Nature:

It works with Kindness o'er; Give, give me way;

I feel a Melting here, a Tenderness,

Too mighty for the Anger of the Gods!

Direct me to thy Knees: Yet, oh, forbear,

Lest the dead Embers should revive,

Stand off———and at just Distance

Let me groan my Horrors———here

On the Earth, here blow my utmost Gale;

Here sob my Sorrows, till I burst with Sighing:

Here Gasp and Languish out my wounded Soul.

Joc. In spite of all those Crimes the cruel Gods

Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;

Know yours: 'Tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,

For you are still my Husband.

Oedip. Swear I am,

And I'll believe thee; steal into thy Arms,

Renew Endearments, think 'em no Pollutions,

But chaste as Spirits Joys: Gently I'll come,

Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,

And fold thee softly in my Arms to slumber.

[The Ghost of Laius ascends by degrees, pointing at Jocasta.]

Joc. Be gone, my Lord! Alas, what are we doing?

Fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,

And Worlds divide us! O thrice happy thou,

Who

Who has no Use of Eyes; for here's a Sight
Would turn the melting Face of Mercy's self
To a wild Fruy.

Oedip. Ha! What seest thou there?

Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!

Oedip. Thou rav'st; thy Husband's here.

Joc. There, there he mounts
In circling Fire, amongst the blushing Clouds!
And see, he waves *Jocasta* from the World!

Ghost. *Jocasta, Oedipus.* [*Vanisheth with Thunder.*]

Oedip. What would'st thou have?
Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In Darkness here, and kept from Means of Death.
I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful;
At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean grones;
Rocks are remov'd, and Tow'rs are thund'ed down:
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Joc. Was that a Raven's Croak, or my Son's Voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave and hide me.
Earth open, or I'll tear thy Bowels up.

Hark! He goes on, and blabs the Deed of Incest.

Oedip. Strike then Imperial Ghost; dash all at
once

This House of Clay into a thousand Pieces;
That my poor lingering Soul may take her Flight
To your immortal Dwellings.

Joc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: See, thou can'st not see;
Then I will tell thee that my Wings are on;
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a Port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy milky Soil,
To find my *Lajus* out; ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Lajus*,
My murder'd *Lajus*!

Oedip. Ha! How's this, *Jocasta*?
Nay, if thy Brain be sick, then thou art happy.

Joc.

Joc. Ha! Will you not? Shall I not find him out?
 Will you not show him? Are my Tears despis'd?
 Why, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
 And fright you with my Cries; yes, cruel Gods,
 Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my Hearts,
 I'll snatch Celestial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
 Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
 Of Crystal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
 Drive you all out from your Ambrosial Hives,
 To swarm like Bees about the Field of Heav'n;
 This will I do, unless you shew me *Lajus*,
 My Dear, my murder'd Lord. O *Lajus! Lajus! Lajus!*

[*Ex. Jocasta.*]

Oedip. Excellent Grief! why, this is as it should be!
 No Mourning can be suitable to Grimes
 Like ours, but what Death makes, or Madnass forms.
 I cou'd have wish'd methought for Sight again,
 To mark the Galantry of her Distraction.
 Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,
 T'have seen her mouth the Heav'ns, and mate the Gods,
 While with her thund'ring Voice she menac'd high,
 And every Accent twang'd with smarting Sorrow;
 But what's all this to thee? Thou, Coward, yet
 Art living, can'st not, wilt not find the Road
 To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
 Tho' thousand Ways lead to his thousand Doors,
 Which Day and Night are still unbar'd for all.

[*Clashing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets with beat.*]
 Hark! 'tis the Noise of clashing Swords! the Sound
 Comes near. O, that a Battle wou'd come o'er me!
 If I but grasp a Sword, or wrest a Dagger,
 I'll make a Ruin with the first that falls.

Enter Hamon, with Gunells.

Ham. Seize him, and bear him to the Well-known Tower.
 Pardon me, Sacred Sir; I am inform'd
 That *Creon* has Designs upon your Life.
 Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,

I

I order your Confinement.

Oedip. Slaves, unhand me.

I think thou hast a Sword. 'Twas the wrong side.

Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;

He that could tear his Eyes out, sure could find

Some desperate Way to stifle this curst Breath.

Or if I starve! But that's a ling'ring Fate:

Or if I leave my Brains upon the Wall!

The airy Soul can easily o'er-shoot

Those Bounds with which thou striv'st to Pale her th:

Yes, I will perish in despite of thee;

And, by the Rage that stirs me, if I meet thee

In t'other World, I'll curse thee for this Usage. [*Exit.*]

Hæm. *Tiresias*, after him; and, with your Counsel,
Advise him humbly: charm, if possible,

These Feuds within, while I without extinguish,

Or perish in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*;

That Brand which sets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your Intent, and give a Period

To all our Plagues: What old *Tiresias* can,

Shall straight be done. Lead, *Manto*, to the Tow'r.

[*Ex. Tir. and Mant.*]

Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray,

[*Trumpets again.*]

Or fall together in the bloody Broil.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyraemon and his Party
giving Ground to Adrastus.*

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adrastus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Prisoner.

Adr. What would'st thou, Hell-bound?

Cre. See this brandish'd Dagger:

Forego th' Advantage which thy Arm has won,

Or, by the Blood which trembles thro' the Heart

Of her, whom more than Life, I know thou lov'st,

I'll bury to the last, in her fair Breast,

This Instrument of my Revenge.

Adr.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd Wretch; hold, stop thy bloody Hand.

Cre. Give order then, that on this Instant, now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away, my Friends, since Fate has so allotted.
Be gone, and leave me to the Villain's Mercy.

Eur. Ah, my *Adrastus*! Call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! O cruel, barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After so bravely having fought his Cause,
To perish by the Hand of this base Villain?
Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his Ruin? Drag him thro' the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my Death affright you.

Cre. Die first thy self then.

Adr. O, I charge thee hold.

Hence, from my Presence all: He's not my Friend
That disobey's: See, art thou now appeas'd?

[*Ex. Attendants.*]

Or is there ought else yet remains to do,
That can atone thee? Slack thy thirst of Blood
With mine; but save, O save that innocent Wretch.

Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.

Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of Hope to save
Thy precious Life, my dear *Adrastus*,
What-e'er thou dost, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'st get off, tho' Odds oppose thee.
For me, O fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid Love will spare me. Keep thy Sword;
Lest I be Ravish'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Instruct me, Gods, what shall *Adrastus* do?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead, my Soldiers
With Numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy Wish
Eurydice should fall before thee?

Adr. Traitor, no.

Better that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.

Eur.

Cre. Then cast thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my Mercy, or I strike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moment's
pause.

My Father, when he blest me, gave me this:
My Son, said he, let this be thy last Refuge;
If thou forego'st it, Misery attends thee:

Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
The Hazards of my Life I never lost.

'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Trust;
Tho' my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.

Cre. Fatal! Yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall.
Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,
My Wound's rememb'rance,
Turn all at once the fatal Point on thee.

Pyrramon, to the Palace, dispatch
The King; hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?

Adr. Yes, Villain, for what-ever thou can'st dare.

Eur. Hold, *Creon*, or thro' me, thro' me you wound.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Poniard's in my Hand:
Therefore away.

Eur. I'll guard your Life with mine.

Cre. Die both then; there is now no time for dallying.

[*Kills Eurydice.*]

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell; farewell my dear *Adrastus*.

[*Dies.*]

Adr. Unheard of Monster! Eldest born of Hell!
Down to thy primitive Flames. [*Stabs Creon.*]

Cre. Help, Soldiers, help; revenge me.

Adr. More; yet more; a thousand Wounds!
I'll stamp thee still, thus to the gaping Furies.

[*Adrastus falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.*]

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Alcander and Pyrramon
bound; the Assassins are driven off.

O *Hæmon*, I am slain; nor need I name
Th' inhuman Author of all Villanies:

There

There he lies gasping:

Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
Burn fast my Arm; bale Instrument, unfit
To act the Dictates of my daring Mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak Substitute
Of the God, Ambition.

[Dies.]

Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart!
Yet in the Pangs of Death, she grasps my Hand.
Her Lips too tremble, as if she would speak
Her last Farewel. O, *Oedipus*, thy Fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goest attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celestial Beauties,
And wond'rous Pleasures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more.

[Dies.]

Enter a Captain to Hamon: with Tiresias, and Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocasta*, swift and wild,
As a rob'd Tigress bounding o'er the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze Mankind.
In twisted Gold I saw her Daughters hang
On the Bed-Royal, and her little Sons
Stab'd thro' the Breasts upon the bloody Pillows!

Ham. Relentless Heav'n! Is this the Fate of *Laius*?
Never to be aton'd? How sacred ought
Kings Lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation?
But see! The furious mad *Jocasta*'s here.

*Scene draws, and discovers Jocasta held by her Women;
and stab'd in many Places of her Bosom, her Hair
dishevel'd; her Children slain upon the Bed.*

Was ever yet a Sight of so much Horrour,
And Pity brought to View!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!

Will you not let me take my last Farewel
Of those dear Babes? O let me run and seal
My meking Soul upon their bubbling Wounds!

11

I'll print upon their coral Mouths such Kisses,
As shall recal their wand'ring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you Piece-meal.
Help, *Harmon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocasta* dies.

Enter Oedipus above.

Oedip. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods
'Tis quite unbarr'd: Sure by the distant Noise,
The Height will fit my fatal Purpose well.

Joc. What ho, my *Oedipus*! See, where he stands!
His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount, my Soul;
I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and so
we'll sail:

But see! we're landed on the happy Coast;
And all the golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cause.

Jove, Jove, whose Majesty now sinks me down,
He who himself burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
'Tis fix'd by Fate; upon Record Divine;
And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine. [*Dist.*

Oedip. Speak, *Harmon*; what has Fate been doing
there?

What dreadful Deed has mad *Jocasta* done?

Ham. The Queen her self, and all your wretched
Offspring,
Are by her Fury slain.

Oedip. By all my Woes,
She has out-done me, in Revenge and Murder;
And I should envy her the sad Applause:
But, Oh! my Children! Oh, what have they done?
This was not like the Mercy of the Heav'ns,
To set her Madness on such Cruelty.
This stirs me more than all my Sufferings,
And with my last Breath I must call you Tyrants.

Ham. What mean you, Sir?

Oedip. *Jocasta*! Lo, I come.

O *Laius*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
 Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
 All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore:
 Extend your Arms t' embrace me, for I come;
 May all the Gods too from their Battlements
 Behold, and wonder at a Mortal's daring:
 And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful Death,
 Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder.
 Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
 Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I fly,
 And thus go downwards to the darker Sky.

[*Thunder.* He flings himself from the Window: The
Thebans gather about his Body.

Hæm. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
 O curs'd Effect of the most deep Despair!
Tir. Cease your Complaints, and bear his Body
 hence;
 The dreadful Sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
 Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory.
 Yet, by these terrible Examples warn'd,
 The sacred Fury thus alarms the World.
 Let none, tho' ne'er so Vertuous, Great and High,
 Be judg'd entirely blest before they Die.





EPILOGUE.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the Piece,
With all their Force, to draw their pond'rous Mass from
Greece.

*A Weight that bent ev'n Seneca's strong Muse,
And which Corneille's Shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is th' Athenian Harp to string!
So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
Terror and Pity this whole Poem sway;
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will these Vulgar Souls be found,
Whom two such Engines cannot move from Ground?
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this Birth,
You can but Damn for one poor spot of Earth;
And when your Children find your Judgment such,
They'll scorn their Sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,
How much his Wit must under-write to please.
As some strong Churl would brandishing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you, by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full two thousand Years
Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs,
Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own Defence, let this Play live.*

Think

EPILOGUE.

*Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his Worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each other's Pow'r assure,
Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure.
Their Treat is what your Palates relish most,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.*

FINIS.





G. Van Gucht Sculp.

THE ODOSIUS:

O R,

The Force of Love:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED

By their Royal Highness's Ser-
vants, at the *Duke's Theatre*.

By *NATHANAEL LEE*, Gent.

— *Nec minus periculum ex magna
Fama quàm ex mala.* Tacit.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head* against
St. Clement's Church in the *Strand*; A. WEL-
LINGTON at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* without
Temple-Bar; J. WELLINGTON, A. BET-
TESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Trust for
B. WELLINGTON. MDCCXXXIV.



To her GRACE the
Dutchess of RICHMOND.

MADAM,



HE Reputation that this PLAY received on the Stage, some few Errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from so censorious an Age, from whom I ask but so much necessary Praise as will serve, once or twice a Year at most, to gain their good Company, and just keep me alive.

*There is not now that Mankind that was then,
When as the Sun and Man did seem to strive
(Joint-Tenants of the World) who should survive:
When if a slow-pac'd Star had stoln away,
From the Observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred Years to see't agen,
And then make up his Observationplain. Dr. Donn.*

For 'tis impossible in our limited Time (and I bring his Opinion to back my own, who is without comparison the best Writer of the Age) to present our Judges a Poem half so perfect as we cou'd make it. I must acknowledge, *Madam*, with all humility, I ought to have taken more
VOL. I. A 3 Time

Time and more Pains in this *Tragedy*, because it is dedicated to your Grace, who being the best Judge, (and therefore can, when you please, make us tremble) yet with exceeding Mercy have pardon'd the Defects of *Theodorus*, and given it your entire Approbation. My Genius, *Madam*, was your Favourite when the Poet was unknown, and openly receiv'd your Smiles before I had the Honour to pay your Grace the most submissive Gratitude for so illustrious and advantageous a Protection. To let the World too know that you do not think it beneath you to be officiously Good, even from extremest Heights, to discern the lowest Creatures, and give them all the noblest Influence you can, you brought Her Royal Highness just at the crigent time, whose single Presence on the Poet's Day, is a Subsistence for him all the Year after. Ah, *Madam*, if all the short-liv'd Happiness that miserable Poets can enjoy consist in Commendation only; nay, if the most part are content with popular Breath, and even for that are thankful; How shall I express my self to your Grace, who by a particular Goodness and innate Sweetness, merely for the sake of doing well, have thus rais'd me above my self? To have your Grace's Favour is, in a word, to have the Applause of the whole Court, who are its noblest Ornament, magnificent and eternal Praise. Something there is in your Mien so much above that we vulgarly call Charming, that to me it seems Adorable, and your Presence almost Divine, whose dazling and majestic Form is a proper Mansion for the most elevated Soul. And let me tell the World, nay, sighing, speak it to a barbarous Age (I cannot help calling it so, when

I think

I think of *Rome* and *Greece*) your extraordinary Love for Heroick Poetry is not the least Argument to shew the Greatness of your Mind, and fulness of Perfection. To hear you speak with that infinite Sweetness and Chearfulness of Spirit that is natural to your Grace, is methinks to hear our tutelar Angels : 'Tis to bemoan the present malicious Times, and remember the Golden Age. But to behold you too, is to make Prophets quite forget their Heaven, and bind the Poets with eternal Rapture.

*Here pure and eloquent Blood,
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her Body thought.
Tern for whose Body God made better Clay,
Or took Souls Stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as need small Change at the last Day.*

Dr. Donne.

Zophares and *Semandra* were first your Grace's Favourites ; and though I ought not, *Mr. Donne*, to praise your Wit by your Judgment of my Praise, yet I must say, such Characters every Painter cannot draw. It has been often observed against me, That I abound in ungovern'd Fancy ; but, I hope, the World will pardon the Sallies of Youth : Age, Despondence, and Dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no Men for keeping the beaten Road ; but I am sure the noble Hunters that follow the Game, must leap Hedges and Ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come in to the fall of the Quarry. My Comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a Creature to any Man as I am to my self : For who should know the

A 4

House

House so well as the good Man at home? who, when his Neighbours come to see him, still sets the best Rooms to view; and if he be not a wilful Ass, keeps the Rubbish and Lumber in some dark Hole, where no body comes but himself, to mortify at melancholy Hours. But how then, *Madam*, in this unsuitable Condition, how shall I answer the infinite Honours and Obligations your Grace has laid upon me? Your Grace, who is the most beautiful Idea of Love and Glory; who, to that Divine Composition, have the noblest and best-natur'd Wit in the World. All I can promise, *Madam*, and be able to perform, is, that your Grace shall never see a Play of mine that shall give Offence to Modesty and Virtue; and what I humbly offer to the World, shall be of use at least, and I hope deserve imitation; which is, or ought to be, I am sure, the Design of all *Tragedies* and *Comedies* both ancient and modern. I should presume to promise my self too some Success in things of this nature, if your Grace, (in whom the Charms of Beauty, Wit, and Goodness seem reconcil'd) at a leisure Hour would condescend to correct with your excellent Judgment the Errors of,

M. A. D. A. M.,

Your Grace's most Humble,

most Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

P R O-

PROLOGUE.

WIT long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with Rage,
 Thus in a sullen Mood rebukes the Age.
 What Loads of Fame do modern Heroes bear,
 For an inglorious, long, and lazy War?
 Who for some Skirmish, or a safe Retreat,
 (Not to be dragg'd to Battle) are call'd Great.
 But oh! what do ambitious Statesmen gain,
 Who into private Chests whole Nations drain?
 What Sums of Gold they hoard, is daily known,
 To all Mens Cost, and sometimes to their own.
 Your Lawyer too, that like an O Yes bawls,
 That drowns the Market-Higler in the Stalls,
 That seems begot, conceiv'd, and born in Brawls,
 Yet thrives: He and his Croud get what they please,
 Swarming all Term-time thro' the Strand like Bees,
 They buz at Westminster, and lye for Fees.
 The Godly too their ways of Getting have;
 But none so much as your Fanatick Knaves:
 Wisely the wealthiest Livings they refuse,
 Who by the fattest Bishopricks would lose;
 Who with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Band,
 True Rogues, their own, not God's Elect command.
 Let Pigs then be prophane; but Broth's allow'd,
 Possets and Christian Caudles may be good
 Meet-helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
 Therefore each Female Saint he doth advise,
 With Groans, and Hums, and Ha's and Gogling Eyes,
 To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise:
 While with his Zeal, transported from the Ground,
 He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round.

On Poets only no kind Star e'er smil'd,
 Curs'd Fate has damn'd 'em ev'ry Mother's Child:
 Therefore he warns his Brethren of the Stage,
 To write no more for an ungrateful Age.
 Think what penurious Masters you have serv'd;
 Tasso run mad, and noble Spenser starv'd.
 Turn then, who e'er thou art that canst write well,
 Thy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excel.
 Forswear all Honesty, traduce the Great,
 Grow Impudent, and rail against the State;
 Bursting with Spleen, abroad thy Pasquils send,
 And choose some Libel-spreader for thy Friend:
 The Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,
 And for thy Satire-subject choose Mankind.



E P I L O G U E.

THrice happy they that never writ before,
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer Shore;
 Like some new Captain of the City Bands,
 That with big Looks in Finsbury commands,
 Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat a Drum;
 Pox on the French King, uds-bud let him come;
 Give me ten thousand Red-Coats, and alloo,
 We'll firke his Crequi and his Conde too.
 Thus the young Scriblers Mankind's Sense disdain;
 For Ignorance is sure to make 'em vain;
 But far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,
 Our cautious Poet courts you to his side:
 For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due
 All the good Days that ever Authors knew?
 If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine;
 The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,
 And he scarce drinks but of the Criticks Wine.

{
old

*Old Writers should not for Vain-glory strive;
 But, like old Mistresses, think how to thrive;
 Be fond of ev'ry thing their Keepers say,
 At least till they can live without a Play.
 Like one that knows the Trade, and has been bit,
 She dotes and fawns upon her wealthy Cit,
 And swears she loves him, merely for his Wit.
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
 Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon,
 She swears, is an accomplish'd Beau-garçon;
 Turns with all Winds, and sails with all Desires;
 All Hearts in City, Town, and Court she fires,
 Young callow Lords, lean Knights, and doting Squares,
 She in restless Flattery finds her Ends,
 Gives Thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends;
 So should wise Poets sooth an aukard Age,
 For they are Prostitutes upon the Stage:
 To stand on Points were foolish and ill-bred,
 As for a Lady to be nice in Bed:
 Your Wills alone must their Performance measure,
 And you may turn 'em every way for Pleasure.*



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Theodosius,

Varanes,

Marcian,

Lucius,

Atticus, *Chief Priest.*

Leontine,

Chorus.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Wiltshire.

Mr. Bowman.

Mr. Leithersfull.

Pulcheria,

Athenais,

Marina.

Flavilla.

Julia.

Delia.


Attendants, Singers,

Mrs. Betterton.

Mrs. Barry.

The SCENE, *Constantinople.*

THE O



THE ODOSIUS:

OR,

The Force of Love.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion, as in its first Magnificence: Being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople. The side Scenes show the horrid Tortures with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church; and the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorn'd, before it Constantine, suppos'd kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air, which being encompass'd with many Angels, offers itself to view, with those Words distinctly written, (In hoc signo vinces!) Instruments are heard, and many Attendants: The Ministers at Divine Service walk busily up and down, till Atticus the Chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich Robes, comes forward with the Philosopher Leontine; the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the way before him.

A Chorus heard at a distance.

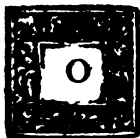
PRepare, prepare! the Rites begin;
Let none unhallow'd enter in;
The Temple with new Glory shines,
Adorn the Altars, wash the Shrines,
And purge the Place from Sin.

Enter

14 THEODOSIUS: or,

Enter Atticus and Leontine.

ATTICUS,



H, *Leontine*! was ever Moralike this,
Since the Celestial Incarnation dawn'd?
I think no Day since that, such Glory gave
To Christian Altars, as this Morning
brings.

Leont. Great Successor of holy *Chrysostom*;
Who now triumphs above a Saint of Honour;
Next in degree to those bright Sons of Heav'n,
Who never fell, nor stain'd their orient Beams:
What shall I answer? How shall I approach you,
Since my Conversion, which your Breath inspir'd?

Attic. To see this Day, the Emperor of the East
Leaves all the Pleasures that the Earth can yield,
That Nature can bestow, or Art invent,
In his Life's Spring, and bloom of gaudy Years,
To undergo the Penance of a Cloister,
Confin'd to narrow Rooms, and gloomy Walks,
Fasting, and Exercises of Devotion,
Which from his Bed at Midnight must awake him:
Methinks, O *Leontine*! is something more
Than yet Philosophy could ever reach.

Leont. True, *Atticus*, you have amaz'd my Reason.

Attic. Yet more, to our Religion's lasting Honour,
Marina and *Rhoxilla*, two young Virgins,
Imperial born, cast in the fairest Mould
That e'er the Hands of Beauty form'd for Woman;
The Mirrors of our Court, where Chastity
And Innocence might copy spotless Lustre,
To Day with *Theodosius* leave the World.

Leont. Methinks at such a glorious Resignation,
Th' Angelick Orders should at once descend
In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n,
With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings
To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

Attic. No, *Leontine*, I fear there is a fault:
For when I last confess'd the Emperor,

Whether

Whether Disgust and melancholy Blood,
From restless Passions us'd not this Divorce;
He only answer'd me with Sighs and Blushes:
'Tis sure, his Soul is of the tenderest Make;
Therefore I'll tax him strictly: but, my Friend,
Why should I give his Character to you,
Who, when his Father sent him into *Persia*,
Were by that mighty Monarch then appointed
To breed him with his Son, the Prince *Varanus*?

Leont. And what will raise your Admiration, is,
That two such different Tempers should agree:
You know that *Theodesius* is compos'd
Of all the softness that should make a Woman:
Judgment almost like Bear fore-runs his Actions;
And he will poise an Injury so long
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it.
But the young *Persian* Prince quite opposite,
So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly,
May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face;
Yet did I study these so different Tempers,
Till I at last had form'd a perfect Union,
As if two Souls did but inform one Body.
A Friendship that may challenge all the World,
And at the proof be matchless!

Attic. I long to read
This gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
Comes from his Father's Court to see our Emperors.

Leont. So he intended till he came to *Athens*,
And at my homely Board beheld my Daughter;
Where, as Fate ordered, she who never saw
The Glories of a Court, bred up to Books
In Closets, like a Sibyl: She, I say,
Long since from *Persia* brought by me to *Athens*,
Unskill'd in Charms, but those which Nature gave her,
Wounded this scornful Prince: In short, he forc'd me
To wait him thither, with deep Protections,
That moment that bereft him of the sight
Of *Athenais*, gave him certain Death.
But see my Daughter honour'd with his Presence.

Enter

16 THEODOSIUS; or,

Enter Varanes and Athenais.

Vara. 'Tis strange! O *Athenais*! wondrous, all
Wondrous the Shrines, and wonderful the Altars!
The Martyrs, though but drawn in painted Flames,
Amaze me with the Image of their Suff'rings:
Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with *Roman* Tyrants:
Hermits that liv'd in Caves, and fed with Angels:
By *Orosmades*, it is wondrous all.
That bloody Cross, in yonder Azure Sky,
Above the Head of kneeling *Constantine*;
Inscrib'd about with Golden Characters,
Thou shalt o'ercome in this. If it be true,
I say again, by Heav'n, 'tis wondrous strange.

Athen. O Prince, if thus Imagination stirs you,
A Fancy rais'd from Figures in dead Walls,
How would the sacred Breath of *Atticus*
Inspire your Breast, purge all your Dross away,
And drive this *Athenais* from your Soul,
To make a Virgin room, whom yet the Mould
Of your rude Fancy cannot comprehend.

Vara. What says my Fair? Drive *Athenais* from me!
Start me not into Frenzy, lest I rail
At all Religion, and fall out with Heav'n:
And what is she alas! that should supplant thee?
Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
As Winter Stars, or Summer-setting Suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
With that chaste modest Look when first I saw thee;
The Heiress of a poor Philosopher; [*Records ready*
I swear by all I wish, by all I love, *to flourish.*
Glory and thee, I would not lose a Thought,
Nor cast an Eye that way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd Arms, and lose my self for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my Lord.

Vara. O cruel *Athenais*!

Why dost thou put me off, who pine to death?
And thrust me from thee when I would approach thee?
Can there be ought in this? Curse then thy Birth-right,
Thy

Thy glorious Titles and ill-suited Greatness,
 Since *Athenais* scorns thee: Take again
 Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em, Gods!
 And change me to some humble Villager,
 If so at last for Toils at scorching Noon,
 In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
 At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,
 Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

Athen. When Princes speak, their Subjects should be
 silent;

Yet with Humility I would demand,
 Wherein appears my Scorn, or my Aversion?
 Have I not for your sake abandon'd home,
 Where I had vow'd to spend my calmer Days?
 But you perhaps imagine it but little
 For a poor Maid to follow you abroad,
 Especially the Daughter of old *Leontine*;
 Yet I must tell you Prince ———

Vara. I cannot bear

Those Frowns: I have offended, but forgive me.
 For who, *Athenais*, that is toss'd
 With such tempestuous Tides of Love as I,
 Can steer a steady Course? Retire, my Fair,

[*Recorders flourish*]

Hark! the Solemnities are now beginning,
 And *Theodosius* comes: Hide, hide thy Charms;
 If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
 The Royal Youth who dotes to Death for Love,
 I fear would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
 And fix upon thy World, thy World of Beauty. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter Theodosius leading Marina and Flavilla (all three
 dress'd in white) followed by Pulcheria.*

Theo. Farewel, *Pulcheria*! and I pray, no more:
 For all thy kind Complaints are lost upon me.
 Have I not sworn the World and I must part?
 Fate has proclaim'd it, therefore weep no more,
 Wound not the tenderest Part of *Theodosius*,
 My yielding Soul, that would expire in Calms!

Wound

18 THEODOSIUS, or,

Wound me not with thy Tears, and I will tell thee,
Yet ere I take my last farewell for ever,
The Cause of all my Sufferings: Oh, my Sister!
A bleeding Heart, the Stings of pointed Love,
What Constitution soft as mine can bear?

Pulch. My Lord, my Emperor, my dearest Brother,
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was ashamed to own my Weakness:
I knew thy sharper Wit, and stricter Wisdom,
Would dart Reproofs, which I could not endure.
Draw near, Oh *Atticus*, and mark me well,
For never yet did my complaining Spirit
Unlaid this weighty Secret upon him,
Nor groan a Syllable of her Oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a Fault: but speak at large,
Make bare thy Wound, and I will pour in Balm.

Theo. 'Tis Folly all, and Fondness ——— Oh, Re-
membrance!

Why dost thou open thus my Wound again,
And from my Heart call down those warmer Drops
That make me die with shame? hear then, *Pulcheria*!
Some few preceding Days before I left
The *Persian* Court, hunting one Morning early,
I lost my self and all the Company,
Still wandering on as Fortune would direct me:
I past a Rivulet, and lighted on
The sweetest Solitude I ever saw!
When straight, as if Enchantment had been there,
Two charming Voices drew me till I came,
Whose divers Arbours over-look'd the River,
Upon the Oſier Bank two Women sat,
Who, when their Song was ended, talk'd to one,
Who, bathing, stood far in the Crystal Stream.
But, Oh, what Thought can paint that fair Perfection,
Or give a Glimpſe of ſuch a naked Glory!
Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
When the green Nymphs firſt kiſſ'd her coral Lips,
All poliſh'd, fair, and waſh'd with orient Beauty,
Could in my dazling Fancy match her Brightneſs.

Attic. Think where you are?

Theo.

The Force of Love

19

Theo. Oh! Sir, you must forgive me,
The chaste Enthusiastick Form appears,
As when I saw her: yet I swear, *Pulcheria*,
Had cold *Diana* been a Looker on,
She must have prais'd the Virtues of the Virgin:
The *Satyrs* could not grin, for she was veil'd:
Nothing immodest, from her naked Bosom
Down to her Knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn:
But, Oh for me! for me, that was too much!
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre;
Such All-Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With lingering Surfeits of her fatal Beauty!
Alas, too fatal sure! Oh, *Atticus*!
Forgive me, for my Story now is done,
The Nymph was dress'd, and with her two Companions,
Having descry'd me, shriek'd and fled away,
Leaving me motionless, till *Leontine*,
Th' Instructor of my Youth, by Chance came in,
And wak'd me from the Wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my Lord, the Man whom you have
nam'd,

The Harbinger of Prince *Harvey*, here.

Theo. Oh *Leontine*! ten thousand Welcomes meet thee!
Thou Foster-Father of my tender Youth,
Who rear'd the Plant, and prun'd it with such Care;
How shall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the Principles of manlier Reason,
By thee infus'd, to mere than Woman's Weakness?
Now by the Majesty Divine, that awes
This sacred Place, I swear you must not kneel:
And tell me, for I have a thousand things
To ask thee; Where, where is my Godlike Friend?
Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his Face,
Before I'm cloister'd from the World for ever?

Leont. He comes, my Lord, with all the expecting Joys
Of a young promis'd Lover, from his Eyes
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms

Nothing

10 THEODOSIUS; or,

Nothing but *Theodosius* still before him;
His Thought, his every Word, is *Theodosius*.

Theo. Yet *Leontine*, yet answer me once more:
With Tremblings I demand thee.
Say——hast thou seen? Oh! has that heav'nly Form
Appear'd to thee again? Behold he's dumb:
Proceed then to the solemn last farewell;
Never was Man so willing and prepar'd.

Enter Varanes, Arantes, Attendants.

Vara. Where is my Friend! Oh, where is my belov'd,
My *Theodosius*! point him out ye Gods;
That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms;
Devour him thus with over-hasty Joys,
That languish at his Breast, quite out of Breath,
And cannot utter more.

Theo. Thou mightiest Pleasure!
And greatest Blessing, that kind Heav'n could send,
To glad my parting Soul, a thousand Welcomes!
Oh! when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory
Spring in my Breast, and with a backward Bound
I run the Race of lusty Youth again.

Vara. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
Our thousand Pastimes, when we borrow'd Names;
Alcides, I, and Thou, my dearest *Thebes*,
When thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Like Tigers slu'd, and landed as the Shore,
With Ears, and Chests, that dash'd the Morning Dew;
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are tost in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course:
Now sweeping o'er the Limit of a Hill;
Now with a full Career come thund'ring down
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

Theo. Oh, glorious Time! and when the gathering
Clouds
Have call'd us Home, say, Did we rest my Brother?
When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,
We strove to represent *Alcides*' Fury,

In

In all that raging Heat, and Pomp of Madneſs,
With which the ſtately *Seneca* adorn'd him;
So lively drawn, and painted with ſuch Horror,
That we were forc'd to give it o'er; ſo loud
The Virgins ſhriek'd, ſo faſt they dy'd away.

Vara. My *Theodoſius* ſtill; 'tis my lov'd Brother;
And by the Gods we'll ſee thoſe Times agen!
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
Chriſtian Enthuſiaſm had charm'd thee from us,
That drawn by Priests, and work'd by Melancholy,
Thou haſt laid down the golden Reins of Empire,
And ſworn thy ſelf a Votary for ever?

Theo. 'Tis almoſt true; and had not you arriv'd,
The ſolemn-Buſineſs had by this been ended.
This I have made the Empreſs of the *Eaſt*,
My elder Siſter: Theſe with me retire,
Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore.

Vara. What Power is that that merits ſuch Oblations?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious,
Than any that e'er mingled with the Gods;
Yet even to him my Father never offer'd
More than a Hecatomb of Bulls and Horſes:
Now by thoſe golden Beams that glad the World,
I ſwear it is too much: For one of theſe,
But half ſo bright, our God would drive no more,
He'd leave the darken'd Globe, and in ſome Cave
Enjoy ſuch Charms for ever.

Attic. My Lord, forbear!
Such Language does not ſuit with our Devotion:
Nothing profane muſt dare murmur here,
Nor ſtain the hallow'd Beauties of the Place.
Yet thus far we muſt yield; the Emperor
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the World.

Vara. Thus low, moſt Reverend of this ſacred Place,
I kneel for Pardon, and am half converted,
By your Permiſſion that my *Theodoſius*
Return to my Embraces! Oh, my Brother!
Why doſt thou droop? There will be time enough
For Prayer and Faſting, and religious Vows;
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,

ALL

All the Magnificence of Eastern Courts;
I hate to walk a lazy Life away:
Let's run the Race which Fate has set before us,
And post to the dark Goal.

Theo. Cruel Destiny!
Why am not I thus too? Oh, my *Karānes*!
Why are these costly Dishes set before me?
Why do these Sounds of Pleasure strike my Ears?
Why are these Joys brought to my sick Remembrance,
Who have no Appetite; but am to Sense,
From Head to Foot, all a dead Palsy o'er?

Vara. Fear not, my Friend, all shall be well again,
For I have thousand Ways, and thousand Stories
To raise thee up to Pleasure; we'll unlock
Our fastest Secrets, shed upon each other
Our tender'st Cares, and quite unbar those Doors,
Which shall be shut to all Mankind beside.

Attic. Silence and Reverence are the Temple's Dues;
Therefore, while we pursue the sacred Rites,
Be these observ'd, or quit the awful Place.
Imperial Sisters, now Twin stars of Heaven,
Answer the Successor of *Christos*;
Without least Reservation answer me,
By those harmonious Rules I charg'd ye learn.

Actious sings.

Attic. Canst thou, Marina, leave the World,
~~The World that is~~ Devotion's Bane;
Where Crowns and scepters butt'd,
~~and where~~ Lay undign'd ambition's reign?

2 *Priest.* Can you your costly Rites forbear,
To save such worthless poor Attine?
Can you from Courts be call'd to fair,
To sing at Midnight in our Quire?

3 *Priest.* Can you forget your golden Beds,
Where you might sleep beyond the Morn,

The Force of Love.

123

On Mats to lay your Royal Heads,
And have your bedded Trusses shorn?

Attic. Can you resolve to fast all Day,
And weep and groan to be forgiven?
Can you in broken Slumbers pray,
And by Affliction merit Heaven?

Chorus. Say, Potentates, can this be done,
While we the Grace Divine implore,
The World has lost, the Battle's won;
And Sin shall never charm ye more?

Martha. The Gate to Bliss does open stand,
And all my Penance is in view;
The World upon the other hand
Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!

Yet, sacred Sirs, in these Extremes,
Where Pomp and Pride their Glories tell;
Where Youth and Beauty are the Themes,
And plead their moving Cause so well:

It ought that I with my Thoughts possess,
Or any Passions govern here,
But what Dominion may they less;
Oh, may I never enter there!

Flavia. What! what can Pomp or Glory do;
Or could the human Charms persuade,
That Mankind but a Hell on Earth do;
How can it be by Earth betray'd!

No Monarch full of Honour and Fame,
The Joy of Eyes, and Nature's Pride,
Should once my Thoughts from Heaven reclaim,
Though now he woo'd me for his Bride.

Haste then, Oh haste! and take us in,
For ever lock Religion's Door,

Secure

THEODOSIUS; or,

*Secure us from the Charms of Sin,
And let us see the World no more.*

*Attic. Hark! hark! behold the heavenly Choir,
Sings. They cleave the Air in bright Attire,
And see his Lute each Angel brings,
And hark Divinely thus he sings!
To the Pow'rs Divine all Glory be given,
By Men upon Earth, and Angels in Heaven.*

Scene shuts, and all the Priests with Marina and Flavilla disappear.

*Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
Oh! Theodosius, till this cruel Moment
I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
But on this everlasting Separation,
Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time
Of Dissolution points me to the Grave.*

*Theo. Oh, my Varanes, does not now thy Temper
Bate something of its Fire? dost thou not melt
In mere Compassion of my Sister's Fate,
And cool thy self with one relenting Thought?*

*Vara. Yes, my dar'd Soul rolls inward; Melancholy,
Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;
And I begin to leath all human Greatness:
Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard Fate deplore!
For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be Kings no more:
We'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be our Guide;
Love that's more worth than all the World beside.
Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam,
The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home;
In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,
Business and Cares eternally abound.*

*" And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
" She's clogg'd with Scepters, and to Crowns confin'd.
[Exeunt.*



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pulcheria, Julia, Attendants.

PULCHERIA.



Hese Packets for the Emperor *Honorius* ;
Be swift, let the Agent haste to *Rome* —
I hear, my *Julia*, that our General
Is from the *Goths* return'd with Conquest
home.

Jul. He is ; to day I saw him in the
Presence,

Sharp to the Courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the Wars:
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest *Julia* ; oft I have told thee
The Secret of my Soul : If e'er I marry,
Marcian's my Husband ; he is a Man, my *Julia*,
Whom I have study'd long and found him perfect :
Old *Rome* at every Glance looks through his Eyes,
And kindles the Beholders : Some sharp Atoms
Run through his Frame, which I could wish were out :
He sickens at the Softness of the Emperor,
And speaks too freely of our Female Court ;
Then sighs, comparing it with what *Rome* was.

Enter Marcian and Lucius.

Pulch. Ha ! who are these that dare profane this Place
With more than barb'rous Insolence ?

Marc. At your Feet,
Behold I cast the Scourge of these Offenders,
And kneel to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. Put up your Sword,
And ere I bid you welcome from the Wars,
Be sure you clear your Honour of this Rudeness ;
Or, *Marcian*, leave the Court.

VOL. I.

B

Marc.

Marc. Thus then, Madam,
 The Emperor receiv'd me with Affection,
 Embrac'd me for my Conquests, and retir'd;
 When on a sudden all the gilded Flies
 That buz about the Court came flutt'ring round me:
 This with affected Cringes, and minc'd Words,
 Begs me to tell my Tale of Victories;
 Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his Fellow,
 Whispers him in the Ear, then smiles and listens,
 While I relate my Story once again:
 A third comes in, and asks me the same Favour:
 Whereon they laugh, while I still ignorant
 Go on; but one behind, more impudent,
 Strikes on my Shoulder; then they laugh'd out-right:
 But then I guessing the Abuse too late,
 Return'd my Knight behind a Box o'th' Ear;
 Then drew, and briefly told them they were Rascals.
 They, laughing still, cry'd out the General's musty,
 Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you saw:
 This is in short the Truth, I leave the Judgment
 To your own Justice; If I have done ill,
 Sentence me, and I'll leave the Court for ever.

Pulch. First you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the Wars:
 And still when e'er occasion calls for Arms,
 Heav'n send the Emperor a General,
 Renown'd as *Martian*: as to what is past,
 I think the World will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the Action.

Marc. Gods! Gods! and thou great Founder of Old
Rome!

What is become of all that mighty Spirit,
 That rais'd our Empire to a Pitch so high?
 Where is it pent? What, but Almighty Power
 Could thus confine it, that but some few Anims
 Now run through all the East and Occident?

Pulch. Speak calmly, *Marcian*——

Marc. Who can be temperate,
 That thinks as I do, *Martian*? Why, here's a Fellow,
 I have seen him fight against a Troop of Vandals
 In your Defence, as if he had a to block!

Come

Come to my Arms, my Dear ! thou canst not talk,
But hast a Soul above the proudest of 'em.
Oh, Madam, when he has been all over Blood,
And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to mouth his Praises;
I have seen him smile still as he push'd Death from him,
And with his Actions rally distant Fate.

Pulch. He has a noble Form.

Marc. Yet ev'n this Man,
That fought so bravely in his Country's Cause,
This excellent Man this Morning in the Presence,
Did I see wrong'd before the Emperor,
Scorn'd and despis'd because he could not cringe,
Nor plant his Feet as some of them could do.
One said his Clothes were not well made, and damn'd
His Tailor ——— Another said, he look'd
As if he had not lost his Maiden-head,
If things are suffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, Pre-eminence, Degree and Virtue.
Let *Rome* be never mention'd; no, in the Name
Of all the Gods, be she forgotten ever.
Effeminate *Persians*, and the *Lydian* Softness,
Make all your Fights, *Marcian* shall out no more;
For by my Arms it makes a Woman of me;
And my swollen Eyes run o'er to think this Worth,
This fuller Honour than the whole Court holds,
Should be ridiculous to Knaves and Fools;
Should starve for want of what is necessary
To Life's Convenience: When luxurious Bawds
Are so o'er-grown with Fat, and cramm'd with Riot,
That they can hardly walk without an Engine.

Pulch. Why did you not inform the Emperor?

Marc. Because he will not hear me: alas, good Man,
He flies from this bad World, and still when Wars
And Dangers come, he runs to his Devotions,
To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
Which *Constantine* began.

Pulch. How, *Marcian*! are not you of that
Religion which the Emperor owns?

Marc. No, Madam, if you'll see my naked Thought,
I am not of their Principle, that take

28 THEODOSIUS; or,

A Wrong; so far from bearing with a Foe,
I would strike first, like old *Rome*; I wou'd forth,
Elbow the neighbouring Nations round about,
Invade, enlarge my Empire to the Bounds
Of the too narrow Universe. Yes, I own
That I despise your holy Innovations.
I am for the *Roman* Gods, for Funeral Piles,
For mounting Eagles, and the fancied Greatness
Of our Fore-fathers. Methinks my heated Spirit
Cou'd utter Things worth losing of my Head.

Pulch. Speak freely, *Marcian*, for I know thee honest.

Marc. Oh, Madam! long, long may the Emperor live;
But, I must say, his gentle Disposition
Suits not, alas, the Oriental Sway:
Bid him but look on *Pharamond*: Oh, Gods!
Awake him with the Image of that Spirit,
Which, like a Pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a Point to the most dreadful Greatness:
His very Name already shakes the World;
And still in Person heading his first Squadrons,
Like the first *Cæsar* o'er the hardy *Gauls*,
He seems another Thunderbolt of War.

Pulch. I oft have blam'd my Brother most for this,
That to my Hand he leaves the State-Affairs:
And how that sounds, you know ———

Marc. Forgive me, Madam;
I think that all the Greatness of your Sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,
With all th' *Amazonian* Valour too,
Meet in *Pulcheria*: yet, I say, forgive me,
If with Reluctance I behold a Woman
Sit at the Empire's Helm, and steer the World.

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd ———

Marc. Mark but the growing *French*.
The most auspicious Omen of their Greatness,
That I can guess, is their late *Salique Law*,
Bless'd by their Priests, their *Salii*, and pronounc'd
To stand for ever; which excludes all Women
From the Imperial Crown: But, Oh! I speak
The least of all those infinite Grievances,

Which

Which make the Subjects murmur : In the Army,
 Tho' I proceeded still like *Hannibal*,
 And punish'd ev'ry Mutineer with Death;
 Yet, Oh ! it stab'd me through and through the Soul
 To pass the Wretches Doom, because I knew
 With Justice they complain'd ; for hard they fought,
 And with their Blood earn'd that forbidden Bread,
 Which some at Court, and great ones, though un-nam'd,
 Cast to their Hounds, while the poor Soldiers starv'd —
Pulch. Your Pity too in mournful Fellowship,
 No doubt might sooth their Murmurs.

Marc. Yes it did,
 That I might put 'em once again in heart,
 I said 'twas true, the Emperor was to blame,
 Who dealt too coldly with his faithful Servants,
 And paid their great Arrears by second-hand :
 I promis'd too, when we return'd to Court,
 Things should be mended —
 But how ! Oh Gods ! forgive my Blood this Transport !
 To the eternal Shame of Female Councils !
 And to the Blast of *Theodosius*' Name,
 Whom never warlike Chronicle shall mention !
 Oh, let me speak it with a *Roman* Spirit,
 We were receiv'd like undone Prodigals,
 By curst ungrateful Stewards, with cold Looks,
 Who yet got all by those poor Wretches Ruin ;
 Like Malefactors, at the Hands of Justice.
 I blush, I almost weep with bursting Rage !
 If thus receiv'd, how paid our long Arrears ?
 Why, as intrusted Misers pay the Rights
 Of helpless Widows, or the Orphans Tears.
 Oh Soldier ! for to thee, to thee I speak it,
 Bawds for the Drudgery of Citizens Wives,
 Would better pay debilitated Stallions.
 Madam, I have said perhaps too much : if so,
 It matters not, for he who lies, like me,
 On the hard Ground, is sure to fall no further.

Pulch. I have given you patient hearing, honest
 (*Marcian* :
 And, as far as I can see into your Temper,

I speak my serious Judgment in cold Blood,
 With strictest Consultation on the matter;
 I think, this seeming plain and honest *Marcian*,
 An exquisite and most notorious Traitor.

Marc. Ha! Traitor!

Pulch. Yes, a most notorious Traitor.

Marc. Your Grandfather, whose Frown could awe the
 World,

Would not have call'd me so — or if he had —

Pulch. You would have taken it — But to the Business,
 Was't not enough; Oh Heaven! thou know'st too much!
 At first to own your self an Infidel,
 A bold Contemner, even to Blasphemy,
 Of that Religion which we all profess;
 For which your Heart's best Blood can ne'er suffice:
 But you must dare, with a seditious Army,
 Thus to conspire against the Emperor.
 I mention not your Impudence to me,
 Taxing the Folly of my Government
 Ev'n to my Face: Such an Irreverence,
 As sure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd;
 Beside your libelling all the Court, as if
 You had engross'd the whole World's Honesty:
 And Flatterers, Fools, and Sycophants, and *Knaves*,
 Such was your Language, did inhabit here.

Marc. You wrest my honest Meaning, by the Gods!
 You do; and if you thus go on, I feel
 My struggling Spirit will no longer bear it.

Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational Men
 Should still be gather'd out of their Discourse;
 Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,
 To vent such Words, tho' now you fain would hide it:
 You find the Guilt, and balk the Accusation:
 But think not you shall scape so easily.
 Once more I do confront you, as a Traitor;
 And as I am intrusted with full Pow'r,
 Divest you, in the Name of *Theodosius*,
 Of all your Offices, Commissions, Honours;
 Command you leave the Court within three Days,
 Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*.

Marc.

Marc. Gods! Gods!

Pulch. What now! ha! does the Traitor murmur?
If in three Days; mark me, 'tis I that doom thee;
Rash inconsiderable Man, a Wretch beneath
The Torments I could execute upon thee;
If after three Days space thou'rt found in Court,
Thou dy'st: thy Head, thy Head shall pay the Forfeit.
Farewel; now rage; now rail and cuss the Court;
Saucily dare to abuse the best of Princes,
And let thy lawless Tongue lash all it can;
Do, like a mad Man rave; deplore thy Fortune,
While Pages laugh at thee. Then haste to the Army,
Grow popular, and lead the Multitude:
Preach up thy Wrongs, and drive the giddy Beast
To kick at *Cæsar*. Nay, if thou weep'st, I'm gone.
Oh *Julia*! if I stay, I shall weep too.

Yet 'tis but just that I the Heart should see
Of him who once must lord it over me. [*Exit Pulch. &c.*]

Luc. Why do you droop. Sir—Come, no more o'this,
You are and shall be still our General:
Say but the Word, I'll fill the Hypodrome
With Squadrons that shall make the Emperor tremble;
We'll fire the Court about his Bars.
Methinks, like *Junius Brutus*, I have watch'd
An Opportunity, and now it comes:
Few Words and I are Friends; but, noble *Marcian*,
If yet thou art not more than General,
Ere dead of Night, say *Lucius* is a Coward.

Marc. I charge thee in the Name of all the Gods,
Come back. I charge thee by the Name of Friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no General.
But hush! within three Days we must be gone,
And then, my Friend, farewell to Ceremony.
We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,
Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves;
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and when Night comes,
With Bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant Souls,
Sleep like the labour'd Hinds, and never think;
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

B 4

Enter

Enter Leontine and Athenais, &c.

Therefore no thought. But see, we are interrupted.
Oh Court! Oh Emperor! yet let Death threaten,
I'll find a time. Till then be still my Soul——
No General now! a Member of thy Country,
But most corrupt, therefore to be cut off,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*!
A Slave, a Traitor! Oh ye eternal Gods— [Exit.

Leont. So, *Athenais*! now our Compliment,
To the young *Persian* Prince, is at an end:
What then remains but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

Athen. My Lord!

Leont. I say that Decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with Honour.

Athen. Most true, my Lord.

Leont. The Court is now at peace,
The Emperor's Sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd; what hinders then
But that we bid adieu to Prince *Varanes*.

Athen. Ah, Sir, why will you break my Heart?

Leont. I would not;

Thou art the only Comfort of my Age;
Like an old Tree I stand among the Storms,
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me; [She kneels.
My dear green Branch, and how I prize thee, Child;
Heaven only knows! why dost thou kneel and weep?

Athen. Because you are so good, and will I hope
Forgive my Fault, who first occasion'd it.

Leont. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.

Athen. You did, and, O my Lord! I heard too much;
Too much I fear for my eternal Quiet.

Leont. Rise, *Athenais*! credit him who bears
More Years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee.

Athen. How do we differ then? you judge the Prince
Impious and base; while I take Heaven to witness,
I think him the most virtuous of Men:
Therefore take heed, my Lord, how you accuse him.

Before

Before you make the Trial. Alas, *Varanes*,
If thou art false, there's no such thing on Earth.
As solid Goodness, or substantial Honour.
A thousand times, my Lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his Oaths) his Crown and Empire,
That Day I make him Master of my Heart.

Leont. That Day he'll make thee Mistress of his Power,
Which carries a foul Name among the Vulgar.
No, *Athenais*, let me see thee dead,
Born a pale Corps, and gently laid in Earth,
So I may say she's chaste and dy'd a Virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded Eyes
Seated upon the Throne of *Isdigerdes*,
The Blast of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn,
Thy Father's Curse; that is, the Prince's Whore.

Athen. Oh horrid Supposition! how I detest it!
Be witness Heav'n, that sees my secret Thoughts!
Have I for this, my Lord, been taught by you
The nicest Justice, and severest Virtue,
To fear no Death, to know the End of Life,
And with a long Search discern the highest Good?
No, *Athenais*! when the Day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,
The Scorn of Honour and the People's Prey!
No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem
That aged Head from the descending Axe,
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rack'd,
Thy Wrinkles about thee fill'd with Blood,
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleasure.

Leont. Oh greatly said, and by the Blood which warms
(me,

Which runs as rich as any *Athen* holds,
It would improve the Virtue of the World,
If every Day a thousand Votaries,
And thousand Virgins came from far to hear thee?

Athen. Look down ye Pow'rs, take notice we obey
The rigid Principles ye have infus'd;
Yet, Oh my noble Father! to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a Marriage;

Tho' with the Thought I am covered o'er with Blushes,
Not that I doubt the Prince, that were to doubt
The Heavens themselves. I know he is all Truth;
But Modesty——

The Virgin's troublesome and constant Guest,
That, that alone forbids——

Leon. I wish to Heav'n
There prove no greater Bar to my Belief;
Behold the Prince. I will retire a while,
And, when Occasion calls, come to thy aid. *[Ex. Leon.]*

Enter Varanes and Arbanes.

Vara. To fix her on the Throne, to me, seems little,
Were I a God, yet would I raise her higher,
This is the Nature of thy Prince: But Oh!
As to the World thy Judgment soars above me,
And I am dar'd with this Gigantick Honour;
Glory forbids her Prospect to a Crown,
Nor must she gaze that way; my haughty Soul,
That Day when she ascends the Throne of *Cyrus*,
Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars
Retire in Blushes, quite lost for ever.

Arana. What do you purpose then?

Vara. I know not what;
But see she comes, the Glory of my Arms,
The only Business of my instant Thought,
My Soul's best Joy, and all my true Repose.
I swear I cannot bear these strange Desires,
These strong Impulses, which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy Feet——

Arban. What have you found, my Lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your Griefs?

Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow;
Straight let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth,
Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, Oh *Arbanais*,
To all the *Persian* Greatness.

Arban.

Athen. I believe you:

For I have heard you swear as much before.

Vana. Hast thou? Oh, why then did I swear again?
But that my Love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my Passion.

Athen. Oh rise, my Lord——

Vana. I will do every thing
Which *Athenais* bids: If there be more
In Nature to convince thee of my Love,
Whisper it, Oh some God, into my Ear;
And on her Breasts thus to her listening Soul
I'll breathe the Inspiration. Wilt thou not speak?
What but one Sigh, no more! can that suffice
For all my vast Expence of Prodigal Love?
Oh *Athenais*, what shall I say or do,
To gain the thing I wish?

Athen. What's that, my Lord?

Vana. Thus to approach thee still; thus to behold thee—
Yet there is more——

Athen. My Lord, I dare not hear you.

Vana. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not
know?

'Tis an Imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of Honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you, Sir: But, Oh I tremble,
To think if *Isidigerdes* should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a Maid
Of no Degree, but Virtue in the World——

Vana. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noise
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another way.
Free as the Forest-Birds, we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbours, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,
And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields;
And when the golden Evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy Nest, and sleep till Morn.

Athen.

36 THEODOSIUS; or,

Athen. Ah Prince! no more!
 Forbear, forbear to charm me,
 Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.

Vara. Hold, *Athenais*——

Athen. I know your Royal Temper,
 And that high Honour reigns within your Breast,
 Which would disdain to waste so many Hours
 With one of humble Blood compar'd to you;
 Unless strong Passion sway'd your Thoughts to love her.
 Therefore receive, O Prince! and take it kindly,
 For none on Earth but you could win it from me,
 Receive the Gift of my Eternal Love;
 'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little,
 For sure a Heart so coldly chaste as mine,
 No Charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd it.

Vara. Well have you made amends by this last Com-
 fort,

For the cold Dart you shot at me before,
 For this last Goodness? Oh, my *Athenais*!
 (For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine!)
 I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you:
 Yet oh! one Fear remains, like Death it chills me;
 Why my relenting Love did talk of parting!

Athen. Look there, and cease your Wonder, I have
 sworn

To obey my Father, and he calls me hence——

Enter Leontine.

Vara. Ha, *Leontine*! by which of all my Actions
 Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
 The smartest Wound Revenge could form to end me?

Leont. Answer me now, O Prince! for Virtue
 prompts me,

And Honesty will dally now no longer,
 What can the End of all this Passion be?
 Glory requires this strict Account, and asks
 What you intend at last to *Athenais*?

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Leont.

Leont. You saw her, Sir, at *Athens*; said you lov'd her.

I charg'd her humbly to receive the Honour,
And hear your Passion. Has she not, Sir, obey'd me?

Vara. She has, I thank the Gods; but whither wouldst thou?

Leont. Having resolv'd to visit *Theodofius*,
You swore you would not go without my Daughter;
Whereon I gave Command that she should follow.

Vara. Yes, *Leontine*, my old Remembrancer,
Most learned of all Philosophers, you did.

Leont. Thus long she has attended, you have seen her,
Sounded her Virtues and her Imperfections;
Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder Charge
Which Honour sounds, and now let me demand you —

Vara. Now help, *Arantbes*, or I'm dastard for ever.

Aran. Whatever happens, Sir, disdain the Marriage.

Leont. Can your high Thoughts so far forget them-
selves,

To admit this humble Virgin for your Bride?

Vara. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, Gods! and stammers at the Question.

Leont. Why do you walk, and chafe your self, my Lord?
The Business is not much.

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Not much; I know that she deserves a Crown;
Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love.
And sure the World would blush to see the Daughter
Of a Philosopher on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leont. Is this your Answer, Sir?

Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very brink of Glory? where, alas!
I look and tremble at the vast Descent:
Yet even there, to the vast bottom, down
My rash Adventurer Love would have me leap,
And grasp my *Athenais* with my Ruin.

Leont. 'Tis well, my Lord —

Vara.

Vara. Why dost thou provoke me?
 I thought that *Persian's* Court had store of Honour
 To satisfy the height of thy Ambition.
 Besides, old Man, my Love is too well grown,
 To want a Tutor for his good Behaviour;
 What he will do, he will do of himself,
 And not be taught by you ———

Leont. I know he will not!
 Fond Tears away; I know, I know he will not;
 But he would buy, with his old Man's Preferment,
 My Daughter for your Whore.

Vara. Away, I say, my Soul disdains the Motion?
Leont. The Motion of a Marriage; yea, I see it;
 Your angry Looks and haughty Words betray it:
 I found it at the first; I thank you, Sir,
 You have at last rewarded your old Tutor
 For all his Cares, his Watchings, Services.
 Yet let me tell you, Sir, this humble Maid,
 This Daughter of a poor Philosopher,
 Shall, if it please, be seated on a Throne
 As high as that of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Vara. I think that Age and deep Philosophy
 Have crackt thy Brain: Farewel, old *Leontine*,
 Retire to rest, and when this brawling Humour
 Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*,
 And clear th' Accounts of Love, which thou hast blot-
 ted. [Exit.]

Leont. Old *Leontine*! perhaps I am mad indeed.
 But hold my Heart, and let that solid Virtue,
 Which I so long ador'd, still keep the Reins.
 O *Athenais*! But I will not chide thee;
 Fate is in all our Actions, and methinks,
 At least a Father judges so; it has
 Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy Rashness:
 There is a kind of mournful Bloquence
 In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clamorous Sorrow.
Athen. Alas! my Breast is full of Death; methinks
 I fear ev'n you ———

Leont. Why should'st thou fear thy Father?

Athen.

Athen. Because you have the Figure of a Man!
Is there, O speak, a possibility
To be forgiven?

Leont. Thy Father does forgive thee,
And Honour will; but on this hard Condition,
Never to see him more——

Athen. See him! Oh Heavens!

Leont. Unless it be, my Daughter, to upbraid him:
Not tho' he should repent and straight return,
Nay proffer thee his Crown—— No more of that.
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
Revenge thy self, revenge thy injur'd Father.
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the World shall praise——

Athen. Oh, give me leave,
For yet I am all Tenderness; the Woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward Woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my Breast,
And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varants*,
Cruel *Varants*! false forsworn *Varants*!

Leont. Is this forgetting him? Is this the Course
Which Honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah, Sir, allow
A little time for Love to make his way;
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thousand Oaths it cost him,
And Oh! I find he will not be dissolv'd
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his farewell,
Which thus I sacrifice: and Oh! I swear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these Drops, or vent these Sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leont. No Woman sure, but thou, so low in Fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair Example,
Wouldst thou have griev'd, because a Prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in After-times,

That

That there was ever such a Maid in being :
 Yet do I advise, preserve thy Virtue ;
 And since he does disdain thee for his Bride,
 Scorn thou to be ———

Athen. Hold, Sir, oh! hold, forbear.
 For my nice Soul abhors the very sound ;
 Yet with the shame of that, and the desire
 Of an immortal Name, I am inspir'd !
 All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me ;
 All Tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
 Has left my Bosom colder than the Grave.

Leont. On, *Athenais* ! on, 'tis bright before thee,
 Pursue the Track, and thou shalt be a Star.

Athen. Oh, *Leontine*, I swear, my noble Father,
 That I will starve ere once forego my Virtue :
 And thus let's join to contradict the World,
 That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man,
 To sell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter ;
 And she too match'd the Spirit of her Father ;
 Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
 She for her Fame refus'd a Royal Bed ;
 Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,
 Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r.

“ Patterns like these will guilty Courts improve,
 “ And teach the Fair to blush at conscious Love :

“ Then let all Maids for Honour come in view,

“ If any Maid can more for Glory do. [Exeunt.



A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Varanes and Aranthes.

V A R A N E S.



Come to my Arms, my faithful, dear Aranthes,

Soft Counsellor, Companion of my Youth ;
If I had longer been alone, most sure,
With the Distraction that surrounds my
Heart,

My Hand would have rebell'd against his Master,
And done a Murder here.

Aranth. The Gods forbid.

Vara. I swear, I press thee with as hearty Joy,
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
When from a Dream of Death she wak'd, and found
Her Lover safe, and sleeping by her side.

Aranth. The Cause, my Lord ?

Vara. Early thou know'st last Night I went to rest ;
But long, my Friend, ere Slumber clos'd my Eyes ;
Long was the Combat fought, 'twixt Love and Glory :
The Fever of my Passion burnt me up,
My Pangs grew stronger, and my Rack was doubled ;
My Bed was all a-float with the cold Drops,
That mortal Pain wrang from my lab'ring Limbs ;
My Groans more deep than others dying Gasps :
Therefore, I charge thee, haste to her Apartment :
I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all
My Fears can urge, or Fondness can invent :
Tell her how I repent, say any thing ;
For any thing I'll do to quench my Fires :
Say, I will marry her now on the instant :
Say all that I would say ; yet in the end
My Love shall make it more than Gods can utter.

Aranth.

42 THEODOSIUS; or,

Arantb. My Lord, both *Leontine* and she are gone
From their Apartment ———

Vara. Ha? gone, say'st thou! whither?

Arantb. That was my whole Employment all this Day :
But, Sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
No track behind for Care to find 'em out;
Nor is it possible ———

Vara. It is, it shall;
I'll struggle with Impossibilities,
To find my *Athenais* : Not the Walls
Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, shall hide her from me,
I'll bring the Force of all my Father's Arms,
And lay 'em waste, but I'll redeem my Love.
Oh, *Leontine*! morose old *Leontine* !
Thou mere Philosopher! Oh, cruel Sage,
Who for one hasty Word, one choleric Doubt,
Hast turn'd the Scale; tho' in the sacred Balance
My Life, my Glory, and my Empire hung.

Arantb. Most sure, my Lord, they are retir'd to
Athens,
I will send Post to Night. ———

Vara. No, no, *Arantbes*,
Prepare my Chariots, for I'll go in Person ;
I swear 'till now, 'till I began to fear
Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,
I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.
But let's away, I'll to the Emperor,
Thou to the hasty Management of my Business;
Prepare, to Day I'll go, to Day I'll find her :
No more; I'll take my leave of *Theodosius*,
And meet thee on the *Flippedrums*: away,
Let the wild Harry of thy Master's Love
Make quick thy Apprehension : haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Pulcheria, Atticus, Leontine, Votaries leading Athenais in Procession after her Baptism, to be Confirm'd.

Atticus sings.

*Oh Chrysoftom! look down and see
An Offering worthy Heav'n and thee!
So rich the Victim, bright and fair,
That she on Earth appears a Star.*

Chor. *Eudofia is the Virgin's Name,
And After-times shall sing her Fame.*

Atticus *Lead her, Votaries, lead her in,
sings. Her holy Birth does now begin.*

a Votary. *In bumble Weeds, but clean Array,
Your Hours shall sweetly pass away;
And when the Rites Divine are pass,
To pleasant Gardens you shall haste.*

a Votary. *Where many a flow'ry Bed we have,
That Emblem still to each a Grave:
And when within the Stream we look,
With Tears we use to swell the Brook:
But Oh, when in the liquid Glafs
Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass!*

Chor. *For Heav'n alone we are design'd
And all things bring our Heav'n to mind.*

Athen. *O Princess! O most worthy of the World,
That is submitted by its Emperor [Kneels
To your most wise and providential Sway:
What Greek or Roman Eloquence can paint
The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul!
I am adopted yours; you are my Goddess,
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my Conceptions,
And by the Plat-form of a Work Divine,
New-fram'd, new-built me to your own Desires;
Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,*

And

44 THEODOSIUS ; or,

And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection ;
Clean as an Anchorite's Grot, or Votary's Cell,
And spotless as the Glories of his Steps,
Whom we far off adore !

Pulch. Rise, *Eudofia*,
And let me fold my Christian in my Arms ;
With this dear Pledge of an Eternal Love,
I seal thee, O *Eudofia* ! mine for ever.
Accept, blest Charge, the Vows of my Affection ;
For by the sacred Friendship that I give thee,
I think that Heav'n by Miracle did send thee,
To ease my Cares, to help me in my Councils,
To be my Sister, Partner in my Bed ;
And equally, thro' my whole Course of Life,
To be the better Part of thy *Pulcheria* ;
And share my Griefs and Joys.

Atten. No, Madam, no ;
Excuse the Cares that this sad Wretch must bring you ;
Oh, rather let me leave the World for ever ;
Or if I must partake your Royal Secrets,
If you resolve to load me with such Honour,
Let it be far from Cities, far from Courts,
Where I may fly all human Conversation ;
Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n ! if possible,
Of Mankind more.

Pulch. What now, in Tears, *Eudofia* ?

Atten. Far from the Guilt of Palaces, oh send me !
Drive me, oh drive me from the Traitor Man !
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
In Lions Haunts, or in some Tiger's Den ;
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean ;
Bury me in the hollow of its Womb,
Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep.
Yet not ev'n there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
Can there be found so terrible a Rain
As Man, false Man, smiling destructive Man.

Pulch.

The Force of Love.

45

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, *Eudofia*, Oh, my Sister!
Still nearer to my Heart, so much the dearer;
Because our Fates are like, and hand in hand
Our Fortunes lead us thro' the Maze of Life:
I am glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with Danger;
Since thou hast 'scap'd the Ruin——Methinks it lightens
The weight of my Calamities, that thou
(In all things else so perfect and divine)
Art yet a-kin to my Infirmary,
And bear'st thy part in Love's melodious Ill:
Love that like Bane perfum'd infects the Mind,
That sad Delight that charms all Woman-kind.

Athen. Yes, Madam, I confess, that Love has charm'd
me,

But never shall again. No, I renounce him;
Inspire me all the Wrongs of abus'd Women,
All you that have been cozen'd by false Men;
See what a strict Example I will make:
But for the Perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's past, that's present, and to come.

Pulch. Oh, thou far more than the most masculine
Virtue!

Where, our *Astræa*; where, oh drowning Brightness,
Where hast thou been so long? Let me again
Protest my Admiration and my Love;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While such clear Virtue shines within our Circle,
Vice shall no more appear within the Palace,
But hide her dazzled Eyes, and this be call'd
The holy Court: but lo, the Emperor comes.

Enter Theodosius and Attendants.

Beauty, like thine, may drive that Form away,
That has so long entranc'd his Soul——My Lord——

Theod. If yet alas! I might but hope to see her;
But, Oh! forgive me Heav'n, this wilder start,
That thus would reach Impossibility:
No, no, I never must behold her more;

As

46 THEODOSIUS; or,

As well my *Atticus* might raise the Dead,
As *Leontine* should charm that Form in view.

Pulch. My Lord, I come to give your Grief a Cure,
With purer Flames to draw that cruel Fire
That tortur'd you so long——Behold this Virgin——
The Daughter of your Tutor *Leontine*.

Theo. Ha!

Pulch. She is your Sister's Charge, and made a Christ-
(tian;

And *Athenais* is *Eudofia* now;
Be sure a fairer never grac'd Religion,
And for her Virtue she transcends Example.

Theo. O all ye Blest above, how can this be?
Am I awake, or is this possible? [*Athen. kneels.*

Pulch. She kneels, my Lord, will you not go and
raise her?

Theo. Nay, do thou raise her, for I'm rooted here!
Yet if laborious Love and Melancholy
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
It must be she, that naked dazzling Sweetness;
The very Figure of that Morning Star,
That dropping Pearls, and shedding dewy Beams,
Fled from the greedy Waves when I approach'd.
Answer me, *Leontine*, am I distracted?
Or is this true? By thee in all Encounters
I will be rul'd, in Temperance and Wildness,
When Reason clashes with Extravagance:
But speak——

Leon. 'Tis true, my Lord, this is my Daughter,
Whom I conceal'd in *Persia* from all Eyes
But your's, when Chance directed you that way.

Theo. He says, 'tis true: Why then this heartless
Carriage?

Oh, were I proof against the Darts of Love,
And cold to Beauty as the Marble Lover
That lies without a Thought upon his Tomb;
Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro' me,
And waken Death it self?——Why am I slow then?
What hinders now, but in spite of Rules

The Force of Love.

47

I burst thro' all the Bands of Death that hold me, [He
And fly with such a haste to that Appearance, *kneels,*
As buried Saints shall make at the last Summons?

Asben. The Emperor at my Feet! O Sir! forgive me,
Drown me not thus with everlasting Shame;
Both Heav'n and Earth must blush at such a view:
Nor can I bear it longer ———

Leon. My Lord, she is unworthy ———

Theo. Ha! what say'st thou, *Leontine*?
Unworthy! O thou Atheist to Perfection!
All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair;
All that the gaudy Heav'ns could drop down glorious!
Unworthy say'st thou! Wert thou not her Father,
I swear I would revenge—— But haste, and tell me,
For Love like mine will bear no second Thought,
Can all the Honours of the Orient,
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure Affection,
With spotless Thoughts and languishing Desires,
Obtain, O *Leontine*, (the Crown at last)
To thee I speak, thy Daughter to my Bride?

Leon. My Lord, the Honour bears such Estimation,
It calls the Blood into my aged Cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my Daughter with Confusion;
Who with her Body prostrate on the Earth
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd Glory.

Theo. Let me embrace, and thank thee: O kind
Heav'n!

O *Atticus! Pulcheria!* O my Father!
Was ever Change like mine? Run thro' the Streets;
Who waits there? Run, and loud as Fame can speak,
With Trumpet Sounds proclaim your Emperor's Joy.
And as of old, on the great Festival
Of her they call the Mother of the Gods;
Let all Work cease; at least an oaken Garland
Crown each *Plebeian* Head: Let sprightly Bowls
Be deaf'd about, and the tofs'd Cymbals found:
Tell 'em their much-lamented *Theodosius*
By Miracle is brought from Death to Life;
His Melancholy's gone, and now once more
He shall appear at the State's Helm again;

Nor

18 THEODOSIUS ; or,

Nor fear a Wrack while this bright Star directs us ;
For while she shines, no Sands, no cowering Rocks
Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my way
Secure as *Neptune* through the highest Stream,
And to the Port in safety steer the World.

Athen. Alas, my Lord, consider my Extraction,
With all my other Wants —

Theo. Peace, Empress, Peace!
No more the Daughter of old *Leontine* ;
A Christian now, and Partner of the East.

Athen. My Father has dispos'd me, you command me ;
What can I answer then but my Obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear *Pulcheria* ; and, oh tell her,
To morrow, if she please, I will be happy : [*Ex. Pulch.*
O why so long should I my Joys delay ? and *Athen.*
Time imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes stay,
But to a Moment change the tedious Day.
The Day ! 'twill be an Age before to Morrow :
An Age, a Death, a vast Eternity,
Where we shall cold, and past Enjoyment lie.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. O, *Theodosius* !

Theo. Ha ! my Brother here !
Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er ?
What is there more to wish ? Fortune can find
No Flaw in such a Glut of Happiness,
To let one Misery in — O, my *Varanes* !
Thou that of late didst seem to walk on Clouds,
Now give a loose, let go the slackned Reins,
Let us drive down the Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heaven were for us.

Vara. My Lord, I am glad to find the Gale is turn'd,
And give you Joy of this auspicious Fortune.
Plough on your way, with all your Streamers out ;
With all your glorious Flags and Streamers ride
Triumphant on — And leave me to the Waves,
The Sands, the Winds, the Rocks, the sure Destruction
And ready Gulphs that gape to swallow me.

Theo.

Theo. It was thy Hand that drew me from the Grave,
Who had been dead by this time to Ambition,
To Crowns, to Titles, and my slighted Greatness.
But still as if each Work of thine deserv'd
The smile of Heav'n——Thy *Theodosius* met
With something dearer than his Diadem,
With all that's worth a Wish, that's worth a Life;
I met with that which made me leave the World.

Vara. And I, O turn of Chance! O cursed Fortune!
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.
O ye too partial Powers! But now no more:
The Gods, my dear, my most lov'd *Theodosius*,
Double all those Joys that thou hast met upon thee;
For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more
Than *Jove* in all his Prodigality
Can e'er bestow in Blessings on Mankind!
And Oh, methinks my Soul is strangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,
That thou and I cannot be blest together:
For I must leave thee, Friend! this Night must leave
thee,

To go in doubtful Search of what perhaps
I ne'er shall find; if so my cruel Fate
Has order'd it: Why then farewell for ever,
For I shall never, never see thee more.

Theo. How sensible my tender Soul is grown
Of what you utter! O my gallant Friend!
O Brother! O *Varanis*! Do not judge
By what I speak, for Sighs will interrupt me;
Judge by my Tears, judge by these strict Embraces,
And by my last Resolve: Tho' I have met
With what in Silence I so long ador'd;
Tho' in the Rapture of protesting Joys,
I had set down to Morrow for my Nuptials;
And *Atticus* to Night prepares the Temple;
Yet my *Varanis*, I will rob my Soul
Of all her Health, of my Imperial Bride,
And wander with thee in the search of that
On which thy Life depends——

Vol. I.

C

Vara.

Vara. If this I suffer,
 Conclude me then begotten of a Hind,
 And bred in Wilds: No, *Theodosius*, no;
 I charge thee by our Friendship, and conjure thee
 By all the Gods, to mention this no more:
 Perhaps, dear Friend, I shall be sooner here
 Than you expect, or I my self imagine:
 What most I grieve, is that I cannot wait
 To see your Nuptials: Yet my Soul is with you,
 And all my Adorations to your Bride.

Theo. What, my *Varanes*, will you be so cruel
 As not to see my Bride before you go?
 Or are you angry at your Rival's Charms,
 Who has already ravish'd half my Heart,
 That once was all your own?

Vara. You know I am disorder'd!
 My Melancholy will not suit her blest Condition.

[Exit Theo.]

And the Gods know, since thou, my *Athenais*,
 Are fled from these sick Eyes, all other Women
 To my pall'd Soul seem like the Ghost of Beauty,
 And haunt my Memory with the loss of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodosius leading her.

Theo. Behold, my Lord, the occasion of my Joy.

Vara. O ye immortal Gods! *Aranthes*! Oh!
 Look there, and wonder: Ha! is't possible?

Athen. My Lord, the Emperor says you are his Friend,
 He charges me to use my Interest,
 And beg of you to stay, at least so long
 As our Espousals will be solemnizing.
 I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
 But that so slightly, as I could not warrant
 The Grant of any thing I should ask you——

Vara. O Heaven and Earth! O *Athenais*! why,
 Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the World,
 Thou know'st it should be thine.

Athen. I know not that——
 But yet, to make sure Work, one half of it

Is

Is mine, already, Sir, without your giving.
My Lord, the Prince is obstinate, his Glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak Breath of Woman;
He is all Hero, bent for higher Game;
Therefore, 'tis noble, Sir, to let him go:
If not for him, my Lord, yet for my self,
I must intreat the Favour to retire. [*Ex. Athen. &c.*]

Vara. Death! and Despair! Confusion! Hell and Furies!
(Virtue:

Theo. Heav'n guard thy Health, and still preserve thy
What should this mean? I fear the Consequence,
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Vara. Undone! *Aranthes*! lost, undone for ever,
I see my Doom, I read it with broad Eyes,
As plain as if I saw the Book of Fate:
Yet I will muster all my Spirits up,
Digest my Griefs, swallow the rising Passions.
Yes, I will stand the Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my Life.

Theo. You muse, my Lord, and if you'll give me leave
To judge your Thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
About my Bride: I guess you know her too.

Vara. His Bride! O Gods, give me a Moment's Patience,
I must confess the Sight of *Athenais*,
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder;
But what exceeds all Admiration, is
That you should talk of making her your Bride;
'Tis such a blind Effect of monstrous Fortune,
That tho' I will remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe——

Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the Pow'rs Divine, I will espouse her.

Vara. Ha! I shall leap the Bounds. Come, come, my
Lord;

By all these Pow'rs you nam'd, I say you must not.

Theo. I say, I will; and who shall bar my Pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the Judgment of my Soul,
Weigh but with Fortune Merit in the Balance,
And *Athenais* loses by the Marriage.

Vara. Relentless Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!
 O for what Crime do you thus rack your Creature?
 Sir, I must tell you this unkindly meanness
 Suits the Profession of an Anchorite well,
 But in an Oriental Emperor
 It gives Offence; nor can you without Scandal,
 Without the Notion of a groveling Spirit,
 Espouse the Daughter of old *Leontine*,
 Whose utmost Glory is to have been my Tutor.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that Employment,
 Breeding you up to such a galant Height
 Of full Perfection, and Imperial Greatness,
 That ev'n for this Respect, if for no other,
 I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Vara. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little Freedom;
 For I must boldly urge in such a Cause,
 Who over flatters you, tho' ne'er so near,
 Related to your Blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If Friendship would admit a cold Suspicion,
 After what I have heard, and seen to Day,
 Of all Mankind I should suspect *Karanes*. (choke me,

Vara. He has stung me to the Heart; my Groans will
 Unless my struggling Passion gets a vent.
 Out with it then——— I can no more dissemble———

Yes, yes, my Lord, since you reduce me to
 The last necessity, I must confess it;
 I must avow my Flame for *Athenais*.
 I am all Fire; my Passion eats me up,
 It grows incorporate with my Flesh and Blood:
 My Pangs redouble, now they cleave my Heart!
 O *Athenais*! O *Eudofia*——— oh.———

Tho plain as Day I see my own Destruction,
 Yet to my Death, and oh, let all the Gods
 Bear Witness! I swear I will adore thee.

Theo. Alas! *Varanes*. Which of us two the Heav'ns
 Have mark'd for Death is yet above the Stars;
 But while we live let us preserve our Friendship
 Sacred and just, as we have ever done,
 This only Mean in two such hard Extremes
 Remains for both: To-morrow you shall see her,

With

With all Advantage, in her own Apartment ;
Take your own time, say all you can to gain her ;
If you can win her, lead her into *Persia* ;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Vara. Still worse and worse ! O *Theodosius* ! oh !
I cannot speak for Sighs, my Death is seal'd
By this last sweetness ; had you been less good,
I might have hop'd : But now my Doom's at hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the Temple :
The Gods too give you Joy. O *Athenais* !
Why does thy Image mock my foolish Sorrow ?
O *Theodosius*, do not see my Tears :
Away, and leave me ; leave me to the Grave.

Theo. Farewel ; let's leave the Issue to the Heav'ns.
I will prepare your way with all that Honour
Can urge in your behalf, tho' to my Ruin. [*Ex. Theo.*]

Vara. O I could tear my Limbs, and eat my Flesh ;
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious Fool !
Damn'd be all Courts, and treble damn'd Ambition :
Blasted be thy Remembrance. Curses on thee,
And Plagues on Plagues fall on those Fools that seek thee.

Aranth. Have Comfort, Sir ———

Vara. Away, and leave me, Villain ;
Traitor, who wrought me first to my Destruction —
Yet stay and help me, help me to curse my Pride,
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been Royal,
That I had never heard the Name of *Cyrus*,
That my first Brawl in Court had been my last.
O that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain !
Where I Extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
And blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose ;
Where the dear Partner of my little State,
With all her smiling Offspring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait :
Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed Courts for Glory die — [*Exeunt.*]

54 THEODOSIUS; or,
SONG.

1.
HAIL to the Mirtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields;
Kings would not here invade
Those Pleasures that Virtue yields.

Chor. Beauty here opens her Arms,
To soften the languishing Mind;
And Phillis unlocks her Charms;
Ah Phillis! oh why so kind?

2.
Phillis, thou Soul of Love,
Thou Joy of the neighb'ring Swains;
Phillis that crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that gilds the Plains.

Chor. Phillis, that ne'er had the Skill,
To paint, to patch, and be fine,
Yet Phillis whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature bath made Divine.

3.
Phillis, whose charming Song
Makes Labour and Pains a Delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And shortens the live-long Night.

Chor. Phillis, whose Lips like May,
Still laughs at the Sweets they bring;
Where Love never knows decay,
But sets with Eternal Spring.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter Marcian, and Lucius at a distance.

MARCIAN.

HE General of the Oriental Armies,
Was a Commission large as Fate could give.
'Tis gone : why what care I ? O Fortune, Fortune!

Thou laughing Empress of this busy World,
Marcian defies thee now. ———

Why what a thing is a discarded Favourite ?
He who but now tho' longing to retire,
Cou'd not for busy Waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Closet,
With a full Croud, and an eternal Court ;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd ;
Shun'd as a Ghost, the clouded Man appears,
And all the gaudy Worshippers forsake him :
So fares it now with me where e'er I come,
As if I were another *Catiline*.

The Courtiers rise, and no Man will sit near me,
As if the Plague were on me all Men fly me :
O *Lucius* ! *Lucius* ! if thou leav'st me too,
I think, I think I could not bear it ;
But, like a Slave, my Spirit broke with Suffering,
Should on these Coward Knees fall down and beg
Once to be great again ———

Luc. Forbid it, Heav'n !

That e'er the noble *Marcian* condescend
To ask of any, but the immortal Gods.
Nay, I avow, if yet your Spirit dare,
Spite of the Court, you shall be great as *Cæsar*.

Marc. No, *Lucius*, no ; the Gods repel that humour.
Yet since we are alone, and must ere long
Leave this bad Court ; let us, like Veterans,

Speak out— Thou sayst, alas ! as great as *Cæsar* ;
 But where's his Greatness ? Where is his Ambition ?
 If any Sparks of Virtue yet remain
 In this poor Figure of the *Roman* Glory :
 I say, if any be, how dim they shine,
 Compar'd with what his great Fore-fathers were ?
 How should he lighten then, or awe the World,
 Whose Soul in Courts is but a lampent Fire ;
 And scarce, O *Rome* ! a Glow-worm in the Field ?
 Soft, Young, Religious, God-like Qualities
 For one that should recover the lost Empire !
 And wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er Mountains
 Of slaughter'd Bodies to immortal Honour.

Luc. Poor Heart ! He pin'd a while ago for Love.

Marc. And for his Mistress vow'd to leave the World ;
 But some new Chance it seems has chang'd his Mind.
 A Marriage ! but to whom or whence he came,
 None knows : but yet a Marriage is proclaim'd.
 Pageants prepar'd, the Arches are adorn'd
 The Statues crown'd ; the *Hippodrome* does groan
 Beneath the Burden of the mounted Warriors ;
 The Theatre is open'd too, where he
 And the hot *Persian* mean to act their Follies.
 Gods ! Gods ! Is this the Image of our *Cæsars* ?
 Is this the Model of our *Romulus* ?
 O why so poorly have you stamp'd *Rome's* Glory !
 Not *Rome's* but yours ! Is this Man fit to bear it ?
 This waxen Portraiture of Majesty !
 Which every warmer Passion does melt down,
 And makes him fonder than a Woman's longing !

Luc. Thus much I know to the eternal Shame,
 Of the Imperial Blood ; this upstart Empress,
 This fine new Queen is sprung from abject Parents ;
 Nay, basely born ! but that's all one to him,
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak ? Shall I not tell him of it ?
 I feel this big-swol'n throbbing *Roman* Spirit
 Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter.

Enter Pulcheria with a Paper in her Hand, and Julia.

[*Enter* ;

Marc. Pulcheria here ! why she's the Scourge of *Marc.*
I tremble too whenever she approaches ;
And my Heart dances at unusual Measure :
Spite of my self I blush and cannot stay,
While she is here — What, *Lucius*, can this mean ?
'Tis said *Calphurnia* had the Heart of *Cæsar* ;
Augustus doted on the subtle *Livia* :
Why then should I not worship that fair Anger ?
Oh didst thou mask her when her Fury lightened ;
She seem'd all Goddess ; nay, her Frowns became her !
There was a Beauty in her very Wildness.
Were I a Man born great as our first Founder,
Sprung from the Blood Divine — But I am cast,
Beyond all possibility of Hope —

Pulch. Come hither, *Martian* ! read this Paper o'er,
And mark the strange neglect of *Theodosius* :
He signs whatever I bring ; perhaps you have heard
To-morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,
New-made Christian, and new-named *Eudokia*,
Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire :
Yet in this Paper he hath set his Hand,
And seal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,
That she should lose her Head to-morrow Morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge ; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a Murder
On his own Person, than permit a Vein
Of her to bleed ; yet, *Martian*, what might follow,
If I were envious of this Virgin's Honour,
By his rash passing whatsoever I offer —
Without a view — ha, but I had forgot !
Julia, let's haste from this infectious Person —
I had forgot that *Martian* was a Traitor :
Yet by the Powers Divine, I swear 'tis pity,
That one so form'd by Nature for all Honour,
All Titles, Greatness, Dignities Imperial,
The noblest Person, and the bravest Courage,
Should not be honest : *Julia*, is't not pity ?

O *Marcian*, *Marcian* ! I could weep to think
 Virtue should lose it self as thine has done.
 Repent, rash Man, if yet 'tis not too late,
 And mend thy Errors ; so farewell for ever.

[*Exit Pulch. Jul.*

Marc. Farewel for ever ! no, Madam, ere I go,
 I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me :
 Then, if you please take off this Traitor's Head ;
 End my Commission and my Life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I am going to say ;
 But by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true :
Pulcheria loves this Traitor ! Did you mark her ?
 At first she had forgot your Banishment ;
 Makes you her Counsellor, and tells her Secrets,
 As to a Friend ; nay, leaves them in your Hand,
 And says, 'tis pity that you are not honest,
 With such Description of your Galantry,
 As none but Love could make : Then taking leave,
 Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,
 Methought she shot her Soul at every Glance ;
 Still looking back, as if she had a mind
 That you should know she left her Heart behind her.

Marc. Alas ! thou dost not know her, nor do I :
 Nor can the Wit of all Mankind conceive her.
 But let's away. This Paper is of use.

Luc. I guess your purpose ;
 He is a Boy, and as a Boy you'll use him :
 There is no other way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not
 Quite dead with Sleep, for ever lost to Honour,
Marcian with this shall rouse him. O, my *Lucius* !
 Methinks the Ghosts of the Great *Theodosius*,
 And thundering *Constantine* appear before me :
 They charge me as a Soldier to chastize him,
 To lash him with keen Words from lazy Love,
 And shew him how they trod the Paths of Honour.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Theodosius lying on a Couch, with two Boys dress'd like Cupids singing to him as he sleeps.

S O N G.

*Happy Day! ah happy Day,
That Cæsar's Beams did first display,
So peaceful was the happy Day.
The Gods themselves did all look down,
The Royal Infant's Birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they scarce did on the Guilty frown.*

*Happy Day! ah happy Day!
And oh thrice happy Hour,
That made such Goodness Master of such Pow'r.
For thus the Gods declare to Men,
No Day like this shall ever come agen.*

Enter Marcian with an Order.

Theo. Ha! what rash thing art thou, who set'st so small
A value on thy Life, thus to presume
Against the fatal Orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy Ruin?

Marc. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd, and for my Pardon bow
To thee, as to the Gods when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your Mercy, when you know
The Nature of my Crime. I am commission'd
From all the Earth to give thee Thanks and Praises,
Thou Darling of Mankind! whose conqu'ring Arms
Already drown the Glory of great *Julius*,
Whose deeper reach in Laws and Policy,
Makes wise *Augustus* envy thee in Heav'n?
What mean the Fates by such prodigious Virtue?
When scarce the manly Down yet shades thy Face,
With

60 *THEODOSIUS; or,*

With Conquests thus to over-run the World,
And make Barbarians tremble? O, ye Gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the Bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd *Germanicus*; thy Funerals,
Like his, are solempniz'd with Tears and Blood.

Theo. How, *Marcian*!

Marc. Yes, the raging Multitude,
Like Torrents, set no bound to their mad Grief;
Shave their Wives Heads, and tear off their own Hair;
With wild Despair they bring their Infants out,
To brawl their Parents sorrow in the Streets;
Trade is no more, all Courts of Justice stop;
With Stones they dash the Windows of their Temples,
Pull down their Altars; break their Household Gods;
And still the universal Groan is this.

Constantinople's lost, our Empire's ruin'd:
Since he is gone, that Father of his Country;
Since he is dead, O Life, where is thy Pleasure?
O *Rome*! Oh conquer'd World, where is thy Glory?

Theo. I know thee well, thy Custom and thy Manners;
Thou dost upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy Life ———

Marc. What's Life without my Honour?
Could you transform your self into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless Face like *Jupiter's*,
I would be heard in spite of all your Thunder:
O pow'r of Guilt, you fear to stand the Test,
Which Virtue brings; like Sores your Vices shake
Before this *Roman* Healer. But, by the Gods,
Before I go I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.
This is a Debt to the Great *Theodosius*,
The Grand-father of your illustrious Blood;
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming *Marcian*!

What canst thou urge against my Innocence?
Thro' the whole Course of all my harmless Youth,
Ev'n to this Hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked Act which I have done to shame me.

Marc.

Marc. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other Hands, and your poor Subjects suffer.
Your Negligence to them is as the Cause,
O *Theodosius* credit me, who know
The World, and hear how Soldiers censure Kings;
In after-times, if thus you should go on,
Your Memory by Warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as *Nero* or *Caligula* loath'd;
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others Cruelty.
And what a thing, ye Gods, is scorn or pity?
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all Mankind.
Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the World shun me, so I escape but Scorn.

Theo. Pry'thee, no more.

Marc. Nay, when the Legions make Comparisons;
And say, thus cruel *Nero* once resolved
On *Galba's* Insurrection, for Revenge,
To give all *France* as Plunder to the Army;
To poison the whole Senate at a Feast;
To burn the City, turn the wild Beasts out,
Bears, Lions, Tigers, on the Multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the Fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious *Rome*,

Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barbarous bloody Temper?

Marc. Yet some will say, this shew'd he had a Spirit,
However, fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a *Roman*; but for you,
What can your partial Sycophants invent,
To make you room among the Emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of *Nero*;
A pretty Player, one that can act a Hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal Gods,
Is this the old *Cæsarian* Majesty?
Now, in the name of our great *Romulus*,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too as he did?
Why have you not, like *Nero*, a *Phenacus*?
One to take care of your celestial Voice?

Lie

62 THEODOSIUS; or,

Lie on your Back, my Lord, and on your Stomach
Lay a thin Plate of Lead, abstain from Fruits;
And when the Bufinets of the Stage is done,
Retire with your loose Friends to costly Banquets,
While the lean Army groans upon the Ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee:
Hence, be gone, I say ———

Marc. Not 'till you have heard me out ———
Build too, like him, a Palace lin'd with Gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Inclose a Pool too in it, like the Sea,
And at the Empire's Cost let Navies meet:
Adorn your starry Chambers too with Gems,
Contrive the plated Cielings to turn round,
With Pipes to cast Ambrosian Oils upon you:
Consume with his prodigious Vanity,
In mere Perfumes and odorous Diffusions,
Of Sesterces at once four hundred Millions:
Let naked Virgins wait you at your Table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their Wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor Soldiers,
So they perform the Drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their Arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like Dogs in Ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a Traitor!

Marc. Go too, you are a Boy —
Or by the Gods —

Theo. If Arrogance, like this,
And to the Emperor's Face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write my self a Coward; die then, Villain,
A Death too glorious for so bad a Man,
By *Theodosius*' Hand. [Marcian disarms him,
[but is wounded.

Marc. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman Spirits,
Now charms my Hand from giving thee thy Fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my Honours?
Torn my Commissions, sham'd me to the Earth,
Banish'd the Court, a Vagabond for ever?
Does not the Soldier hourly ask it from me?

Sigh

Sigh their own Wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em ?
 What hinders now, but that I mount the Throne,
 And make besides this purple Youth my Footstool ?
 The Armies court me, and my Country's Cause :
 The Injuries of *Rome* and *Greece* persuade me.
 Shew but this *Roman* Blood which he has drawn,
 They'll make me Emp'ror whether I will or no :
 Did not for less than this the latter *Brutus*,
 Because he thought *Rome* wrong'd, in Person head
 Against his Friend a black Conspiracy,
 And stab the Majesty of all the World ?

Theo. Act as you please, I am within your Power.

Marc. Did not the former *Brutus*, for the Crime
 Of *Sextus*, drive old *Tarquin* from his Kingdom ?
 And shall this Prince too, by permitting others
 To act their wicked Wills and lawless Pleasures,
 Ravish from the Empire its dear Health,
 Well-being, Happiness, and antient Glory ?
 Go on in this dishonourable rest ?
 Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd Troops
 Lie cold and waking in the Winter Camp ;
 And like pin'd Birds for want of sustenance,
 Feed on the Haws and Berries of the Fields ?
 O temper, temper me, ye gracious Gods ;
 Give to my Hand forbearance, to my Heart
 Its constant Loyalty : I would but shake him.
 Rouze him a little from this Death of Honour,
 And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
 As if I were some Monster, most unheard of :
 First, as the Ruin of the Army, then
 Of taking your Commission : But, by Heav'n,
 I swear, O *Marcian* ! this I never did,
 Nor e'er intended it : Nor say I this
 To alter thy stern Usage ; for with what (brance,
 Thou hast said, and done, and brought to my remem-
 I grow already weary of my Life.

Marc. My Lord, I take your Word : you do not know
 The Wounds which rage within your Country's Bowels ;
 The horrid Usage of the suffering Soldier :

But

But why will not our *Theodosius* know;
 If you intrust the Government to others,
 That atchieve Crimes; who but your self's to blame?
 Be witness, O ye Gods! of my plain Dealing,
 Of *Marcian's* Honesty, howe'er degraded.
 I thank you for my Banishment: but alas!
 My Loss is little to what soon will follow;
 Reflect but on yourself and your own Joys,
 Let not this Lethargy for ever hold you.
 'Twas rumour'd thro' the City that you lov'd;
 That your Espousals should be solemniz'd;
 When on a sudden here you send your Orders
 That this bright Favourite, the lov'd *Eudisia*,
 Should lose her Head.

Theo. Oh Heav'n and Earth! What say'st thou?
 That I have seal'd the Death of my *Eudisia*?

Marc. 'Tis your own Hand and Signet: Yet I swear,
 Tho' you have giv'n to Female Hands your sway,
 And therefore I, as well as the whole Army,
 For ever ought to curse all Woman-kind;
 Yet when the Virgin came, as she was doom'd,
 And on the Scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
 Without the Walls, appear'd before the Army——

Theo. What! on a Scaffold! ha! before the Army!

Marc. How quickly was the Tide of Fury turn'd
 To soft Compassion and relenting Tears! But when the
 Sever'd the brightest Beauty of the Earth: [Amen]
 From that fair Body, had you heard the Groan,
 Which, like a Peal of distant Thunder, ran
 Thro' all the armed Host, you would have thought,
 By the immediate Darkness that fell round us,
 Whole Nature was concern'd at such a Suff'ring.
 And all the Gods were angry.

Theo. Oh *Pulcheria*!

Cruel ambitious Sister, this must be
 Thy doing. Oh support me, noble *Marcian*!
 Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike; behold,
 I offer thee my Breast, with my last Breath,
 I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my Blood.

Were

Were I to live, thy Counsel shall direct me;

But 'tis too late ———— *[He sobs.]*

Marc. He faints! what, ho, there, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

My Lord the Emperor, *Eudoxia* lives;

She's here, or will be in a Minute, Moment,

Quick as a Thought she calls you to the Temple.

Oh, *Lucius*, help ——— I have gone too far; but see,

He breathes again ——— *Eudoxia* has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name *Eudoxia*?

Marc. Yes, she lives;

I did but feign the Story of her Death;

To find how near you plac'd her to your Heart:

And may the Gods rain all their Plagues upon me,

If ever I rebuke you thus again:

Yet 'tis most certain, that you sign'd her Death,

Not knowing what the wife *Pulcheria* offer'd,

Who left it in my Hand to startle you:

But by my Life and Fame, I did not think

It would have touch'd your Life. O pardon me,

Dear Prince, my Lord, my Emp'rour, Royal Master;

Droop not because I utter'd some rash Words,

And was a Mad-man ——— By th' Immortal Gods!

I love you as my Soul: whate'er I said,

My Thoughts were otherwise: believe these Tears,

Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.

I swear that there are Seeds in that sweet Temper,

To atone for all the Crimes in this bad Age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my *Eudoxia's* Life.

What but my Love could have call'd back that Life

Which thou hast made me hate? But oh, methought

'Twas hard, dear *Marcian*, very hard from thee,

From him I ever reverenc'd as my Father,

To hear so harsh a Message, ——— but no more:

We are Friends: Thy Hand; nay, if thou wilt not rise,

And let me fold my Arms about thy Neck,

I'll not believe thy Love! In this forgive me.

First let me wed *Eudoxia*, and we'll out;

We will, my General, and make amends

For all that's past: Glory and Arms ye call,

And *Marcian* leads me on —

Marc.

66 THEODOSIUS; or,

Marc. Let her not rest then;
 Espouse her straight: I'll strike you at a Heat.
 May this great Humour get large Growth within you;
 And be encourag'd by the emboldning Gods.
 O what a Sight will this be to the Soldier,
 To see me bring you dress'd in shining Armour,
 To head the shouting Squadrons ——— O ye Gods!
 Methinks I hear the echoing Cries of Joy,
 The Sound of Trumpets, and the Beat of Drums.
 I see each starving Soldier bound from Earth,
 As if God by Miracle had rais'd him;
 And with beholding you grow fat again.
 Nothing but gazing Eyes, and opening Mouths,
 Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you;
 Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down
 With broken *Io's*, and with sobbing Raptures,
 Crying, to Arms; he's come; our Emp'r'r's come
 To win the World. Why is not this far better
 Than lolling in a Lady's Lap, and sleeping,
 Fasting, or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
 And for *Eudofia*, she is your's already:
Marcian has said it, Sir, she shall be your's.

Theo. Oh *Marcian*! Oh my Brother: Father; all:
 Thou best of Friends, most faithful Counsellor,
 I'll find a Match for thee too ere I rest,
 To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
 I'm strong and well; but when thou art gone, I'm no-
 [thing.]

Enter Athenais, meeting Theodosius.

Theo. Alas! *Eudofia*, tell me what to say;
 For my full Heart can scarce bring forth a Word
 Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I am perfectly obedient to your Pleasure.

Theo. Well, then I come to tell thee, that *Varanes*
 Of all Mankind is nearest to my Heart;
 I love him, dear *Eudofia*: and to prove
 That Love on trial, all my Blood's too little;
 Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this Moment,
 (As Heav'n alone can tell how far my Fate

Is off!) O thou my Soul's most tender Joy,
With my last Breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athen. Then you are pleas'd, my Lord; to yield me
to him.

Theo. No, my *Eudofia*; no, I will not yield thee
While I have Life; for Worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet, thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever;
He languishes, despairs, and dies like me:
And I have past my Word that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, Sir, what have you done against your self,
And me? Why have you past your fatal Word?
Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
To trust my self? Why do you leave me naked
To an Assault, who had made proof my Virtue,
With this sure Guard, never to see him more.
For, oh with trembling Agonies I speak it,
I cannot see a Prince, whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his Grief, and gasping at my Feet,
In all the violent Trances of Despair,
Without a Sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. O ye severer Powers! too cruel Fate!
Did ever Love tread such a Maze before?
Yet, *Athenais*, still I trust thy Virtue;
But if thy bleeding Heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thy self away; yet still remember,
That Moment *Theodosius* is no more ———

[*Exeunt Theo. with Attic. Pulc. Leon.*]

Athen. Now Glory! now, if ever thou didst work
In Woman's Mind, assist me ——— Oh, my Heart,
Why dost thou throb, as if thou wer't a breaking?
Down, down, I say, think on thy Injuries,
Thy Wrongs, thy Wrongs! 'Tis well my Eyes are dry,
And all within my Bosom now is still.

Enter Varanes, leaning on Arantes.

Ha! is this he? or is't *Varanes*' Ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his Grave,
Trembling and pale; I must not dare to view him.
For, Oh, I feel his Melancholy here,
And fear I shall too soon partake his Sickness.

Vara.

68 THEODOSIUS; or,

Vara. Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,
Made sensible by some severe Affliction,
How all their Crimes are registred in Heav'n,
In that nice Court, how no rash Word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant Thoughts are all set down :
Thus the poor Penitents with Fear approach
The reverend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow ; [*Kneels.*
Thus melting too, they wash the hallowed Earth,
And groan to be forgiven ———
Oh, Empress ! Oh, *Eudoxia* ! such you are now,
These are your Titles, and I must not dare
Ever to call you *Athenais* more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my Lord, let me intreat you, rise,
I will not hear you in that humble Posture :
Rise, or I must withdraw ——— The World will blush
For you and me, should it behold a Prince,
Sprung from immortal *Cyrus*, on his Knees
Before the Daughter of a poor Philosopher.

Vara. 'Tis just, you righteous Gods ! my Doom is just ;
Nor will I strive to deprecate her Anger.
If possible, I'll aggravate my Crimes,
That she may rage till she has broke my Heart :
For all I now desire, and let the Gods,
Those cruel Gods that join to my undoing,
Be Witnesses to this unnatural Wish,
Is to fall dead without a Wound before her.

Athen. O ye known Sounds ! But I must steel my Soul.
Methinks these Robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.

Vara. Not worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard !
Is then the Nature of my Fault so heinous,
That when I come to take my eternal Leave,
You'll not vouchsafe to view me ? This is Scorn,
Which the fair Soul of gentle *Athenais*
Would ne'er have harbour'd ———

Oh, for the sake of him, whom you ere long
Shall hold as fast as now your Wishes form him,
Give me a patient Hearing ; for however
I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,
I would deliberate with my Fate a while,
With snatching Glances eye thee to the last :

Pause

Pause o'er a Loss like that of *Athenais*,
And partly with my Ruin.

Athen. Speak, my Lord;
To hear you is the Emperor's Command;
And for that Cause I readily obey!

Vara. The Emperor, the Emperor's Command!
And for that Cause she readily obeys.
I thank you, Madam, that on any Terms
You condescend to hear me ———

Know then, *Eudesia*: Ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* still:

That Name that I so often have involk'd,
And which was once auspicious to my Vow;
So oft at Midnight sigh'd amongst the Groves,
The Rivers Murmur, and the Echo's Burden;
Which every Bird could sing, and Wind did bear.
By that dear Name, I make this Protestation;
By all that's good on Earth, or blest in Heav'n;
I swear I love thee more, far more than ever:
With conscious Blushes too, here, help me, Gods;
Help me to tell her, tho' to my Confusion!
And everlasting Shame; yet I must tell her,
I lay the *Persian* Crown before her Feet. [Thanks]

Athen. My Lord, I thank you; and to express those
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return
The Gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the Example of the Emp'rour:
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,
Thus to descend beneath your Majesty,
And swell the Daughter of a poor Philosopher
With hopes of being great.

Vara. Ah, Madam! ah, you wrong me; by the Gods!
I had repented ere I knew the Emp'rour ———

Athen. You find, perhaps too late, that *Athenais*,
However slighted for her Birth and Fortune;
Has something in her Person, and her Virtue,
Worth the regard of Emperors themselves;
And, to return the Compliment you gave
My Father, *Leontius*, that poor Philosopher;
Whose utmost Glory is to have been your Tutor;

I here protest, by Virtue, and by Glory,
I swear by Heav'n and all the Pow'rs Divine,
Th' abandon'd Daughter of that poor old Man
Shall ne'er be seated on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Vara. O Death to all my Hopes! what hast thou sworn?
To turn me wild? Ah, cursed Throne of *Cyrus*,
Would thou hadst been o'erturn'd and laid in Dust,
His Crown too Thunder-struck; my Father, all
The *Persian* Race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,
Blotted, and swept for ever from the World,
When first Ambition blasted thy Remembrance——

Athen. O Heav'n! I had forgot the base Affront
Offer'd by this proud Man; a Wrong so great,
It is remov'd beyond all hope of Mercy:
He had design'd to bribe my Father's Virtue,
And by unlawful Means——

Fly from my Sight, lest I become a Fury,
And break those Rules of Temperance I propos'd;
Fly, fly, *Varanes*! fly this sacred Place
Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd:
This City will not harbour Infidels,
Traitors to Chastity, licentious Princes.
Be gone, I say, thou canst not here be safe;
Fly to Imperial Libertines abroad:
In Foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties
That will comply for Gold; for Gold they'll weep,
For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was,
And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.
Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot:
Luxuriant all, and Royal as thy self,
Tho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heav'n.——
Art thou not gone yet?

Vara. No, I am charm'd to hear you:
O from my Soul I do confess my self
The very Blot of Honour; I am more black
Than thou, in all thy Heat of just Revenge,
With all thy glorious Eloquence, canst make me.

Athen. Away, *Varanes*.

Vara. Yes, Madam, I am going——
Nay, by the Gods, I do not ask thee Pardon:

Nor

Nor while I live will I implore thy Mercy:
But when I am dead, if as thou dost return
With happy *Theodosius* from the Temple,
If as thou go'st in Triumph through the Streets,
Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanes* there,
Born by his Friends to his eternal Home;
Stop then, O *Athenais*! and behold me:
Say as thou hang'st about the Emp'rор's Neck,
Alas! my Lord, this Sight is worth our Pity.
If to those pitying Words thou add a Tear,
Or give one parting Groan — If possible,
If the good Gods will grant my Soul the Freedom,
I'll leave my Shroud, and wake from Death to thank
thee.

Athen. He shakes my Resolution from the Bottom:
My bleeding Heart too speaks in his Behalf,
And says my Virtue has been too severe.

Vara. Farewell! O Empress: No, *Athenais*, now
I will not call thee by that tender Name,
Since cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.
'Tis said that from my Youth I have been rash,
Cholerick, and hot, but let the Gods now judge
By my last Wish, if ever patient Man
Did calmly bear so great a Loss as mine;
Since 'tis so doom'd, by Fate you must be wedded,
For your own Peace, when I am laid in Earth,
Forget that e'er *Varanes* had a Being;
Turn all your Soul to *Theodosius*' Bosom.
Continue Gods their Days, and make 'em long:
Lucina wait upon their fruitful *Hymen*,
And many Children, beauteous as the Mother,
And pious as the Father, make 'em smile.

Athen. O Heav'ns!

Vara. Farewell — I'll trouble you no more:
The Malady that's lodg'd within grows stronger;
I feel the Shock of my approaching Fate:
My Heart too trembles at his distant March;
Nor can I utter more, if you shou'd ask me.
Thy Arm, *Arantes*! O farewell for ever —

Athen.

72 THEODOSIUS; or,

Athen. *Varants*, stay, and ere you go for ever,
Let me unfold my Heart.

Vara. O *Athenais*!
What further Cruelty hast thou in store
To add to what I suffer?

Athen. Since it is doom'd
That we must part, let's part as Lovers should,
As those that have lov'd long, and loved well.

Vara. Art thou so good? O *Athenais*, oh!

Athen. First from my Soul I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that hasty little Error,
Which yet has been the Cause of both our Ruins.
And let this Sorrow witness for my Heart,
How eagerly I wish it had not been;
And since I cannot keep it, take it all:
Take all the Love, O Prince, I ever bore you:
Or, if 'tis possible, I'll give you more;
Your noble Carriage forces this Confession:
I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for Love;
I am distracted with this World of Passion.

Vara. Gods! cruel Gods! take notice I forgive you!

Athen. Alas! my Lord, my weaker tender Sex
Has not your manly Patience; cannot curb
This Fury in; therefore I let it loose:
Spite of my rigid Duty, I will speak
With all the Dearnest of a dying Lover,
Farewel most lovely, and most lov'd of Men;
Why comes this dying Paleness o'er thy Face?
Why wander thus thy Eyes? Why dost thou bend
As if the fatal Weight of Death were on thee?

Vara. Speak yet a little more: For, by the Gods!
And as I prize those blessed happy Moments,
I swear, O *Athenais*! all is well;
O never better.

Athen. I doubt thee, dear *Varanes*;
Yet, if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.
Once more farewell, and take these last Embraces.
Oh! I could crush him to my Heart! Farewel,
And as a dying Pledge of my last Love,
Take this, which all thy Pray'rs could never charm,
What have I done? oh lead me, lead me, *Delia*.

Ah,

Ah, Prince farewell ! Angels protect and guard thee.

Vara. Turn back, O *Athenais* ! and behold me ;
Hear my last Words, and then farewell for ever.

Thou hast undone me more by this Confession :

You say, you swear, you love me more than ever ;

Yet I must see you marry'd to another :

Can there be any Plague or Hell like this ?

O *Athenais* ! Whither shall I turn me ?

You have brought me back to Life ; but oh, what Life ?

To a Life more terrible than a thousand Deaths.

Like one that had been buried in a Trance,

With racking Start, he wakes and gazes round,

Forc'd by despair his whirling Limbs to wound,

And bellow like a Spirit under ground ;

}
}

Still urg'd by Fate, to turn, to toss, and rave,

Tormented, dash'd, and broken in the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Athenais *dress'd in Imperial Robes, and crown'd: A Table*
with a Bowl of Poison.

A T H E N A I S.



Midnight Marriage ! must I to the Temple,
Thus, at the Murderer's hour ? 'Tis wondrous
strange !

But so thou say'st my Father has commanded ;
And that's a mighty Reason.

Delia. Th' Emperor in compassion to the Prince,
Who would, perhaps, fly to extravagance,
If he in publick should resolve to espouse you,
Contriv'd by this close Marriage to deceive him. [thee ;

Athen. Go fetch thy Lute, and sing those Lines I gave
So, now I am alone, yet my Soul shakes :

For where this dreadful Draught may carry me,
The Heavns can only tell ; yet I am resolv'd

VOL. I.

D

To

74 THEODOSIUS; or,

To drink it off in spite of Consequence :
 Whisper him, O some Angel ! what I'm doing ;
 By sympathy of Soul let him too tremble,
 To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love,
 Whose Spirit not content with an Ovation
 Of lingring Fate, with Triumph thus resolv'd :
 Thus in the rapid Chariot of the Soul ;
 To mount and dare as never Woman dar'd : *[Drinks]*
 'Tis done, haste, *Delia*, haste ! come bring thy Lute,
 And sing my Wastage to immortal Joys,
 Methinks I cannot but smile at my own Bravery,
 Thus from my lowest Fortune rais'd to Empire,
 Crown'd and adorn'd ! worship'd by half the Earth,
 While a young Monarch dies for my Embraces :
 Yet now to wave the Glories of the World,
 O my *Varanes* ! tho' my Birth's unequal,
 My Virtue sure has richly recompens'd,
 And quite out-gone Example !

S O N G.

1.

*Ab cruel bloody Fate,
 What canst thou now do more ?
 Alas, 'tis all too late,
 Philander to restore :*
*Why should the Heaven's Powers persuade
 Poor Mortals to believe,
 That they guard us here,
 And reward us there,
 Yet all our Joys deceive ?*

2.

*Her poniard then she took,
 And held it in her Hand ;
 And with a dying Look,
 Cry'd, thus I Fate command :*
*Philander ! Ab my Love I come,
 To meet thy Shade below ;
 Ab, I come, she cry'd,*

With

*With a Wound so wide,
There needs no second Blow.*

3.
*In Purple Waves her Blood
Ran streaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd she saw the Flood,
And blest her dying Hour:
Philander! Ab, Philander! still
The bleeding Phillis cry'd:
She wept a while,
And forc'd a Smile,
Then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.*

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. How fares my dear *Eudofia*? Ha, thou look'st,
Or else the Tapers cheat my sight, like one
That's fitter for thy Tomb than *Cæsar's* Bed:
A fatal Sorrow dims thy shaded Eyes,
And in despite of all thy Ornaments,
Thou seem'st to me the Ghost of *Athenais*.

Athen. And what's the Punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*,
What Torments are allotted those sad Spirits,
Who groaning with the Burden of Despair,
No longer will endure the Cares of Life;
But boldly set themselves at Liberty,
Thro' the dark Caves of Death to wander on,
Like wildred Travellers without a Guide,
Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,
Where scarce the Twilight of an Infant Moon,
By a faint Glimmer checkering thro' the Trees,
Reflects to dismal View the walking Ghosts,
And never hope to reach the Blessed Fields?

Pulch. No more o'that, *Atticus* shall resolve thee;
But see, he waits thee from the Emperor;
Thy Father too attends.

D 2

Enter

76 THEODOSIUS; or,

Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.

Leont. Come *Athenais* ! Ha, what new in Tears?
O fall of Honour, but no more ; I charge thee,
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my Blessing,
Or fear'st my Curse, to banish from thy Soul
All Thoughts, if possible, o' th' Memory
Of that ungrateful Prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the Temple on this Instant,
To make the Emperor thine, this Night to wed him,
And lie within his Arms.

Athen. Yes, Sir, I'll go —
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go :
Eudofia, this unhappy Bride shall go,
Thus like a Victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the Altar, wed the Emperor,
And if he pleases, lie within his Arms.

Leont. Thou art my Child agen.

Athen. But do not, Sir, imagine that any Charms,
Or Threatnings shall compel me,
Never to think of poor *Varanes* more :
No, my *Varanes* : No —
While I have Breath, I will remember thee :
To thee alone I will my Thoughts confine,
And all my Meditations shall be thine :
The Image of thy Woes my Soul shall fill,
Fate and my End, and thy Remembrance still.
As in some Poplar Shade the Nightingale,
With piercing Moans, does her lost Young bewail,
Which the rough Hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy Nest, had stoln away ;
But she in mournful Sounds does still complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain :
So my *Varanes*, till my Death comes on,
Shall sad *Eudofia* thy dear Loss bemoan.

[*Ex. Athenais, Atticus*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Varanes.

Vara. 'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise:
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees;
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas;
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;
Nor 'bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie;
The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave;
The Owls forget to scream; no Midnight Sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground;
In Vaults the walking Fires extinguish'd lie;
The Stars, Heav'n's Sentry, wink and seem to die.
Such universal Silence spreads below,
Thro' the vast Shades where I am doom'd to go;
Nor shall I need a Violence to wound:
The Storm is here that drives me on the Ground,
Sure means to make the Soul and Body part,
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart.
What, ho, *Aranthes*!

Enter Arantes.

I sent thee to the Apartment of
Athenais! I sent thee, did I not, to be admitted?

Aran. You did, my Lord; but Oh!
I fear to give you an Account.

Vara. Alas!

Aranthes, I am got on the other Side
Of this bad World; and now am past all Fear.
O ye avenging Gods! is there a Plague
Among your hoarded Bolts, and Heaps of Vengeance,
Beyond the mighty Loss of *Athenais*?
'Tis Contradiction; speak, then speak, *Aranthes*.
For all Misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
Will make *Varanes* smile —

D 3

Aran

Aran. My Lord, the Empress,
Crown'd and adorn'd with the Imperial Robes,
At this dead time of Night with silent Pomp,
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
But chiefly sure from you; I say, the Empress
Is now conducted by the General,
Atticus and her Father, to the Temple,
There to espouse the Emperor *Theodosius*.

Vara. Say'st thou? Is't certain! hah.

Aran. Most certain, Sir, I saw 'em in Procession.

Vara. Give me thy Sword. Malicious Fate! O Fortune!
O giddy Chance! O turn of Love and Greatness!
Marry'd! She has kept her Promise now indeed;
And Oh! her pointed Fame and nice Revenge,
Have reach'd their end. No, *Aranthes*! No!
I will not stay the lazy Execution
Of a slow Fever; Give me thy Hand, and swear
By all the Love and Duty that thou ow'st me,
To observe the last Commands that I shall give thee;
Stir not against my Purpose, as thou fear'st
My Anger and Disdain; nor dare to oppose me
With troublesome unnecessary formal Reasons;
For what my Thought has doom'd, my Hand shall seal.
I charge thee hold it steadfast to my Heart,
Fix'd as the Fate that throws me on the Point.
Tho' I have liv'd a *Persian*, I will fall
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd
As any *Greek* or *Roman* of 'em all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but sacred;
And to atone for this too cruel Duty,
My Lord, I'll follow you —

Vara. I charge thee not:
But when I am dead, take the attending Slaves,
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,
Straight to the Temple; lay me, O *Aranthes*!
Lay my cold Coarse at *Athenais*' Feet,
And say, Oh why, why do my Eyes run o'er!
Say, with my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Just here my Friend, hold fast, and fix the Sword;
I feel the Artery, where the Life-Blood lies;

It

It heave against the Point ——— Now, O ye Gods,
If for the greatly Wretched you have room,
Prepare my Place, for dauntless lo I come!
The Force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And *Athenais* sends me to the Ground. [*Kills himself.*]

SCENE III. *The outward Part of
the Temple.*

*Enter Pulcheria and Julia at one Door, Marcian and
Lucius at another.*

Pulch. Look, *Julia*, see the pensive *Marcian* comes;
'Tis to my Wish; I must no longer lose him,
Lest he should leave the Court indeed: he looks
As if some mighty Secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent; inspire me Woman,
That what my Soul desires above the World,
May seem impos'd and forc'd on my Affections —

Luc. I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
From your own Mouth: Now, in the Name of all
The Gods at once, my Lord, why are you silent?
Take heed, Sir, mark your Opportunity;
For if the Woman lays it in your Way,
And you over-see it, she is lost for ever.

Marc. Madam, I come to take my eternal Leave,
Your Doom has banish'd me, and I obey:
The Court and I shake Hands, and now we part,
Never to see each other more; the Court
Where I was born, and bred a Gentleman,
No more, till your illustrious Bounty rais'd me,
And drew the Earth-born Vapour to the Clouds:
But, as the Gods ordain'd it, I have lost,
I know not how, through Ignorance, your Grace;
And now the Exhalation of my Glory
Is quite consum'd, and vanish'd into Air.

Pulch. Proceed, Sir ———

[*you,*

Marc. Yet let those Gods that doom'd me to displease
Be Witnesses how much I honour you —

Thus

Thus, worshipping, I swear by your bright self,
 I leave this infamous Court with more content
 Than Fools and Flatterers seek it. But, Oh Heaven!
 I cannot go if still your Hate pursues me;
 Yes, I declare it is impossible
 To go to Banishment without your Pardon.

Pulch. You have it, *Marcian*; is there ought beside,
 That you would speak, for I am free to hear?

Marc. Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
 But my last Words should here avow the Truth?
 Know then, Imperial Princess, matchless Woman,
 Since first you cast your Eyes upon my Meanness,
 Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd Height,
 I have in secret lov'd you. —————

Pulch. Is this *Marcian*?

Marc. You frown! but I am still prepar'd for all;
 I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
 More than my Life, and equal to my Glory.
 Methinks the warring Spirit that inspires
 This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome*,
 That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,
 And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour,
 Flames in your Eyes! our Thoughts too are a-kind,
 Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory:
 Now, by the Gods, I lov'd you in your Fury,
 In all the Thunder that quite riv'd my Hopes;
 I lov'd you most, ev'n when you did destroy me.
 Madam, I've spoke my Heart, and cou'd say more,
 But that I see it grieves you; your high Blood
 Frets at the Arrogance and saucy Pride
 Of this bold Vagabond: may the Gods forgive me!
 Farewel; a worthier General may succeed me;
 But none more faithful to the Emperor's Interest,
 Than him you are pleas'd to call the Traitor *Marcian*.

Pulch. Come back, you have subtilly play'd your Part
 indeed;

For first th' Emperor, whom you lately school'd,
 Restores you your Commission; next commands you,
 As you're a Subject, not to leave the Court:
 Next, but Oh Heaven! which way shall I express
 His cruel Pleasure? he that is so mild

Is

In all things else, yet obstinate in this,
 spite of my Tears, my Birth, and my Disdain,
 Commands me, as I dread his high Displeasure,
 O *Marcian*! to receive you as my Husband.

Marc. Ha, *Lucius*! What, what does my Fate intend?

Luc. Pursue her, Sir, 'tis as I said, she yields,
 And rages that you follow her no faster!

Pulch. Is then at last my great Authority,
 And my intrusted Pow'r declin'd to this?
 Yet, oh my Fate, what way can I avoid it?
 He charg'd me straight to wait him to the Temple;
 And there resolve, O *Marcian*! on this Marriage.
 Now generous Soldier, as you're truly noble,
 Oh help me forth, lost in this Labyrinth;
 Help me to loose this more than Gordian Knot,
 And make me and yourself for ever happy.

Marc. Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
 And as a Soldier ought: the only way
 To help this Knot is yet to tie it faster.
 Since then the Emperor has resolv'd you mine,
 For which I will for ever thank the Gods,
 And make this Holiday throughout my Life,
 I take him at his Word, and claim his Promise;
 The Empire of the World shall not redeem you.
 Nay, weep not, Madam, tho' my Outside's rough;
 Yet, by those Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart
 Compassionate and tender as a Virgin's:
 Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling Sorrows;
 Perhaps this Grief may move the Emperor
 To a Repentance! Come then to the Trial;
 For by my Arms, my Life, and dearer Honour,
 If you go back when given me by his Hand,
 In distant Wars my Fate I will deplore,
 And *Marcian*'s Name shall ne'er be heard of more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE, *The Temple,*

Theodosius, Athenais, Atticus joining their Hands —
 Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, &c. Leontine.

Attic. The more than Gordian Knot is ty'd,
 Which Death's strong Arm shall ne'er divide ;
 For when to Bliss ye wafted are,
 Your Spirits shall be wedded there.
 Waters are lost, and Fires will die :
 But Love alone can Fate defy.

Enter Arantes with the Body of Varanes.

[dofia ?]
Aran. Where is the Emprefs? Where shall I find Eu-
 By Fate I am sent to tell that cruel Beauty,
 She has robb'd the World of Fame, her Eyes have giv'n
 A Blast to the big Blossom of the War ;
 Behold him there nipt in his flow'ry Morn,
 Compell'd to break his Promise of a Day ;
 A Day that Conquest would have made her boast ;
 Behold her Laurel wither'd to the Root,
 Canker'd and kill'd by *Athenais'* Scorn.

Athen. Dead, dead *Varanes* !

Theo. O ye eternal Pow'rs
 That guide the World ! Why do you shock our Reason
 With Acts like these that lay our Thoughts in dust ?
 Forgive me Heav'n this start, or elevate
 Imagination more, and make it nothing.
 Alas ! alas, *Varanes* ! but speak, *Arantes*,
 The manner of his Fate : Groans choak my Words ;
 But speak, and we will answer thee with Tears.

Aran. His Fever would, no doubt, by this have done
 What some few Minutes past his Sword perform'd ;
 He heard from me your Progress to the Temple,
 How you design'd at Midnight to deceive him
 By a clandestine Marriage : But, my Lord,
 Had you beheld his Racks at my Relation ;
 Or, had your Emprefs seen him in those Torments,
 When

The Force of Love.

83

When from his dying Eyes, swoln to the Brim,
The big round Drops roll'd down his manly Face;
When from his hallowed Breast a murmuring Croud
Of Groans rush'd forth, and echo'd, All is well:
Then had you seen him, Oh ye cruel Gods!
Rush on the Sword I held against his Breast,
And dye it to the Hilt, with these last Words ———
Bear me to *Athenais* ———

Athen. Give me way, my Lord,
I have most strictly kept my Promise with you,
I am your Bride, and you can ask no more,
Or if you did, I am past the Power to give:
But here! Oh here! on his cold bloody Breast,
Thus let me breathe my last.

Theo. Oh Empress, what, what can this Transport mean?
Are these our Nuptials? these my promis'd Joys?

Athen. Forgive me, Sir, this last respect I pay
These sad Remains ——— And, Oh thou mighty Spirit,
If yet thou art not mingled with the Stars,
Look down and hear the wretched *Athenais*,
When thou shalt know, before I gave consent
To this indecent Marriage, I had taken
Into my Veins a cold and deadly Draught,
Which soon would render me, alas, unfit
For the warm Joys of an Imperial Lover,
And make me ever thine, yet keep my Word
With *Theodosius*. Wilt not thou forgive me?

Theo. Poison'd to free thee from the Emperor!
Oh *Athenais*! thou hast done a Deed
That tears my Heart: what have I done against thee,
That thou should'st brand me thus with Infamy
And everlasting Shame! thou might'st have made
Thy Choice without this cruel Act of Death;
I left thee to thy Will: And, in requital,
Thou hast murder'd all my Fame ———

Athen. Oh pardon me!
I lay my dying Body at your Feet,
And beg, my Lord, with my last Sighs intreat you
To impute the Fault, if 'tis Fault, to Love;
And the Ingratitude of *Athenais*

To

To her too cruel Stars: Remember too,
I begg'd you would not let me see the Prince,
Presaging what has happen'd: yet my Word,
As to our Nuptials, was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! she is going! see her languishing Eyes:
Draw in their Beams: the Sleep of Death is on her.

Athen. Farewell, my Lord! alas, alas, Farewell:
To embrace thee now is not immodesty:
Or if it were, I think my bleeding Heart
Would make me criminal in Death to clasp thee,
Break all the tender Niceties of Honour
To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life:
For oh what Man, like him, cou'd Woman move?
Oh Prince belov'd! Oh Spirit most divine!
Thus by my Death, I give thee all my Love,
And seal my Soul and Body ever thine.

Theo. Oh Marston! Oh Pulcheria! did not the Power,
Whom we adore, plant all his Thunderbolts
Against Self-murders, I would perish too:
But as I am, I swear to leave the Empire
To thee, my Sister, I bequeath the World:
And yet a Gift more great, the gallant Marston:
On then, my Friend, now show thy Roman Spirit:
As to her Sex fair *Athenais* was,
Be thou to thine a Pattern of true Honour:
Thus we'll atone for all the profane Crimes,
That yet it may be said in after-times,

No Age with such Examples cou'd compare,
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair!

[*Ex. Omnes*]

F I N I S



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST

OF

THE SECOND

OF

THE THIRD

OF

THE FOURTH

OF

THE FIFTH

OF



J. Vander Gucht. Inv. & Scul.

THE
PRINCESS
OF
CLEVE,

As it was Acted

At the Queen's Theatre in *Dorset-
Garden.*

By *NATHANIEL LEE*, Gent.

*Tuque dum procedis, Io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus ; Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque divis
Thura benignis.* Horat.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head* against
St. Clement's Church in the Strand ; A. WELL-
INGTON at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* without
Temple-Bar ; J. WELLINGTON, A. BET-
TESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Trust for
B. WELLINGTON. MDCCXXXIV.



To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

**Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's
Houshold, and One of His Majesty's
Most Honourable Privy-Council, &c.**

May it please your Lordship,



THIS Play, when it was acted in the Character of the Princess of *Jainville*, had a resemblance of *Marguerite* in the Massacre of *Paris*, Sister to *Charles* the Ninth, and Wife to *Henry* the Fourth King of *Navarre*: That fatal Marriage which cost the Blood of so many thousand Men, and the Lives of the best Commanders. What was borrowed in the Action is left out in the Print, and quite obliterated in the Minds of Men. But the Duke of *Guise*, who was notorious for a bolder Fault, has wrested two whole Scenes from the Original, which after the Vacation he will be forc'd to pay. I was, I confess, thro' Indignation,

VOL. I.

E 3

dignation,

6 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

dignation, forc'd to limb my own Child; which Time, the true Cure for all Maladies, and Injustice have set together again. The Play cost me much Pains, the Story is true, and I hope the Object will display Treachery in its own Colours. But this Farce, Comedy, Tragedy, or mere Play, was a Revenge for the refusal of the other: For when they expected the most polish'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em a Russian reeking from *Whetstone's-Park*. The Fourth and Fifth Acts of the *Chances*, where *Don John* is pulling down; *Marriage. Alamode*, where they are bare to the Waste; the *Libertine*, and *Epsom-Wells*, are but Copies of his Villany. He lays about him like the *Gladiator* in the Park; they may walk by, and take no notice. I beg your Lordship to excuse this Account, for indeed 'tis all to introduce the Massacre of *Paris* to your Favour, and approve it to be play'd in its first Figure. I am

Your Lordship's

Humble and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.



P R O-



PROLOGUE.


Trust was the Glory of the foremost Age,
When Truth and Love with Friendship did engage;
When Man to Man cou'd walk with Arms entwin'd,
And vent their Grievs in spaces of the Wind;
Express their Minds, and speak their Thoughts as clear,
As Eastern Mornings op'ning to the Year.
But since that Law and Treachery came in,
And open Honesty was made a Sin,
Men wait for Men, as Dogs for Foxes prey,
And Women wait the closing of the Day.
There's scarce a Man that ventures to be good;
For Truth by Knaves was never understood:
For there's the Curse, when Vice o'er Virtue rules,
That all the World are Knaves or downright Fools.
So they may make Advantage of th' Alloy,
They'll take the Dross and throw the Gold away.
Women turn Usurers with their own affright,
And Want's the Hag that rides 'em all the Night.
The little Mob, the City Wastcoateer,
Will pinch the Back to make the Buttock bare,
And drain the last poor Guinea from her Dear.
Thus Times are turn'd upon a private End,
There's scarce a Man that's generous to his Friend.
But there's a Monarch on a Throne sublime,
That makes Truth Law, and gives the Poets Rhime;
Be his the Bus'ness of our little Fates,
Our mean Contentions, and their high Debates.
By Sea and Land our most Imperial Lord,
With all the Praises blest that Hearts afford,
With Laurels crown'd, unconquer'd by the Sword:
William the Sovereign of our whole Affairs,
Our Guide in Peace, and Council in the Wars.

}}



EPILOGUE.

What is this Wit which Cowley cou'd not name?
The rare Inducement to a perfect Name,
The Art of Nature curious in a Frame:
Is it a Whig, a Trimmer, or a Tory,
Or an old Pop forgotten in the Story?
'Tis Honour veil'd in Honesty's Disguise,
Or Cesar like a Fencer in a Prize;
'Tis Pindar's Ramble, Nature in Misfrank,
A Politician acted by a Fool.
'Tis all Variety that Arts can give,
The Danaid's filling of a leaky Sieve;
The Valley's Sweets, and the distilling Spring,
The brimming Bacchus that the Muses bring,
To drink the Health of England's glorious King.
A Statesman thoughtful for a Clown revild,
A Pestle and a Mortar for a Child.
'Tis a true Principle, but hardly shown,
An artificial Sigh, a Virgin's Groan,
When the first Night her Lover lays her on.
'Tis like a Lass that gads to gather May,
'Tis like the Comedy you have to Day;
A Bullying Gallant in a wanton Play.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Prince of Cleve.
Duke Nemours.
Bellamore.
Jacques.
St. Andre.
Vidam of Chartres.
Poltrot.

Mr. Williams.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr.
Mr.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Gillo.
Mr. Nokes.

W O M E N.

Princess of Cleve.
Tournon.
Marguerite.
Eliane.
Celia.
Irene.
La March.

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Lee.
Lady Slingsby.
Mrs. Betterton.
Mrs.
Mrs.
Mrs.

SCENE, PARIS.

THE



THE PRINCESS of CLEVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Nemours, Bellamore. Fiddles playing.

N E M O U R S.



OLD there you Monsieur *Devol*; pr'ythee
leave off playing fine in Confort, and
stick to Time and Tune ——— So
now the Song, call in the Eunuch; come
my pretty Stallion, hem, and begin.

S O N G.

I.

ALL other Blessings are but Toys
To his that in his Sleep enjoys,
Who in his Fancy can possess
The Object of his Happiness;
The Pleasure's purer, for he spares
The Pains, Expences, and the Cares.

II.

Thus when Adonis got the Stone,
To love the Boy still made his moan;

Venus

*Venus the Queen of Fancy came,
And as he slept she cool'd his Flame;
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.*

Nem. Sirrah, stick to clean Pleasures, deep Sleep, moderate Wine, sincere Whores, and thou art happy; now by this damask Cheek I love thee; keep but this gracious Form of thine in Health, and I'll put thee in the way of living like a Man — What I have trusted thee with — My Love to the Princess of Cleve; Treasure is as thy Life, nor let the *Adam* of *Chartres* know it; for however I seem to cherish him, because he has the Knack of telling a Story maliciously, and is a great Pretender to Nature, I cast him off here — 'Tis too much for him: Besides he is her Uncle, and has a sort of affected Honour, that would make him grin to see me leap her — Hey *Jacquas* — When *Madam Tournon* comes, bring her in; and, hark you, Sir, whoever comes to speak with me while she is with me —

Jacq. What if the Dauphin comes?

Nem. What if his Father comes, Dog — Slave — Fool! What if *Paris* were a fire, the President and Council of Sixteen at the Door! I'm sick, I'm not within — I'm a hundred Miles off — My Bosom Dear — So young, and yet I trust thee too — But away to the Princess of Cleve, thou art acquainted with her Woman, watch her Motions, my sweet-lac'd Pimp, and bring me word of her rising.

Bell. She is a Prize, my Lord, and Oh what a Night of Pleasure has *Cleve* had with her — the first too!

Nem. Any thing but what makes such a Pleasure, wou'd I give for such another — But be gone, and no more of this provoking Discourse, lest ravishing shou'd follow thee at the Heels, and spoil my sober Design.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Tournon, La March.

Jacq. Madam, my Lord was just now asking for you.

Tour. Go tell him I'm coming — Is he dress'd?

Jacq.

Jacq. Yes ——— But your Ladyship knows that's all one to him ———

Tour. Honest *Jacques*, 'tis pity such Honesty should not be encourag'd ———

Jacq. This comes of Pimping, which she calls Honesty. [Exit *Jacq.*

Tour. Thus thou may'st see the Method of the Queen ——— We are the lucky Sieves, where fond Men trust their Hearts, and so she sifts 'em through us ———

La M. What of *Nemours*, whom you thus early visit?

Tour. The Queen designs to rob him of a Mistress, *Marguerite* the Princess of *Fainville*, whom he keeps from the Knowledge of the Court; and if the Queen be Judge, is contracted to her ———

The Dauphin loves her too; whereon the Queen, Who works the Court quite round by Womankind, And thinks this way to mould his supple Soul, Resolves, if possible, to gain her for him.

La M. But how is't possible to work the Princess from the Duke of *Nemours*, who loves him as the Queen affects Ambition?

Tour. Why thus; she knows *Nemours* his Soul is bent Upon Variety; therefore to gain her ends, She has made me sacrifice my Honour; nay, I'm become his Baud, and ply him every Day With some new Face, to ~~wean~~ ^{win} his Heart From *Marguerite*'s Form; nor must you longer be Without your Part.

La M. Employ me; for you know the Queen commands me.

Tour. There was a Letter drop'd in the Tennis-Court Out of *Nemours* his Pocket, as I'm told, And read last Night in the Presence — 'Tis your Task Skillily to insinuate with *Marguerite*. This Note which came from some abandon'd Mistress, Is certainly the Duke's. ———

La M. Then Jealousy's the ground on which you build.

Tour. Right, we must make 'em jealous of each other; Jealousy breeds disdain in haughty Minds, and so from the extremes of violent Love, proceeds to fiercest Hatred.

Enter

Enter St. Andre.

But see the gay, the brisk, the topping Gallant St. Andre here, Cousin to Poltrot, who arrived from England with a pretty Wife last Week, and lodges in the Palace of this his related Fool — St. Andre has a Wife too of my acquaintance — Both for the Duke, my Dear ; but haste I'm call'd — [Exit La M.

Jacq. Madam — Tour. I go. [Exit Tournon.

St. A. Monsieur Jacques, your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant. What, his Grace continues the old Trade, I see, by the Flux of Bawds and Whores that choke up his Avenues ; and I must confess, excepting my self, there's no Man so built for Whoring as his Grace, black, sanguine, brawny — a Roman Nose — long Foot, and a stiff — calf of a Leg.

Jacq. Your Lordship has all these in Perfection.

St. A. Sir, your most faithful, obliged, humble Servant. Boy —

Boy. My Lord —

St. A. How many Bottles last Night ?

Boy. Five, my Lord.

St. A. Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

St. A. How many Whores ?

Boy. Six, my Lord.

St. A. Boy —

Boy. My Lord.

St. A. What Quarrels, how many did I kill ?

Boy. Not one my Lord — But the Night before you hamstringed a Beadle, and run a Linkman in the Back —

St. A. What, and no Blood nor Blows last Night ?

Boy. O ! yes, my Lord, now I remember me, you drew upon a Gentleman that knock'd you down with a Bottle.

St. A. Not so loud, you Urchin, lest I twist your Neck round — Monsieur Jacques, is his Grace stirring ?

Jacq. My Lord, he's at Council —

St. A.

St. A. Od, I beg his pardon ; pray give my Duty to him, and tell him, if he pleases to hear a languishing Air or two, I am at the Princess of *Cleve's* with a Serenade—Go, Rascal, go to Monsieur *Poltrou*—tell him he'll be too late—Black airy Shape——Gad I'll write to her, and then she's mine directly ; 'tis but reason of course, that he that has been yok'd to so many Dutcheffes, should at last back a Princess : Sir, your most oblig'd, faithful and very humble Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Nemours, Tournon.

Tour. Undone, undone ! will your sinful Grace never give over, will you never leave ruining of Bodies and damning of Souls ?—— Could you imagine that I came for this ? What have you done ?

Nem. No harm, pretty Rogue, no harm ; nay, prithee leave blubbering.

Tour. 'Tis blubbering now, plain blubbering ; but before you had your Will, 'twas another Tone : Why, Madam, do you waste those precious Tears ? each falling Drop shines like an Orient Pearl, and sets a Gaiety on a Face of Sorrow.

Nem. Thou art certainly the pleasantest of Women-kind, and I the happiest of Men ; dear delightful Rogue, let's have another Main ; like a winning Gamester, I long to make it t'other hundred Pound.

Tour. Inconsiderate horrid Peer, will you damn your Soul deeper and deeper ? Can you be thus insensible of your Crime ?

Nem. Why there's it : I was as a Man may be, very dry, and thou kind Soul, gav'st me a good Draught of Drink ; now 'tis strange to me, if a Man must be damn'd for quenching his Thirst.

Tour. Ha, Ha——Well, I'll swear you are such another Man—who would have thought you cou'd delude a Woman thus, and a Woman of Honour too, that resolv'd so much

much against it? Ah, my Lord! your Grace has a cunning Tongue.

Nem. No cunning, *Tournon*, my way is downright, leaving Body, State, and Spirit, all for a pretty Woman; and when gray Hairs, Gout and Impotence come, no more but this, drink away Pain, and be gathered to my Fathers.

Tour. Oh thou Dissembler, give me your Hand, this soft, this faithless violating Hand; Heaven knows what this Hand has to answer for.

Nem. And for this Hand, with theselong, white, round, pretty Bobbins, 't has the kindest Grippe, and I so love it, now Gad's Blessing on't, that's all I say — But come tell me, what! no new Game? for thou knowest I die directly without Variety.

Tour. Certainly, never Woman lov'd like me; who am not satisfied with sacrificing my own Honour, unless I rob my Delights by undoing others——

Nem. Come, come, out with it, I see thou art big with some new Intrigue, and it labours for a Vent.

Tour. What think you of St. *Andre's* Lady?

Nem. That I'm in Bed with her; because thou dar'st befriend me.

Tour. Nay, there's more——*Monfieur Poltrat* lodges in his House, with a young *English* Wife of the true Breed, and the prettier of the two.

Nem. Excellent Creature; but command me something extravagant, as thy Kindness, State, Life and Honour.

Tour. Yet all this will be lost when you are married to *Marguerite*.

Nem. Never, by Heav'n I'm thine, with all the Heat and vigorous Inspiration of an unflinch'd Lover, and so will be while young Limbs and Lechery hold together; and that's a Bond methinks should last till Doomsday.

Tour. But do you believe if *Marguerite* shou'd know? —

Nem. The Question's too grave—— When and where shall I see the Gems thou hast in store?

Tour. By Noon, or thereabouts; take a turn in *Luxembourg* Garden, and one, if not both, shall meet you.

Nem. And thou'lt appear in Person?

Tour.

Tour. With Colours flying, a Handkerchief held out
And yet methinks it goes against my Conscience.

Nem. Away, that serious Look has made thee old :
Conscience and Consideration in a young Woman too !
It makes a Baud of thee before thy time.

Nay, now thou put'st me in Poetick Rapture,
And I must quote *Ronsard* to punish thee :
Call all your Wives to Council, and prepare
To tempt, dissemble, flatter, lye and swear ;
To make her mine, use all your utmost Skill,
Virtue, an ill-bred Crossness in the Will ;
Honour, a Notion ; Piety, a Cheat :
Prove but successful Bauds, and you are great.
Come, thou wilt meet me.

Tour. 'Tis resolv'd, I will ; till which time, thou dear
Man——

Nem. Thou pretty Woman.

Tour. Thou very dear Man.

Nem. Thou very pretty Woman, one Kiss.

Tour. Hey Ho——

Nem. Now all the Gods go with thee——

Tour. A word from my Lord ; you are acquainted with
these Fops ; set 'em in the modish way of abusing their
Wives, they are turning already, and that will certainly
bring 'em about.

Nem. *Bellamore* shall do't with less Suspicion : Farewell.
Hay Jacques—— [Exit *Tour.*

Jacq. Ha ! my grave Lord of *Chartres*, welcome as
Health, as Wine, and taking Whores——and tell me
now the Business of the Court.

Vid. Hold it, *Nemours*, for ever at defiance ;
Fogs of ill Humour, Damps of Melancholy,
Old Maids of Fifty, chok'd with eternal Vapours,
Stuff it with fulsome Honour——dozing Virtue,
And everlasting Dulness husk it round,
Since he that was the Life, the Soul of Pleasure,
Count *Rosidore* is dead.

Nem. Then we may say
Wit was, and Satire is a Carcase now.
I thought his last Debauch wou'd be his Death——
But

But is it certain ?

Vid. Yes, I saw him Dust,
I saw the mighty Thing a nothing made,
Huddled with Worms, and swept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lie crumbl'd just like other Men.

Nem. Nay then let's rave and elegize together,
Where *Rosidore* is now but common Clay,
Whom every wiser Emmet bears away,
And lays him up against a Winter's Day.

He was the Spirit of Wit—— and had such an Art in
gilding his Failures, that it was hard not to love his
Faults : He never spoke a witty thing twice, tho' to dif-
ferent Persons ; his Imperfections were catching, and his
Genius was so luxuriant, that he was forc'd to tame it with
a Hesitation in his Speech to keep it in view——But, Oh !
how awkward, how insipid, how poor and wretchedly dull
is the Imitation of those that have all the Affectation of
his Verse, and none of his Wit !

Enter Jacques.

Jacq. My Lord, Monsieur *Poltröt* desires to kiss your
Grace's Hand.

Nem. Let's have him to drive away our Melancholy——

Vid. I wonder what Pleasure you can take in such dull
Dogs, Asses, and Fools.

Nem. But this is a particular Fool, Man, Fate's own
Fool, and perhaps it will never hit the like again ; he's
ever the same thing, yet always pleasing ; in short, he's a
finish'd Fool, and has a fine Wife ; add to this, his late-
leaving the Court of *France*, and going to *England* to
learn Breeding.

Enter Poltröt.

Pol. My Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient hum-
ble Servant ; My Lord of *Chartres* and Monsieur *Jacques*,
yours Monsieur ; *St. Andre* desires your Grace's Presence
at a Serenade of mine and his together——And I must
tell your Grace by the way, he is a great Master, and the
fondest.

fondest Thing of my Labours——

Nem. And the greatest Oaf in the World.

Pol. How, my Lord——

Vid. The whole Court wonders you will keep him Company.

Nem. Such a passive Rascal, he had his Shins broke last Night in the Presence ; and were it not fear'd you wou'd second him, he wou'd be kick'd out of all Society.

Pol. I second him ! my Lord, I'll see him damn'd ere I'll be Second to any Fool in Christendom— For to tell your Grace the Truth, I keep him Company, and lie at his House, because I intend to lie with his Wife ; a Trick I learnt since I went into *England*, where, o' my Conscience, Cuckoldom is the Destiny of above half the Na-

Nem. Indeed ! (tion.

Pol. O there's not such another drinking, scowring, roaring, whoring Nation in the World—— And for little *London*, to my Knowledge, if a Bill were taken of the weekly Cuckolds, it wou'd amount to more than the Number of Christnings and Burials together.

Vid. What, and were you acquainted with the Wits ?

Pol. O Lord, Sir, I liv'd in the City a whole Year together ; my Lord Mayor and I, and the Common-Council were sworn Brothers——I cou'd sing you twenty Catches and Drolls that I made for their Feast-days ; but at present I'll only hint you one or two——

Nem. Pray do us the Favour, Sir.

Pol. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and I'll assure your Grace, 'twas much sung at Court too.

O, to Bed to me, to Bed to me— &c.

Nem. Excellent, incomparable !

Pol. Why is it not, my Lord ? This is no Kickshaw, there's Substance in the Air, and Weight in the Words ; nay, I'll give your Grace a Taste of another, the Tune is, let me see—— Ay, ay——

Give me the Lass that is true Country bred——

I'll present your Grace with some Words of my own, that I made on my Wife before I married her, as she sat fingering one Day in a low Parlour, and playing on the Virginals.

Nem. For Heaven's sake oblige us, dear pleasant Creature ———

Pol. I'll swear I'm so ticklish you'll put me out, my Lord; for I am as wanton as any little *Barthelemew* *Vid.* Dear, soft, delicate Rogue, sing. (Boar Pig —

Pol. Nay, I protest, my Lord, I vow and swear, but you'll make me run to a Whore — Lord, Sir, what do you mean?

Nem. Come then begin ——— [Palsiret sings.

I.

*PHillis is soft, Phillis is plump,
And Beauty made up this delicate Lump;
Like a Rose-bud she looks, like a Lily she smells,
And her Voice is a Note above sweet Philomel's.*

Now a little Smutty, my Lord, is the Fashion ———

II.

*Her Breast are two Hillocks where Hearts lie and pant,
In the Herbage so soft, for a Thing that they want;
But mum, Sir, for that, tho' a notable Jest;
For if I shou'd name it, you'd call me a Beast.*

Enter St. Andre without his Hat and Wig.

St. Andr. My Lord, the Serenade is just begun, and if you don't come just in the nick—— I beg your Grace's Pardon for interrupting you—— But if you have a Mind to hear the sweetest Airs in the World——

Nem. With all my Heart, Sir ——

Pol. Nay, since your Grace has put my Hand in, I'll sing you, my Lord, before you go, the softest thing —— compos'd in the Nonage of my Muse; yet such a one as our best Authors borrow from. Nay, I'll be judg'd by your

your Grace, if they do not steal their dying from my killing ———

St. A. Nay pr'ythee, *Poltrou*, thou art so impertinent.

Pol. No more impertinent than your self, Sir; nor do I doubt, Sir, but my Character shall be drawn by the Poets for a Man of Wit and Sense, Sir, as well as your self, Sir.

Vid. Ay, I'll be sworn, shall it ———

Pol. For I know how to repartee with the best; ^{to} rally my Wife; to kick her too if I please, Sir; to make Smiles as fast as Hops, Sir; tho' I lay a dying, flap dash, Sir; quickly off and quickly on, Sir, and as round as a Hoop, Sir ———

St. A. I grant you, dear Bully, all this; but let's have your Song another time, because mine are begun.

Pol. Nay, look you, dear Rogue, mine is but a Prologue to your Play; and by your leave his Grace has a Mind to hear it, and he shall hear it, Sir ———

Nem. Ay, and will hear it, Sir, tho' the great Turk were at *St. Dennis's Gate*; comes along my *Orpheus*, and then, Sir, we'll follow you to the Prince of *Cleve's* ———

Ballad — *When Phebus had fetch'd, &c.* [*Exeunt singing.*]

S C E N E III.

The Prince of Cleve's Palace. Musick.

S O N G.

I.

I *N a Room for Delight, the Landskip of Love,
Like a shady old Lawn,
With the Curtains half drawn,
My Love and I lay, in the cool of the Day,
Till our Joys did remove.*

The Princess of Cleve.

II.

*So fierce was our Fight, and so smart e'ry Stroke,
That Love, the little Scout,
Was put to the Rout;
His Bow was unbent, e'ry Arrow was spent,
And his Quiver all broke.*

Enter Vidam, Nemours.

Nem. I have lost my Letter, and by your Description
It must be that which the Queen read at Court,
But are you sure the Princess of Cleve has seen it?

Vid. Why are you so concern'd? Does your wild Love
Turn that way too? — She is too grave.

Nem. Too grave! as if I cou'd not laugh with this,
and try with that, and veer with every gust of Passion —
But has she seen it?

Vid. She has the Letter; the Queen-Dauphin sent it
her.

Nem. Then you must own it on occasion, and what-
ever else I shall put upon your Person —

Vid. Why?

Nem. Lest it shou'd reach the Ears of *Marguerite*:
For, O my *Vidam*! 'tis such a ranting Devil,
If she believes this Letter mine, when next
We meet, beware my Locks and Eyes — No more:
But this remember, that you own it. {Exit.

Enter St. Andre, Poltrot.

St. A. *His Bow was unbent, &c.* [*Singing with Poltrot.*
Come, my Lord, we'll have all over again.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Vid. See, we have rais'd the Prince of Cleve:
My Lord, good morrow —

P. C. Good morrow, my good Lord — Save you,
my dear *Nemours*!

Pol.

The Princess of Cleve.

23

Pol. Give you Joy, my Lord ; What, a little blue under the Eyes, Ha, Ha, ———

St. A. Give you Joy, my Lord. Ha, my Lord, Ha. [Holds up three Fingers.]

Pol. Ha, my Lord, Ha, — [Holding up five Fingers.]

P. C. You are merry, Gentlemen—I'm not in the vein : Therefore, Dear *Chartres*, take these Fingers hence.

St. A. My Lord, you look a little heavy, shall we dance, sing, fence, take the Air ! ride? ———

Vid. Come away, Sir, the Prince is indispos'd.

St. A. Gad, I remember now I talk of riding, at the Tournament of *Metz*, as I was riding the great Horse —

Vid. Leave off your lying, and come along.

St. A. With three pushes of Pike, and six hits of Sword, I wounded the Duke of *Ferrara*, Duke of *Milan*, Duke of *Parma*, Prince of *Cleve* ———

P. C. My Lord, I was not there ———

St. A. My Lord ——— I beg your Lordship's Pardon, I meant the *Vidam* of *Chartres*.

Vid. You lye; I was then at *Rome*.

St. A. My Lord ———

Pol. Ha, Ha, ——— Lord, Lord, how this World is given to lying ! Ha ——— Come, come, you're damnably out, come away.

St. A. My Lord, I beg your Pardon, I see you are indispos'd ; besides, the Queen oblig'd me this Morning to let 'em choose Colours for my Complexion ———

Vid. Hark you, will you go, or shall I ———

[Pulling him off by the Nose.]

St. A. My Friend, my Lord, you see, is a little familiar, but I am ever your Highness's most humble, faithful, obedient Servant. [Exeunt.]

Manet P. Cleve.

Full of himself, the happy Man is gone ;
Why was not I too cast in such a Mould ?
To think like him, or not to think at all.

Enter the Princess of Cleve.

Had he a Bride like me, Earth would not bear him :
But, Oh. I wish that it might cover me !

Since.

Since *Chartres* cannot love me: Oh I found it!
 Last Night I found it in her cold Embraces;
 Her Lips too cold — Cold as the Dew of Death:
 And still whene'er I prest her in my Arms,
 I found my Bosom all afloat with Tears.

Princess C. He weeps, O Heav'n! my Lord — the
 Prince of *Cleve*.

P. C. My Life, my dearest Part!

Princess C. Why sighs my Lord?
 What have I done, Sir, thus to discompose you?

P. C. Nothing.

Princess C. Ah, Sir, there is a Grief within,
 And you wou'd hide it from me.

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, nothing here but Love.

Princess C. Alas, my Lord, you hide that Secret from
 Which I must know, or think you never lov'd me. [me,

P. C. Ah Princess! that you lov'd but half so well.

Princess C. I have it then, you think me Criminal,
 And tax my Honour —

P. C. O forbid it, Heaven —

But since you press me, Madam, let me ask you,
 Why when the Princess led you to the Altar,
 Why cak'd the Tears upon your bloodless Face?
 Why sigh'd you when your Hand was clasp'd with mine,
 As if your Heart, your Heart refus'd to join.

Princess C. Ah, Sir —

P. C. Behold you're dash'd with the remembrance;
 Why when my Hopes were fierce and Joys grew strong,
 Why were you carry'd like a Coarse along?
 When, like a Victim, by my side you lay, [speak —
 Why did you gasp, why did you swoon away? Oh
 You have a Soul so open and so clear,
 That if there be a Fault it must appear.

Princess C. Alas, you are not skill'd in Beauty's Cares;
 For Oh! when once the God his Wrath declares,
 And Stygian Oaths have wing'd the bloody Dart,
 To make its Passage thro' the Virgin's Heart;
 She hides her Wound, and hasting to the Grove,
 Scarce whispering to the Winds her conscious Love,
 The Touch of him she loves she'll not endure,

But

But weeps and bleeds, and strives against the Cure :
So judge of me when any Grief appears,
Believe my Sighs are kind, and trust my Tears.

P. C. Vanish my Doubts, and Jealousies be gone —
On thy lov'd Bosom let me break my Joy,
Oh only Sweet that fill, but never cloy :
And was it, was it only Virgin's Fear ?
But speak for ever, and I'll ever hear,
Repeat, and let the Echos deal it round,
While list'ning Angels bend to catch the Sound ;
Nay, sigh and weep, drain all thy precious Store,
Be kind, as now, and I'll complain no more. [*Exit.*

Princess C. Was ever Man so worthy to be lov'd,
So good, so gentle, soft a Disposition !
As if no Gaul had mix'd with his Creation :
So tender, and so fearful to displease,
No barbarous Heart but thine wou'd stop his Entrance ;
But thou, Inhuman, banish'd him from his own.
And while the Lordly Master lies without,
Thou Traiteress, riot'st with a Thief within.

Enter Irene.

Irene. Ah, Madam, what new Grief !

Princess C. Alas, *Irene.*

Thou Treasurer of my Thoughts —
What shall I do ? how shall I chase *Nemours*,
That Robber, Ravisher of my Repose ?

Irene. For the great Care you wish, may I enquire
Whether you think the Duke insensible,
Indifferent to the rest of Woman-kind ?

Princess C. I must confess I did not think him so.
Tho' now I do — But wou'd give half my Blood
To think him otherwise.

Irene. Without the Expence,
There take your Wish — a Letter which he dropt
In the Tennis-court, given the Queen Dauphin
By her Page, and sent to you to read for your Diversion.

Princess C. Alas ! *Irene* —

Why trembles thus my Hand, why beats my Heart ?

VOL. I.

F

But

But let us read —————

Reads —————

Your Affection has been divided betwixt me and another,
you are false — a Traitor to the truest Lover — never
see me more —————

Princess C. Ah! 'tis too plain, I thought as much before;
but Oh! we are too apt to excuse the Faults of those we love,
and fond of our own undoing.

Support me, Oh! to bear this dreadful Pang,
This Stab to all my gather'd Resolution.

Irene. Read it again, and call Revenge to aid you.

Princess C. Perhaps he makes his boast too of that
Conquest;

For Oh! my Heart, he knows too well my Passion —
But as thou hast inspir'd me, I'll revenge
The Affront, and cast him from my poison'd Breast,
To make him room that merits all my Thoughts.

Enter the Prince of Cleve with Nemours.

P. C. Madam, there is a Letter fall'n by Accident into
your Hands — my Friend comes in behalf of the *Vidam*
of *Chartres* to retrieve it; when I am dismiss'd from
the King my Lord. I'll wait you here again.

Nem. My Lord —————

P. C. Not a Step further.

[*Exit P. C.*

Nem. Madam, I come most humbly to inquire whether
the Dauphin Queen sent you a Letter which the *Vidam*
lost?

Princess C. Sir, you had better
Find the Queen Dauphin out, tell her the Truth:
For she's inform'd the Letter is your own.

Nem. Ah, Madam! I have nothing to confess
In this Affair — or if I had; believe me,
Believe me these Sighs that will not be kept in;
I should not tell it to the Dauphin Queen.
But to the purpose; Know, my Lord of *Chartres*
Receiv'd the Note you saw from Madam *Tournon*,
A former Mistress — But the Secret's this —
The Sister of our Henry long has lov'd him.

Princess C. I thought the King intended her for Savoy.

Nem.

Nem. True, Madam, but the *Vidam* is belov'd ;
In short he dropt the Letter, and desir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it ;
I promis'd too to trace the Business for him,
And if 'twere possible, regain the Letter. [cretion,

Princess C. The *Vidam* then has shewn but small Dis-
Being engag'd so high ———
Why did he not burn the Letter ?

Nem. But, Madam, shall I dare presume to say,
'Tis hard to be in Love and to be wise ?
O did you know like him, — like him ! Like me,
What 'tis to languish in those restless Fires.

Princess C. Irene, Irene, restore the Duke his Letter.

Enter Irene.

Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service,
But I'll retire, and study to repay,
If ought but Death can quit the Obligation. [Exit.

Princess C. O 'tis too much, I'm lost, I'm lost again—
The Duke has clear'd himself, to the confusion
Of all my settl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge ;
And now he shews more lovely than before :
He comes again to wake my sleeping Passion,
To rouse me into Torture ; O the Racks
Of hopeless Love ! it shoots, it glows, it burns,
And thou, alas ! shalt shortly close my Eyes.

Irene. Alas ! you're pale already.

Princess C. Oh *Irene*,
Methinks I see Fate set two Bowels before me,
Poison and Health, a Husband and *Nemours* ;
But see with what a Whirl my Passions move ;
I lothe the Cordial of my Husband's Love :
But when *Nemours* my Fancy does recall,
The Bane's so sweet that I cou'd drink it all. [Exeunt.



F 2

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Tournon, La March.

T O U R N O N,



I T works, my Dear, it works beyond belief;

The Letter which he lost has sprung a Mine

That shatters all the Court, each jealous Dutchess

Concludes her Man concern'd, and straight employs
A Confident to find the Mystery out.

But that which takes the Queen, and makes me die
With Pleasure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks,
Spite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,
The Letter sent to him.

La M. I see 'em move this way.

Tour. Haste to *St. Andre's* Palace, watch their Wives,
till I appear — I have promis'd *Nemours* an Afternoon-
Assignment with them in *Luxemburg* Garden, but I will
antedate the Bus'ness as he is waiting, and set *Marguerite*
upon him just as he meets 'em, which will heighten the
Design; be gone while I attend the Bus'ness here —

[*Exit La March.*

Enter Marguerite, Nemours.

Marg. Away, you have combin'd to ruin me, [*The Vid.*
You have conspir'd the Death of her you hate;
But tell me, Oh! confess and I'll forgive thee;
Say it was thine; nay, look not on the *Vidam*,
There is Discourse in Eyes, Consent, Denial,
All understood by Looks: say it was thine,
Confess and lay this Tempest with a Word.
Not yet? why then I'll have it in despite
Of thee and him, I'll sell my Soul to Hell,
If Woman can be worth the Devil's purchase,

After

After she has been blown upon by Man;
That I may tell thee, as I sink for ever,
Thou hast been false.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
Affirm, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave):
Will own it to your Face.

Marg. Furies and Hell!

Tour. Have Patience for an Hour, I'll bring you to the
Place, where, if you please, you may flesh your Fingers
in the Blood of those young Women, whom he meets to
enjoy.

Marg. No, no, I have a better Cast, if I can con-
quer this rising Spleen ——— How long will it be ere
you call me?

Tour. An Hour, or thereabouts ———

Marg. And by that time I'll put on a Disguise; fail
not ———

Tour. But what do you intend?

Marg. I know not yet my self; Revenge ———

Tour. You had a Lover once, *Francis* the Dauphin —

Marg. Be that then the last Card ——— I know not
what;

The Dauphin shall — I'll do't, and openly affront him —
And as the little Worshippers adore me,
Spy the Duke out, and leaning on the Prince,
Enquire who's that: It shall be so, I will ———
Revenge, Revenge, and shew thy self true Woman.
Down then, proud Heart, down Woman, down, I'll try,
I'll do't, I've sworn, to curb my Will or die, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter St. Andre, Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. Well, Gentlemen, good morrow, and remember
my Counsel.

Pol. What, to bear our selves like Men of Wit and
Sense, snub our Wives, rally 'em, and be as witty as the
Devil?

F 3

St. A.

St. A. With all my heart ; 'tis not my time of Affection yet with my Dutcheſſes, and this is very fashionable.

Bell. I've put you in the way ———
And ſo good morrow.

[*Exit.*

Pol. They come, they come : [*Enter Elianor and Celia.*
Walk by 'em, take no notice, and repeat Verſes.

Phyllis did in ſo ſtrange a Poſture lie,
Panting and breathleſs, languiſhing her Eye;
She ſeem'd to live, and yet ſhe ſeem'd to die.

St. A. I grow ſick of the Wife — Pr'ythee, *Poll*-
trot, let's go.

Pol. Whither thou wilt, ſo we get rid of 'em ———
Z'life, I am as weary of mine, as a modiſh Lady of her
old Clothes ———

Cel. What, does the Maggot bite, you muſt be jogging
from this place of little Eaſe ? yet I am reſolved to know
ſome Reaſon, why a Wife may not be as good Compa-
ny as a Wenche.

Pol. Pr'ythee, Spouſe ——— do not provoke me ; for
I'm in the witty Vein, and ſhall repartee thee to the
Devil.

El. Pray, *St. Andre*, leave trying your Curls, your
affected Nods, Grimaces, taking of Snuff, and anſwer
me ——— Why are we not as pleaſing as former-
ly ?

St. A. Why, *Nell* ——— Gad 'tis ſpecial ———
This *Amarum* is very puggant ——— Why, *Nell*, I
can give no more Reaſon for my Change of Humour,
than for the turning of a Weather-cock ; only this, I
love Whoring, becauſe I love Whoring.

Pol. Nay, ſince you provoke us, know I can give a
Reaſon ; we run after Whores, becauſe you bar us from
'em ——— As ſome take Pleaſure to go a Decr-
ſtealing that have fine Parks of their own ——— Gad,
and there I was with her ——— This itch of the Blood,
Spouſe, is nothing but a Spice of the firſt great Jilt your
Grand-mother *Eve* ; we long for the Fruit, becauſe it
is forbidden.

St. A. Nay, that's not all, for Miſſes are really more
pleaſant than a Wife can be, *Præbatur eſt.* A Wife
dareſ

dare not assume the Liberty of Pleasing like a Miss, for fear of being thought one. A Wife may pretend to dutiful Affection, and bustle below, but must be still at Night. 'Tis Miss alone may be allow'd Flame and Rapture, and all that? ———

Cel. Yet how do you know, but a Wife may have Flame and Rapture, and all that? ———

Pol. 'Tis impossible; 'tis the nature of a Wife to be as cold as Stone ——— There's a Slap-dash for you.

Cel. Yet out of a Stone a Man of Sense would strike Fire: There's Slap-dash for you ———

El. Will you be constant to us, if we make it appear by your own Confession, that we can please as well as the subtlest She that ever charm'd you?

St. A. Till which Miracle come to pass, since 'twas your own Proposition, I *St. Andre* and thou *Eleanor* come not between a Pair of Sheets ———

El. How shou'd they know then?

Pol. Nor I *Anthony* with thee *Celia*.

El. But we hope you are not in earnest, you cannot be so inhumane.

Cel. 'Tis a Curse beyond all Curfes, to have a Man that can, and will not; 'tis worse than teaching a Fool, or leading the Blind.

El. To marry and live thus, is to be like Fish in frosty Weather, have Water, but pine for want of Air.

Cel. Yet, who knows but Heaven may send some kind good Man, that in mere Pity may break the Ice, and give us a Breathing?

El. Can you be so hard-hearted?

Pol. Come, Bully, let's away, for fear we should melt: Look ye, Spouses of ours, if our Wenches prove ill-humour'd, we'll come back to you.

St. A. Agreed, rather than grow rusty, let our Wives file us ——— But, I thank Heaven, 'tis not come to that yet ——— There's no such Want, I'll have you to know, *Nell*, there's no Woman can resist us if she wou'd; no Dutcheffs 'scapes me, if I make it my Business to compass her.

Pol. Any Man of Wit and Sense, like us, charms all Women, as one Key unlocks all Doors at Court — Nay, I'll say a bold Word for my self; Turn me to the sharpest Shrew that ever bit or scratch'd, if I do not make her feed out of my Hand like a tame Pigeon, may I be condemned to lie with my Wife.

El. Flesh and Blood can endure no longer, you are the vainest lying Fellows that ever liv'd: You compass a Dutches! — There's not a Footman but wou'd shame you.

St. A. Z'death and Fury, if they shou'd try —

Cel. You pitiful, sneaking, rascally Cuckolds, countenanc'd Scoundrels, that dare bespatter Ladies of Honour thus — For Heaven sake, what are you? how do you live? and where do you spend your Time; in Tennis-Courts, Taverns, Eating-houses, Baudy-houses, where you quarrel in Drink for your Trulls, who while you manfully fight their Cause, they run away with your Hats and Belts —

El. Then you come home, and then swear you'll be reveng'd on this Lord, or that Duke, that assaulted you single, with all his Footmen.

Cel. And, says my Gentleman, if I had not been the most skilful Person alive, my Body had been by this time like an old-fashion'd Suit, pink'd all over, and full of Holes.

El. But did he not disarm my Lord at last?

Cel. By all means, and made him beg his Life.

El. When indeed he compounded with the Constable for his own Liberty.

Cel. You Persons of Quality! — What Person of Honour wou'd keep Company with such Debauchees? Z'life, Madam, an Orange-Wench is above their Ambition.

El. An Orange-Wench! If they can but run in her Debt, and the poor Creature come dunning 'em to their Lodgings, they'll swear they lay with her, when they dare not be known that they are within.

Cel. Sometimes lie lolling upon a long Scarf in the Play-house, talking loud and affectedly, and swear at Night,

Night, they had the prettiest Thing just come out of the Country.

El. And wish themselves damn'd, if she did not smell of the Grass.

Col. When in truth 'twas some disguis'd Baud, that met them there according to Assignment.

Pol. Hark you, *Potiphar's Wife* of mine, by *Pharaoh's* lean Kine thou shalt starve for this.

St. A. And for thee, *Nell*, ——— Mark me; thou shalt dream and be tormented with Imagination, like one that having drunk hard is thirsty in the Night, dreams of Vessels brimful, and drinks, and drinks, yet never is satisfied.

Pol. For my part, I'll serve my damn'd Wife as *Tantalus* was punish'd; the Fruit shall bob at her Lips, which she shall never enjoy. [Exeunt *St. A.* *Pol.*

Ed. Very well, the World's come to a fine Pass; if this be marrying, wou'd I were a Maid again. Men take Wives now as they snatch up a *Gazette*, look it over, and then sling it by.

Col. They forget us in a Day or two; or if they read us over again, 'tis only to rub up Remembrance, and commonly they fall asleep so.

El. What's to be done, Child? for rather than live thus ———

Col. Rather than live thus, let's do any thing.

El. Any thing, Rogue; why Cuckolds are Things.

Col. Perhaps they think we have no such thing as Flesh and Blood about us; but we'll make 'em know, a young Woman, in the Flower of her Age, is not like painted Fruit in a Glass, only to be looked on ——— Perhaps you are a more contemplative Person, and will go further about.

El. What, dear Rogue, dost think I will leave thee? By this Kiss not I.

Col. Thus then we'll slip on long Scarfs, and black Gowns, put on Masks, and ramble about.

El. Rare Rogue, let me kiss thee again ——— Certainly Intriguing is the pleasanter part of Life; to meet a Gallant abroad in a Summer's Evening, and laugh away

an Hour or two in a Garden-Bower, where no body sees nor no body knows, methinks, 'tis so pretty and harmless; Lord! how it works in my Fancy —

Cel. We must tell Madam *Tournon* by all means —

El. I believe her Secret, and know her very good-natur'd; but for all that, methinks she has the Cant of a refin'd *Florence Baud* —

Enter Tournon.

Cel. The better for our Purpose; she comes as with'd.

Your. Dear precious Rosebuds, your Servant, now for all the World you look as you were new blown: And how do ye, my pretty Primroses? 'tis a whole Day since I saw ye.

Cel. Oh, Madam! we have a Suit to your Ladyship.

Your. I grant it whate'er it be, speak my Hyacinth.

El. Our Husbands are worse than ever.

Cel. They use us as if we had neither Beauty nor Portion.

Your. What's this I hear? O ingrate and ignoble! Revenge your selves, Sweetings — 'Tis time to pule and put Finger in Eye when you are past Propagation. But, my Ladybirds, you are in your prime; let me touch your delicate Hands — Well, and do not these humid Palms claim a Man — Nay, and your Breasts, Lord! Lord! how swollen and hard they are! how they heave and pant now, by *Cynthia*, as if they were ready to burst! Look to't, have a care of a Cancer; draw 'em down, draw 'em down; for let me tell you, Jewels, it may be dangerous for you to go thus long without Cultivation.

El. What wou'd you have us do, Madam?

Your. Do, Violet, why do as all the World does beside, lose no Time, catch him by the Forelock; get a Man to your Mind — I'll acquaint you with one that's as true as the Day, that will fight like a Lion, and love like a Sparrow — He has Eyes as black as Slows, you can hardly look on 'em; and a Skin so white

white — and soft, as Sattin with the Grain : And for thee, Tulip —

Col. For me, Madam !

Tour. For thee, Honey-Suckle ; such a Man, well, I shall never forget him, such a straight Bole of a Body, such a Trunk, such a Shape, such a quick Strength ; he will over any thing he can lay his Hand on, and vaults to Admiration.

El. But, Madam, will you provide us Lodgings on occasion ? —

Tour. The richest in the Town, the costliest Hangings, great Glasses, *China* Dishes, Silver Tables, Silver Stands, and Silver Urinals — And then these Galants are the closest Lovers, so good at keeping a Secret — Well, give me your Man that says nothing, but minds the Business in hand — For a secret Lover's like a Gun charged with white Powder, does Execution but makes no Noise.

Col. Well, and let me tell you, that's the Point, Madam —

Tour. Ay, and 'tis a precious Point, a feeling Point, and a pleasing Point ; you shall know him, you must know him, I shall die if you don't know him — He has the Fling of a Gentleman.

El. Pray, Madam, how's that ?

Tour. Why thus, Apriceck — into your Arms, then stops your Mouth with a double-tongu'd *English* Kiss, that you can't be angry with him for your Blood.

Col. I know 'tis my filthy Country way — But I'll assure you if he should serve me so, my Blood would rise at him.

Tour. But then you'd repent and fall before him ; for he has the most particular obliging way, and she whom he particularly loves, is so obliged with his Particular — Well, for my part, my Twins of Beauty, I set an infinite Value on their Caresses, Distresses, and Addresses ; nay, I con'd refuse a Quilt Imperial to be obliged by them ; sh^d on the bare Boards, or the cold Stones.

El. But, Madam, are they in being —

Tour.

Tour. They are, my Blossoms— Then they kiss beyond Imagination, just for all the World as when you cut a pure juicy *China* Orange, the Goodness runs over — Lord! now it comes in my Cogitation, I'm just now going to take a View of 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, where, if you please to walk, they shall sun themselves in your Smiles — Come, my Carnations; nay, I protest, I will not go before ye.

Cal. But, Madam, we're at home.

Tour. O Lord, Beauties, I know not the Way.

El. Indeed, Madam, you must — or we shall use Violence —

Tour. Well, Ladies, since 'tis your Command, I dare not but obey. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Nemours, Bellamore.

Nem. Thou dear soft Rogue, my Spouse, my *Hephestion*, my *Ganymede*, nay, if I die to Night the Duke-don's thine — But art thou sure the Princess of *Cleve* withdraws here after Dinner? —

Bell. One of her Women, whom I have debauch'd, tells me 'tis her Custom: you may slip into the Closet and over-hear all; and yet, methinks, 'tis hard, because the Prince of *Cleve* loves you as his Life.

Nem. I sav'd his Life, Sweetheart, when he was assaulted, by a Mistake, in the Dark; and shall he grudge me a little fooling with his Wife for so serious an Obligation?

Enter the Vidam.

A Pox upon him, here comes the *Vidam* with his four Morals —

Vid. 'Tis certain I like her — She's very pretty, and *Turnon* shall help me to her —

Nem.

Nem. In Love, by my Lechery — Ay, and she shall help thee to her — But who, but who is't, my Man of Principles —

Vid. To tell your Grace, I am sure were to be a Man of none for my self — You that are the Whores. In grosser — Let me see — There's *Tournon* your Ubiquitary Whore, your Baud, your Baud Barber, or Baud Surgeon, for you are ever under her Hands, and she plaisters you every Day with new Wenches — Then there's your Domestick Termagants — *Elianor* and *Celia*, with something new in Chase — Why you outdo *Cesar* himself in your way, and dictate to more Whores at once than he did to Knaves — Believe me, Sir, in a little time you'll be nicknam'd the *Town-Bull*.

Nem. Why there's the difference betwixt my Sense and yours; wou'd I were, and your darkling Mistress the first should come in my way, *Jove* and *Europa*, I'd leap her in thy Face — Why, how now, *Vidam*, what Devil has turn'd thee grave, the Devil of Love, or the Devil of Envy?

Vid. Friendship, more Friendship and Care of your Soul; I thought it but just to tell you, the whole Town takes notice of your way.

Nem. Why then the whole Town does me wrong, because I take no notice of theirs: thus t'other Night I was in Company of two or three well-bred Fops that found fault with my Obscenity, and protested, 'twas such a way — Why, 'tis the way of ye all, only you sneak with it under Clokes like Tailors and Barbers; and I, as a Gentleman shou'd do, walk with it in my Hand. For pr'ythee observe, does not your Priest the same thing? Did not I see Father *Patrick* declaiming against Flesh in *Lent*, strip up to the Elbow; and telling the Congregation he had eat nothing but Fish these twenty Years, yet protest to the Ladies, that fat Arm of his, which was a chopping one, was the least Member about him?

Bell. Faith, and it may be so too.

Nem. Does not your Politician, your little great Man of Bus'ness, that sets the World together by the Ears, after

after all his plotting, drudging, and sweating and lying, retire to some little Punk, and untap at Night?

Vid. I submit to the Weight of your Reasons, and confess the whole World does you Justice; wherefore, I judge it fit, that they bring your Grace their Wives and Daughters to make you amends.

Nem. Why now thou talk'st like an honest Fellow; for never let Business flatter thee, *Frank*, into Nonsense: Women are the sole Pleasure of the World; nay, I had rather part with my whole Estate, Health, and Sense, than lose an Inch of my Love — I was t'other Day at a pretty Entertainment; where two or three grave politick Rogues were wondring, why Women shou'd be brought into Plays: I as gravely replied, The World was not made without 'em. He fall pop upon me — But, Sir, it had been better if it had —

Vid. And then, no doubt, a gloomy Smile arose —

Nem. These are your Rogues, *Frank*, that would be thought Criticks, that are never pleas'd but with something new, as they call it, just, proper, and never as Men speak: you're out of the way Men, that hate us Rogues with a way —

Bell. But after all, they'll thus run you down, and say your Grace is no Scholar —

Nem. Why, faith, nor wou'd be, if Learning must wrench a Man's Head quite round. I understand my Mother-tongue well enough, and some others, just as I do Women, not to be marry'd to them, but to serve my turn; what's good in them never 'scapes me; but as for Points and Tags, for which those solemn Fops are so he valued, I slight 'em, nor wou'd remember 'em if I cou'd; for he that once listens to jingling, ten to one if ever he gets it out of his Head while he lives — But pr'ythee be gone, and leave me to my musing, find *Tournon* out, my *Widam*, and bid her remember the Handkerchief — Away, thou art concern'd in the Business, therefore away. [Ex. *Vid.* *Bell.*

Enter

Enter the Princess of Cleve, Irene.

Nem. She comes, ye Gods, with what a pompous State;
The Stars and all Heav'n's Glories on her wait.
'That's out of the way too — But now for my Closet.

[*Exit.*

Princess C. No, no, I charge thee pity me no longer;
But on the Earth let us consult our Woes:
For Earth I shall be shortly; sit and hear me,
While on thy faithful Bosom thus I lean
My aking Head, and breathe my cruel Sorrows.

Iren. Speak, Madam, speak, they'll strangle if contain'd —

Princess C. As late I lay upon a flow'ry Bank,
My Head a little heav'd beyond the Verge,
To look my Troubles in the rockless Stream,
I slept, and dreamt I saw
The Bosom of the Flood unfold;
I saw the naked Nymphs ten Fathom down,
With all the Crystal Thrones in their green Courts below,
Where in their busy Arms *Nemours* appear'd:
His Head reclin'd, and swoln as he were drown'd,
While each kind Goddess dew'd his senseless Face
With Nectar's Drops to bring back Life in vain:
When on a sudden the whole Synod rose,
And laid him to my Lips — O my *Irene*!
Forgive me Honour, Duty — Love forgive me;
I found a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,
Dissolving Pains, and swimming shuddering Joys,
To which my Bridal Night with *Cleves* was dull —

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Iren. Behold him, Madam.

P. C. Ha! my *Chartres* — How —
Why on the Earth?

Princess C. Because, my Lord, it suits
The humble Posture of my sad Condition.

P. C. These Starts again; but why thy sad Condition?
O rise and tell me why this Melancholy?

Why

Why fall those Tears? Why heaves this Bosom thus?
 Nay, I then must constrain thee with my Arms. [*Rises.*
 Is't possible? Does then thy load of Grief
 Oppress thee so, thou canst not speak for sighing —
 Ah, *Chartres, Chartres!* then thou didst but sooth me,
 There is some Cause too frightful to be told,
 And thou hast learnt the Art too to dissemble. [*Soul,*

Princess C. O Heavens! dissemble when I strip my
 Shew it all bare, and trembling to your View;
 Can you suspect me, Sir, for a Dissembler?

P. C. By all my Hopes, Doubts, Jealousies, and Fears,
 I know not what to think; I think thou show'st
 Thy inmost Thought, and now I think thou dost not.
 I think there is a Bosom Secret still,
 And have a Dawn of it through all thy Folds
 That hide it from my View: O trust me, *Cleve!*
 Trust me whate'er it be; I love thee more
 Than thou lov'st help for that which thus enthrals thee.
 Trust thy dear Husband, O let loose the Pain
 That makes thee droop, tho' it shou'd be my Death!
 By thy dear self I'll welcome it to ease thee.

Princess C. Thou best of all thy Kind, why shou'd
 you rack me,
 Who dare not, cannot speak? — No more but this,
 Take me from *Paris*, from the Court.

P. C. Ha, *Chartres*, how!
 What, from the Court of *Paris*, why?

Princess C. Because — my Mother's Death-Bed Coun-
 sel so advis'd me,
 Because the Court has Charms, because I love
 A Grotto best, because 'tis best for you,
 And me, and all the World.

P. C. Because, Oh Heaven!
 Because there is some curst Charm at Court,
 Which you love better than me and all the World.
 The Reason's plain, for which you wou'd remove,
 To lose the Mem'ry of some lawless Love.

Princess C. Why then am I detain'd, if that's your Fear?
P. C. It is, it ought, and shall, and Oh! you must
 Confess this horrid Falshood to my Face.

Princess

Princess C. Never, my Lord, never confess a Lye;
By Heav'n's, I love your Life above my own.

P. C. Not that, not that, speak home and fly not wide;
Swear by thy self, thou dearly purchas'd Pleasure,
Swear by those chaster Sweets thy Mother left thee;
Swear that thy Soul, which cannot hide a Treason,
Prefers me even to all the World; hold, precious,
Swear that thou lov'st him more——And only lov'st him,
And in such Sense as not to love another.

Princess C. Ah, Sir! Why will you sink me to your Feet,
Where I must lie and groan my Life away? (band

P. C. Speak, *Chartres*, speak, nor let the Name of Husband
Sound Terror to thy Soul; for by my Hopes
Of Paradise, howe'er thou usost me,
I am thy Creature, still to make and mould me.
Thy cringing crawling Slave, and will adore
The Hand that kills me——

Princess C. Oh, you are too good!
And I must never hope for Pardon——Yet
I cou'd excuse it; but, my Lord, I will not.
Know then——cannot I speak?

P. C. Nor I by Heaven.

Princess C. I love.

P. C. Go on.

Princess C. I love you as my Soul.

P. C. Ha! ——But the rest.

Princess C. Alas, alas, I dare not——

P. C. Why then, farewell for ever.——

Princess C. Stay and take it——
Take the extremest Pang of tortur'd Virtue,
Take all, I love, I love thee *Cleve* as Life:
But Oh! I love another more——

P. C. Oh *Chartres*! Oh——

Princess C. Why did you wrack me then?
You were resolved, and now you have it all.

P. C. All *Chartres*! All! Why, can there then be more?
But rise, and know I by this Kiss forgive thee.
Thou hast made me wretched by the clearest Proof
Of perfect Honour that ever flow'd from Woman.
But crown the Misery which you have begun,

And let me know who 'tis you wou'd avoid ;
 Who is the happy Man that had the Power
 To burn that Heart which I cou'd never warm.

Princess C. Forgive me, Sir ; in this, Prudence commands
 Eternal Silence ———

P. C. Ha ! if silent now,
 Why didst thou speak at all ? if here thou stopp'dst,
 I shall conclude that which I thought thy Virtue,
 A Start of Passion which thou cou'dst not hide,
 And now Vexation gnaws thy guilty Soul,
 With a too late Repentance for confessing.
 His Name ———

Princess C. You shall not know it ——— Yes, my Lord,
 Now a too late Repentance tears my Soul,
 And tells me I have done amiss to trust you :
 Yet by my Hopes of Ease at last by Death,
 I swear my Love has never yet appear'd
 To any Man but you ———

P. C. Weep not, my *Chartres*, for howe'er my Tongue
 Upbraid thy Fame, my Heart still worships thee :
 And by the Blood that chills me round ——— I swear
 From this sad Moment, I'll ne'er urge thee more ;
 All that I beg of thee, is not to hate me.

Princess C. The Study of my Life shall be to love you,

P. C. Never, Oh never ! I were mad to hope it,
 Yet thou shalt give me leave to fold thy Hand,
 To press it with my Lips, to sigh upon it,
 And wash it with my Tears ———

Princess C. I cannot bear this Kindness without dying !

P. C. Nay, we will walk and talk sometimes together,
 Like Age we'll call to mind the Pleasures past ;
 Pleasures like theirs, which never shall return.
 For Oh ! my *Chartres*, since thy Heart's estrang'd,
 The Pleasure of thy Beauty is no more,
 Yet I each Night will see thee softly laid,
 Kneel by thy Side, and when thy Vows are paid,
 Take one last Kiss, ere I to Death retire,
 With that the Heav'ns had giv'n us equal Fire ;
 Then sigh, It cannot be, and so expire.

Enter

Enter Nemours.

She loves, she loves, and I'm the happy Man,
She has avow'd it, past all precedent,
Before her Husband's Face——

Ha ! but from Love like hers such daring Virtue,
That like a bleeding Quarry lately chas'd,
Plunges among the Waves, or turns at Bay,
What is there to expect ?——But——let it come
The worst can happen, yet 'tis glorious still :
To bring to such Extremes so chaste a Mind,
And charm to love the wisest of her Kind.

Enter Vidam.

Ah, *Vidam* ! I could tell thee such a Story, of such a
Friend of mine, the oddest, prettiest, out-of-the-way of
Bus'ness ; but thou art so flippant there's no trusting thee.

Vid. *Tournon* says the Flagg held out——

Nem. *Tournon* be damn'd——Know then, but be
secret, there is a Friend of mine belov'd——but by
a Soul so virtuous——

Vid. That was too much——

Nem. That quite from the Method of all Womankind,
he told it to her Husband.

Vid. That's strange indeed : and how did her Husband
like it ?

Nem. Why, after a tedious passionate Discourse, ap-
proved her Carriage, and swore he lov'd her more than
ever ; so they cry'd and kiss'd, and went away most lo-
vingly together.

Vid. Why then she cackolds him to rights, nor can he
take the Law of her ; and I'll be judge by any Baud in
Christendom——And so, my Lord, farewell, I have
Business of my own, and *Tournon* waits you——

Nem. But hark you, *Frank*, I have occasion for you,
and must press thee, I hope, to no unwelcome Office——
only a Second——

Vid. With all my Heart, my Lord ; the Time and Place ?

Nem.

Nem. Just now in *Luxembourg* Garden, between One and Two, a Challenge from a Couple, the smartest, briskest, prettiest Tilting Ladies ———

Vid. Your Servant, Sir, and as you thrive, let me hear from your Grace, and so Fate speed your Plough. [*Exit.*]

Enter Tournon with Marguerite.

Nem. And so Fate speed your Plough, and you go that way ; and I shall tell you, Sir, 'twas not handfomely done, to leave me thus to the Mercy of two unreasonable Women at once.

Tour. You have him now in view, and so I leave you.

Marg. Stand, Sir.

[*Exit Tour.*]

Nem. To a Lady, while I have Breath.

Marg. Would you not fall to a Lady too, if she shou'd ask the Favour ?

Nem. Ay, Gad, any pretty Woman may bring me upon my Knees at her Pleasure.

Marg. O Devil ———

Nem. Prithee, my dear soft warm Rogue, let thee and I be kind ———

Marg. And kifs, you were going to say.

Nem. Z'life, how pat she hits me, why thou and I were made for one another ——— Let's try how our Lips fit.

Marg. Is that your fitting ?

Nem. 'Fore Heav'n she's wondrous quick ; nay, my Dear, and you go to that, I can fit you every way —

Marg. You are a notorious Talker.

Nem. And a better Doer ; prithee try.

Marg. As if that were to do now.

Nem. Nay, then I'm sure of thee ; for never was a Woman mine once, but was mine always.

Marg. Know then you are a heavy sluggish Fellow ; but I see there is no more Faith in Man than Woman : Cork and Feathers.

Nem. Make a Shittlecock, that's Woman ; let me, if you please be Battledoor ; and by Gad, for a Day and a Night, I'll keep up with any Fellow in *Christendom.*

Marg.

Marg. Come away then, and I'll keep count, I warrant you——Monster——Villain——

Nem. Now is the Devil and I as great as ever——I come, my Dear——But then what becomes of my other Dears——For whom I was prim'd and charg'd——

Marg. Why don't you come, my Dear?

Nem. There with that sweet Word she cock'd me——

Marg. Lord! how you tremble——

Nem. There the Pan flash'd——

Marg. I'll set my Teeth in you.

Nem. Now I go off——O Man! O Woman! O Flesh! O Devil!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Vidam, Tournon.

T O U R N O N.



Woman in love with another, and confess it to her Husband——What wou'd I give to know her——Without all question *Nemours* is the Person belov'd.

Vid. That's plain by his Eagerness in the Discovery, he forc'd me to hear him whether I wou'd or no; yet what I so admire in his Temper, is, that for all the former Heat, I no sooner mentioned you, but he flew from it, and run upon another Scent, as if the first had never been.

Tour. Where did you find him?

Vid. At the Princess of Cleve's; and my Heart tells me that's the Lady that acquainted her Husband how she was determin'd to make him a Cuckold——if he pleas'd to give his Consent——

Tour. My Judgment, which is most sagacious in these Matters, is most positive in your Opinion; for by his whitely Cast, the Prince of Cleve must be the Man fork'd in the Book of Fate——

Vid.

Vid. And yet 'tis odd, that *Nemours*, of all Men, shou'd have such Luck at this Lottery.

Tour. O, to choose, my Lord ! because she's nice and precise ; your denture Ladies that are so squob in Company, are Devils in a Corner ; they are a sort of melancholy Birds that ne'er peep abroad by Day, but they to whirr, to whouit at Night : nay, to my particular Knowledge, all grave Women love wild Men, and if they can but appear civil at first, they certainly snap 'em ; for mark their Language : The Man is a handsom Man, if he had but Grace ; the Man has Wit, Parts, and excellent Gifts, if he won'd but make a right use of 'em. Why all these If's are but civil Pimps to a most bawdy Conclusion—But see, I descry him with a Mask yonder——

Vid. You'll remember *St. Andre's* Lady for this Discovery.

Tour. If she be not yours to Night, never acquaint me with a Mystery. agen——

Vid. Not a word to the Duke——My Gravity gets me a hanker over him——Therefore, if you tell him of any Love Matters of mine, you must never hope for more Secrets——

Tour. Trouble not your Head, but away. [*Exit Vid.* So, this gets me a Diamond from the Queen, an Ambassador's Merit at last. Confess to her Husband ! alas, poor Princess——See, they come ; but that which startles me, is how a Woman of *Marguerite's* Sex can contain all this while as she seems to do ; but perhaps she designs to pump him——or has some further End, which I must learn.

Enter Nemours and Marguerite.

Mar. But did you never promise thus before ?

Nem. Never—But why these Doubts ? — Thou hast all the Wit in the World——Thou know'st I love thee without Protections, why then this Delay ?

Marg. I have not convers'd with you an Hour, and you are for running over me : No, Sir ; but if you can have patience till the Ball——Oh I shall burst——

Nem.

Nem. Patience, I must ; but if it were not for the Clog of thy Modesty, we might have been in the third Heaven by this, and have danc'd at the Ball beside——Ha ! you faint——Take off your Mask——

Marg. Unhand me, or——But pray, ere we part, let me ask you a serious Question ; What if you shou'd have pick'd up a Devil incarnate ?

Nem. Why, by your loving to go in the dark thus, makes me begin to suspect you——But be a Devil and thou wilt, if we must be damn'd together, who can help it ?——

Marg. I shall not hold——

Nem. Yet, now I think on't, thou canst be no Devil, thou art so afraid of a Sinner ; for you refused me just now, when I propos'd to sell my self, and seal the Bargain with the best of my Blood.

Marg. But if I should permit you, cou'd you find in your Heart to engender with a damn'd Spirit ?

Nem. Yes, marry cou'd I, for all you ask the Question so seriously : For know, thou bewitching Creature, I have long'd any time this seven Years to be the Father of a *Succubus*——

Marg. Fiend, and no Man——

Nem. Besides, Madam, don't you think a feat Devil of yours and my begetting, wou'd be a prettier Sight in a House, than a Monkey or a Squirrel ? Gad, I'd hang Belis about his Neck, and make my Valet spruce up his Brush Tail every Morning as dully as he comb'd my Head.

Marg. But is it possible (for I know you have a Mistress, a Convenience, as you call her) that you cou'd leave her for me, who may be ugly, diseas'd, or a Devil indeed for ought you know ?

Nem. Why, since you tax me with Truth, I must answer like a Man of Honour ; I cou'd leave her for thee, or any of your Tribe, so were they all like you——

Marg. But in the Name of Reason, what is there in us Runners at all, that a Wife, or a Mistress of that Nature, may not possess with more advantage ?

Nem.

Nem. Why, the Freedom, Wit and Roguery, and all sort of acting, as well as Conversation. In a Domestick *Ibe*, there's no Gaiety, no Chat, no Discourse, but of the Cares of this World, and its Inconveniencies; what we do, we do, but so dully; by Gad, my Thing ask'd me once when my Breeches were down, what the Stuff cost a Yard—Ha! what now, upon the Gog agen? Nay then have with you at all Adventures, at least to put you in mind of the Ball—
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Ha! yonder she lost him——see, what can she intend by keeping her self so close——But see *La March* has seiz'd her, and now the Mystery will open it self.

Re-enter Marguerite with La March.

La M. But have you found him false?

Tour. Curses, Damnation,
The Wracks of Woman's Wits, when her Soul
Is balk'd of Vengeance, wait on his Desires.

La M. Why did you leave him so upon the sudden?

Marg. Because I found my Passion move too strongly,
My foolish Heart would not obey my Will;
I found my Eyes grow full, my Sighs had chok'd me,
And I was dying in his Arms——

La M. But now

You have got Breath, what is your Purpose, Madam?

Marg. To meet him as I promis'd, to enjoy him
With the last Pang of a revengeful Pleasure;
And let him know——

Then make him damn himself with thousand Oaths,
That he'll ne'er see forsaken *Marguerite* more,
The curst, fond, foolish, doting *Marguerite*:
For thus with an extorted Gallantry,
I'll force him to revile me to my Face;
Then throw the Mask away, and vent my Rage:

Tell

Tell him he is a Fiend, Devil, Devil, Devil,
Or what is worse, a Man ———

And leave him to the Horror of his Soul. [Exit.

Tour. I've heard her rave, and must applaud thy Con-
To the next Task, then when she has satisfied [duet :
This odd Figary of Revenge and Pleasure,
Take her in the Height of her Disdain,
And ply her with the Dauphin; then tell *Nemours*
Of her resolve to cast him further off:
Millions to one we carry the Design.
But haste and scout, while I attend the Duke,
That harps upon the Loss of his new Mistress.

Enter Nemours.

Nem. Death and the Devil — We went talking a-
long so pleasantly, when of a sudden whisp'ring, she
wou'd not fail me at the Ball, she sprung from me at
yon dark Corner, and vanish'd. Well, if she be a Devil,
Hell by her shou'd be a merry Place, or perhaps she has
not been there yet; but fell this Morning and took Earth
in her way: my Comfort is, I shall make a new Disco-
very if she keeps her Word; and she has too much Wit
to break it before she try me.

Tour. And where are you to make this new Discovery?

Nem. At the Ball in Masquerade — Thus wou'd I
have Time roll still all in these lovely Extremes, the Cor-
ruption of Reason being the Generation of Wit; and
the Spirit of Wit lying in the Extravagance of Pleasure:
nay, the two nearest ways, to enter the Closet of the
Gods, and lie even with the Fates themselves, are Fury
and Sleep — Therefore the Fury of Wine, and Fury
of Women possess me waking and sleeping; let me dream
of nothing but dimpl'd Cheeks, and laughing Lips, and
flowing Bowls; *Venus* be my Star, and whoring my
House, and Death I defy thee. Thus sung *Rosidore* in
the Urn — But where and when, with my Fops Wives,
be quick, thou know'st my Appointment with this un-
known, and the Minute's precious.

Tour. Why, I have contrived you the sweetest Night in the World, if you dare.

New. Dare, and in a Woman's Cause! why, I have no Drop of Blood about me, but must out in their Service, and what matter is't which way?

Tour. Know, *Polstrot's* Lady has infected me, how *St. Andre* walks in his Sleep, and that her Husband last Night attempted to cuckold him; that she watch'd and overheard the whole Matter, but *Polstrot* cou'd not find the Door before *St. Andre* returned; she doubts not but he will try again to-night — Now, if you can nick the time when *Polstrot* rises, and steal to her, ten to one but she'll be glad to be revenged —

Nem. Or she would not tell thee the Bus'ness — There wants but speaking with her, taking her by the Hand, and 'tis a Bargain —

Enter Celia, Elianer mask'd. Polstrot, St. Andre following.

Tour. Step, step aside, they are upon the hunt for you, and their Husbands have 'em in the Wind; stand by a while to observe, and I'll turn you loose upon 'em —

St. A. Ha, *Tournon*! by my Honour a Prize, let's board 'em.

Pol. Be not too desperate, my little Frigate: for I am, that I am, a furious Man of Honour.

Cel. Now Heaven defend us, what will you give us a Broadside?

El. Lord! how I dread the Guns of the lower Tide.

St. A. Such notable Marks-Men too, we never miss hitting between Wind and Water.

Cel. I'll warrant they carry Chain-shot: Pray Heaven they do not split us, Sister!

Pol. Yield then, yield quickly, or no Mercy; we have been so shattered to-day already by two Sho-Pirates, that we are grown desperate.

El. But what alas have we done, that you shou'd turn your Revenge upon us poor harmless innocents, that never wrong'd you, never saw you before?

Cd.

The Princess of Cleve. 51

Cel. If you shou'd deal unkindly with us, 'twould break our Hearts, for we are the gentlest Things.

St. A. And we will use you so gently, so kindly, like little Birds, you shall never repent the Loss of your Liberty.

El. I'll warrant, Sister, they'll put us in a Cage, or tie us by the Legs.

Pol. No, upon the Word of a Man of Honour, your Legs shall be at Liberty.

Cel. What will you pinion our Wings then, and let us hop up and down the House?

St. A. Not in the House where we live; pretty Soul, for there's two ravenous Sow-Cats will eat you.

El. Your Wives, you mean.

Pol. Something like, two melancholy things that sit purring in the Chimney-Corner, and to exercise their Spite, kill Crickets.

Cel. Oh! for God-sake keep us from your Wives.

St. A. I'll warrant thee, little *Rosamond*, safe from my jealous *Elleanor* ———

Pol. And if any Wife in *Europe* dares but touch a Hair of thee, I say not much, but that Wife were better be a Widow.

El. But are your Wives handsome and well quality'd? for whatever you say to us, when you have had your Will, you'll home at Night, and for my part I cry, All or None.

Pol. And All thou shalt have, dear Rogue; never fear my Wife's Beauty or Good-nature; they are things to her like Saints and Angels, which she believes never were, nor never will be ——— She's a Bason of Water against Letchery, and looks so sharp whenever I see her, like Vinegar she makes me sweat.

St. A. And mine's so fulsom, that a Goat with the help of Cantharides wou'd not touch her.

Cel. But then for their Qualities ———

St. A. Such Scolds, like Thunder, they turn all the Drink in the Cellar.

Pol. Such Niggards, they eat Kitchen-Stuff and Candles Ends — Once indeed raving mad my Wife seemed

prodigal; for a Rat having eat his way thro' an old Cheese, she baited the Trap for him with a Piece of Paring — But having caught him, by the Lord she eat him up without Mercy, Tail and all.

El. Are they not even with us, Sister?

St. A. 'Tis hop'd tho' the Hangman will take 'em off of our Hands, for they are shrewdly suspected for Witches, mine noints her self ev'ry Night, sets a Broom-Staff in the Chimney, and op'ns the Window, for what purpose but to fly?

Pol. Gad, and my Wife has Tets in the wrong Places; she's warted all over like a pump'd Orange.

Cel. Yet sure, Gentlemen, you told these Hags another Story once, and made as deep Protestations to them as you do to us?

St. A. Never, by this Hand, the Salt Souls fell in Lust with us, and haul'd us to Matrimony like Bears to the Stake.

Pol. Where they set a long black Thing upon us, that cried, *Have and Hold*.

El. Put the Question they had been handfom, brought you great Portions, were pleasant and airy, and willing to humour you.

Enter Nemours with the Vidam.

Nem. Nay, then I can hold no longer: Z'dearth, there's it, Madam, Willing! That Willingness spoils all, my Dear, my Honey, my Jewel, it palls the Appetite like Sack at Meals — Give me the smart disdainful she, that like brisk *Champaign* or sprightly *Burgundy*, makes me smack my Lips after she's down, and long for t'other Glafs.

St. A. Nay, if your Grace come in, there's no dallying, I'll make sure of one.

Pol. Nay, and for my part I am resolv'd to secure another; come, Madam, no striving, for I am like a Lion, when I lay hold, if the Body come not willingly, I pull a whole Limb away —

Nem.

Nem. Yes, Madam, he speaks truth, take it on my Word, who am a rational Creature, he is a great furious wild Beast.

Cel. Pray Heaven he be not a horned Beast: Is the Monster married?

Vid. Yes, Ladies, they are both married.

El. Married! For Heaven's-sake, Gentlemen, save us from the Cattle.

Pol. Why, what is the Breeze in your Tails? Z'd death, Ladies, we'll not eat you.

Cel. Say you so? But we'll not trust you, I am sure you both look hungrily.

Vid. It may be their Wives use 'em unkindly.

El. And the poor good-natur'd Things take it to Heart.

Cel. I swear 'tis pity, they have both promising Looks.

Nem. Proceed, sweet Souls, we'll defend you to Death, spare 'em not.

El. Or it may be we mistake all this while, and their pitiful Looks are caused by loving too much.

Vid. Right, Madam, a little too uxorious; Ha, Ha!

St. A. Now have not I one Word to say, but stand to endure all Jerks like a School-Boy, with my Shirt up.

Pol. I'll have one fling at 'em tho' I die for't; why Ladies you'll overshoot your selves at this rate — Must we only be the Butts to bear all your Railery? methinks you might spend one Arrow at random, and take off that Daw that chatters so near you — Gad, and I think I paid 'em there —

Cel. Butts and Daw! let me never laugh again, if they be not witty too — Why, you pleasant Rogues, Z'life I cou'd kiss them if they did not stink of Matrimony.

St. A. Mum, mum, mum. Did not I tell you 'twas a Madness to speak to them?

El. They envy my Friend too here, this pleasant Companion.

Cel. This dear agreeable Person.

Nem. Ay, damn me, Madam, the Rogues envy us —

El. What a gentle Aspect?

Cel. How proper and airy?

El. See, here's Blood in this Face.

Vid. Pure Blood, Madam, at your Service.

Cel. Will you walk, dear Sir? give me your Hand—

El. And me yours ———

Nem. Come you dear ravishing Rogues — Your Servant, Mr. *Butts* ———

Vid. Gentle Mr. *Butts* ———

El. Adieu, sweet Mr. *Butts*.

Cel. Witty Mr. *Butts*, Ha, Ha, Ha!

[*Exeunt Nem. Vid. Cel. El.*]

St. A. Well, I'll to a Dutcheffs.

Pol. Lord! thou art always so high flown ——— Hast thou never a cast Countess for me? ———

St. A. Come along to the Ball and thou shalt see, the Duke of *Nemours* is the Galant to night ——— and treats at his Palace, because 'tis the King's Birth-Day ——— Let me see what new Fancy for the Masquerade? Oh! I have it ——— Because the Town is much taken with Fortu-telling, I'll act the dumb Man, the Highlander that made such a Noise, and thou shalt be my Interpreter ——— Come along, and as we go I'll instruct thee in the Signs.

Pol. Dear Rogue, let's practise a little before we stir — As what sign for Letchery, because we may nick our Wives.

St. A. Why thus, that's a glancing squeezed Eye — or thus ——— for a moist Hand; or thus, for a Whore in a Corner; or thus, downright Cuckolding.

Pol. Well, I swear this will be rare Sport, and so my damn'd Spouse I am resolv'd to tickle her with a squeez'd Eye, and a moist Hand, and a Whore in a Corner, 'till she confess her self guilty of downright Cuckoldom; then in Revenge for her last Impudence, sue for a Divorce:

And holding to her Face the flying Label,

Call her in open Court, the Whore of *Babel*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Prince and Princess of Cleve.

P. C. Madam, the King commands me to attend His Daughter into *Spain*, and further adds, Because no Princess rivals you in Fame, You will oblige the Court in going with me.

Princess C. My Lord, I am prepar'd, and leave the Court With such a Joy as won'd admit no Bounds ———

P. C. As wou'd admit no bounds! and why? because It takes you from the Charms which you wou'd shun: This is a Virtue of such height indeed, As none but you can boast, nor I deplore. But, Madam, Rumour says, the King intends To join another with me.

Princess C. Who, my Lord?

P. C. 'Twas thought at first the *Chevalier de Guise*.

Princess C. He is your Friend, nor cou'd the King choose better.

P. C. I say, at first 'twas thought the Duke of *Guise* — But I was since instructed by the Queen, That Honour is fix'd upon the Duke *Nemours*.

Princess C. *Nemours*, my Lord?

P. C. Most certain.

Princess C. For what Reason?

P. C. Because I mov'd the Dauphin-Queen to gain him.

Princess C. 'Twas rashly done, against your Interest mov'd.

P. C. Perhaps 'tis not too late yet to supplant him.

Princess C. Do't then, be quick, *Nemours* will share Eclipse your Glory ——— [Your Honours,

P. C. Ha! I must confess

The Soldiers love him, and he bears the Palm Already from the Marshals of the Field.

[Star:

Princess C. And in the Court he's call'd, the Rising- You see each Night at every Entertainment, Where he moves, what Troops of Beauties follow; Now the Queens praise him, and all Eyes admire him —

G 4

P. C.

P. C. Ha! *Chartres* —

Princess C. Ah! my Lord — what have I done?

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, but admire *Nemours*!
O Heaven and Earth! and if I had but patience
To hear you out, how had you lost your self
On that eternal Object of your Love?
No, Madam, no, 'tis false, 'tis no *Nemours* :
'Twas my Invention to find out the Truth,
Your Trouble has convinc'd me 'tis *Nemours* :
Which curst Discovery in another Woman,
I shou'd have made by her too eager Joy. [Virtue,
Why speak you not? you're shock'd with your own
The Resolution of your Justice awes you,
Which cannot, dares not give it self the Lye.

Princess C. My Lord, my Love, my Life; Alas, my
Cleve!

O pity me! I know not what to answer,
I'm mortally asham'd, I'm on the Rack;
But spare this humble Passion — Take me with you,
Where I may never see a Man again.

P. C. O rise, my *Chartres*! rise if possible;
I'll force thee to be mine in spite of Fate:
My constant Martyrdom and deathless Kindness,
My more than mortal Patience in these Sufferings,
Shall poize his noblest Qualities; O Heav'n!
No fear, my *Chartres*, tho' these Sorrows fall,
That I suspect thy Glory; thou hast Strength
To curb this Passion in, that else may end us.
All that I ask thee, is to bend thy Heart.

Princess C. I'll break it.

P. C. Turn it from *Nemours*, *Nemours* —
But Oh! that Name presents thy Danger greater;
Look to thy Honour then, and look to mine;
I ask it as thy Lover and thy Husband;
I beg it as a Man whose Life depends
Upon thy Breath, that offers thee a Heart
All bleeding with the Wounds of mortal Love,
All hack'd and gash'd, and stab'd and mangl'd o'er;
And yet a Heart so true, in spite of Pain,
As ne'er yet lov'd, nor ever shall again. [Exit *P. C.*

Enter

Enter Irene.

Irene. Ha ! Madam, speak, how is it with your Heart ?

Princess C. As with a timorous Slave, condemn'd to Torments,

That still cries out, he cannot, will not bear it ;
And yet bears on.

Irene. Ah, Madam ! I would speak,

If you could bear the dreadful News I bring.

Princess C. Alas ! thou canst not add to Grief like mine..

Irene. May I demand then, if you have not told

The Secret to your Husband ?

Princess C. Ha ! *Irene*——

Why dost thou ask ?

Irene. Because but now —— *Tournon*, a Lady of the Queen's

Told me 'tis blaz'd at Court—— *Nemours* confess'd it..

He is belov'd by one of such nice Virtue,

That fearing——left the Passion-might betray her,

She own'd, confess'd and told it to her Husband.

Princess C. Death and Despair—— does *Nemours* but

Irene. He own'd it to the *Vidam*, who agen [avow it ?

Told it Madam *Tournon*—— she to others ;

'Tis true, *Nemours* told not the Lady's Name,

Nor wou'd confess himself to be the Party ;

But yet the Court in general does believe it. [ever ;

Princess C. I am undone—— my Fame is lost for

And Death, *Irene*, must be my Remedy :

'Tis true, indeed, I laid my Bosom op'n,

I shew'd my Heart to that ungrateful *Cleve*,

Who since, in dangerous Search of him I love,

To the eternal Ruin of my Honour,

Has trusted a third Person —— But away ;

I hear his Tread, and am resolv'd to tax him..

Enter Prince Cleve.

Ah ! Sir, what have you done ? if you must kill me,

Are there not Daggers, Poison ? —— But the Jealous

G. 5.

Are.

Are cruel still, and thoughtful in Revenge;
 And single Death's too little: must your Will,
 Of knowing Names my Duty durst not tell you,
 Oblige you to betray me to another;
 So to divulge the Secret of my Soul,
 That the whole Court must know it?

P. C. Ha! know what?

Know my Dishonour; have you told it then?

Princess C. No, 'tis your self, 'tis you reveal'd it, Sir,
 To gain a Confident for more Discovery;
 A Lady of the Queen's just now declar'd it;
 To your eternal Shame you have divulg'd it:
 She had it from the *Vidam*, Sir, of *Chartres*,
 And he from the Duke *Nemours*—

P. C. *Nemours*—

How, Madam, said you—What *Nemours*—*Nemours*?
 Does *Nemours* know you love him? Hell and Furies!
 And that I know it too, and not revenge it! [self]

Princess C. That's yet to seek; he will not own him:
 To be concern'd, he offers not at Names;
 But yet 'tis found, 'tis known, believ'd by all,
 He cannot hold it; 'twill be shortly posted,
 That, *Cleve*, your Wife's, that curst dishonour'd she:
 You told him of—

P. C. Is't possible I told him?

Peace, Peace; and if it lies in human Power
 To reason calmly, tell me, Murd'ers, tell me,
 Compute that Face of flush'd Hypocrisy,
 And answer to a Truth—Was it my Interest
 To speak of this? Was I not rather ty'd
 To wish it buried in the Grave, in Hell?
 Whence it might never rise to blot my Honour—
 But you have seen him, by my Hopes of Heaven,
 You have met and interchang'd your secret Souls:
 On that plotted: since I bore so tamely
 Your first Confession, I should bear the latter.

Princess C. Believe it if you please—

P. C. I must believe it—

This last Proceeding has unmask'd your Soul;
 He sees you every Hour, and knows you love him:
 Nay,

May, for your greater Freedom, you have join'd
To make this loath'd detested *Cleve* your Stale.

Ha!—I believ'd you might o'ercome this Passion :
So well you knew to charm me with the show
Of seeming Virtue, till I lost my Reason.

Princess C. 'Tis likely, Sir, it was but seeming Virtue,
And you did ill to judge so kindly of me——
I was mistaken too in that Confession,
Because I thought that you would do me Justice:

P. C. You were mistaken when you thought I would ;
Sure you forgot I was desperate,
Sentenc'd and doom'd by Fate, or rather damn'd,
To love you to my Grave——And could I bear
A Rival, what and when I was your Husband,
And when you own'd your Passion to my Face,
Confess'd you lov'd me much——But lov'd him more :
Ha——Is not this enough to make me mad ?

Princess C. You have the Power to set all right agen ;
Why do you not end me ?

P. C. No, I'll end my self.
My Thoughts are grown too violent for my Reason.
By this last Usage, Oh! thou hast undone me ;
I know not what——This ought not to be thine——
I have offended, and wou'd sue for Pardon ;
But yet I blush, the Treason is too gross ;
After that most unnatural Confession,
I wonder now that I have liv'd so long :
Confess, and then divulge, make me your Band——
It scents too far, the God of Love flies wide,
He gets the Wind, and stops the Noise at this ;
No more—Farewel—False *Chartres*, false *Nemours*,
False World, false All, since *Chartres* is not true !

But you your Wish with lov'd *Nemours* shall have ?
And shortly see your Husband in the Grave. [*Exit.*]

Princess C. sola.

False World, false *Cleve*, false *Chartres*, false *Nemours* ;
Farewel to all, a long and last Farewel :

From:

From all Converse, to Desarts let me fly,
 And in some gloomy Cave forgotten lie.
 My Bower at Noon the Shade of some old Trees,
 With whistling Winds t' indulge my Pomp of Ease,
 And lulling Murmurs roll'd from neighbouring Seas:
 Where I may sometimes hasten to the Shore,
 And to the Rocks and Waves my Loss deplore;
 Where when I feel my Hour of Fate draws on,
 Lest the false World should claim a parting Groan,
 My Mother's Ghost may rise to fix my Mind,
 And leave no Thought of Tenderness behind. [Exit.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Musick, Songs, Maskers, &c.

Enter Nemours with Musick, Lady Poltrot.

NEMOURS.

HE has confess'd to me he intends to cuckold
St. Andre when he walks in his Sleep ———
 Therefore, if Love shou'd inspire me to nick
 the Opportunity, I hope you will not bar the
 Door which your Husband opens ———

L. P. Ingrateful Monster! ———

Nem. Ingrateful, that's certain; and it lies in your Power
 to make him a Monster.

L. P. I dare not.

Nem. What?

L. P. Trust you.

Nem. Nay, then I'm sure thou wilt let me but in to
 shew the Power you have over me.

L. P. As how my Lord?

Nem. Why, when I have thee in my Arms, by Heaven
 I'll quit my Joys at thy Desire ———

L. P.

L. P. That will indeed be a perfect Trial of your Love; come then through the Garden Back-Stairs and when you see the Candle put out, thrust open the Door.

Nem. By Heaven I'll eat thy Hand——Thou dear sweet Seducer! how it fires my Fancy to steal into a Garden, to rustle through the Trees, to stumble up a narrow Pair of Back-stairs, to whisper through the Hole of the Door, to kiss it open, and fall into thy Arms with a Flood of Joy——

L. P. Farewel, the Company comes, I must leave you a while to engage with my Husband: You'll fall asleep before the Hour——

Nem. If I do, the very Transport of Imagination shall carry me in my Sleep to thy Bed, and I'll wake in the Act.

[*Exit L. P.*
So there's one in the Fernbrake, and if she stir till Morning I have lost my Aim; but now, why, what have we here? a Hugonot Whore, by this Light—— have I? for the forward brisk, she, that promis'd me the Ball-Affignation, that said, there was nothing like slipping out of the Crowd into a Corner, breathing short an Ejaculation, and returning as if we came from Church—— Let me see; I'll put on my Mask, sling my Cloke over my Shoulder, and view 'em as they pass: Not thou, nor thou——

Enter Tournon in the Habit of a Hugonot.

Tour. Ah, thou unclean Person, have I hunted thee there, like a Hart from the Mountains to the Vallies, and thou would'st not be found; verily, thou hast been among the Daughters of the *Philistines*—— Nay, if you are innocent, stand before me, and reply to the Words of my Mouth——

Nem. I shall truly——

Tour. Say then——Hast thou not defiled thy self with any *Dalilah*, since last you fell upon my Neck, and lov'd much?

Nem. Nay, verily——

Tour. Have you not overheated your Body with adulterate Wines? Have you not been at a Play, nor touch'd Fruit after the lewd Orange-Woman?

Nem.

Nem. I am unpolluted.

Tour. And yet, methinks, there is not the same Colour in your Cheeks, nor does the Spirit dance in your Eye as formerly; why do you not approach me? [*Unmarking.*]

Nem. *Tournon* turn'd Heretick! why, thou dear Rascal, this is such a new Frolick, that tho I am engag'd as deep as Damnation to another, thou shalt not 'scape me.

[*Marg. claps him on the Shoulder.*]

Marg. I love a Man that keeps the Commandment of his Word,

Nem. And I a Woman that breaks her's with her Husband, yet loves her Neighbour as her self—I wou'd fain be in private with you.

Col. And I wish you a because I am resolv'd never to see you more.

Nem. Never to see me more! the Reason?

Col. Because I hate you.

Nem. And yet I believe you love me too, because you are precise to the Minute.

Col. True; yet I hate you justly, heartily, and maliciously——

Nem. By Gad, and I'll love thee as heartily, justly and maliciously, as thou can'st love me for thy Blood: Come away, riddle and I'll unfold thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Poltrot, St. Andre disguis'd, with Eliaser, Lady Poltrot coming up to 'em.

El. But is it true indeed, that your Friend can tell all the Actions of our Life, past, present, and to come, yet cannot speak one Word?

Pol. O he's infallible! why, what, did you never hear of your second-sight Men, your dumb *Highlanders* that tell Fortunes? Why, you wou'd think the Devil in Hell were in him, he speaks so exactly.

El. I thought you had said he was dumb?

Pol. Right; but I am his Interpreter, and when the Fit comes on him, he blows through me like a Trumpet, and straight I become his speaking Trumpet.

E. P. Pray, Sir, may not I have my Fortune told me too?

Pol.

Pol. Ay, and there were a thousand of you, he will run you 'em over like the Chris-cross-row, and never miss a Tittle; he shall tell you his Name that cried God: bless you when you sneez'd last; tell you when you wink'd last; when and where you scratch'd last; and where you sat o' *Saturday*——

El. Pray let him tell us then, for we are Sisters; our Tempers and Conditions, whether married or unmarried, with all the Impertinencies thereunto belonging.

Pol. I'll speak to him, Son of the Sun, and Emperor of the Stars—— *St. A.* Ha, ha——

Pol. Look ye, look ye, he's pleas'd to tell you, but you must go near him; for he must look in your Hand, touch your Face, Breasts, and wherever else he pleases.

St. Andre makes Horns with both his Hands, puts his Finger in his Mouth, and laughs.

Pol. *In Nomine Domine Bomine*: I protest I am confounded; well Ladies, I could not have thought it had been in you; but 'tis certainly true, and I must out with it: First, he says, you are both married, you are both libidinous beyond Example, and your Husbands are the greatest Cornutors in *Christendom*——

El. {
L. P. { Indeed!

Pol. Ay, indeed, indeed, and indeed—— He says you are a Couple of *Messalina's*, and the Stews cannot satisfy you; he says, your Thoughts are swell'd with a Carnosity; nay, nay, you have the Green-Sickness of the Soul, which runs upon nothing but neighing Stallions, churning Boars, and bellowing Bulls——

L. P. [Oh! I confess, I confess—— Ba for Heaven sake, dear Sir—— Let it not take Air, for then we are both undone.

El. Oh! Undone, undone, Sir, if our Husbands shou'd know it; for they are a Couple of the jealouslest, troublesome, impertinent Cuckolds alive.

Pol. Alack! alack——O *Jezabel!* but I will have my Eunuchs flying her from the Window, and the Dogs shall eat her.

L. P. But pray, Sir, ask him how many times——

Pol.

Pol. What, how many times have you cuckolded 'em?

El. Spare our Modesty, you make the Blood so flush in our Faces.

Pol. But by *Jove*, I'll let it out; I'll hold her by the Muzzle, and stick her like a Pig——

L. P. Will you speak to him, Sir?

Pol. See, he understands you without it; he says, your Iniquities are innumerable, your Fornications like the Hairs of your Head, and your Adulteries like the Sands on the Sea-shore; that you are all Fish downward; that *Lot's* Wife is fresh to you; and that when you were little Girls of Seven, you were so wanton, your Mothers ty'd your Hands behind you——

El. All this we confess to be true; but we confess too if Fate had found out any sort of Tools, but those leaden Rogues our Husbands——

L. P. Whose Wits are as dull as their Appetites——

El. Mine's such an Utensil, as is not fit to wedge a Block.

L. P. Nor mine the Beetle to drive him.

St. A. Nay then, 'tis time to uncase and be reveng'd.

L. P. Hark you Strumpet——

El. { Ha, ha, ha, are you not fitted finely?

L. P. { —— You must turn Fortune-tellers, must you?

El. And think we could not know you?

L. P. Well, Gentlemen, shall homely *Beck* go down with you at last?

Pol. But didst thou know me then indeed?

L. P. As if that sweet Voice of yours could be disguis'd in any shape.

Pol. Nay, I confess, I have a Whirl in my Voice, a Warble that is particular——

El. And what say you, Sir, shall musty Wife come into your Grace agen?

St. A. She shall; and here's my Hand on't, all Friends *Nell*, and when I leave thee agen, may I be Cuckold in earnest,

Pol. Certain, as I live, all this proceeded from his Lady, my dreaming Cuckold Wife cou'd never think on't; well, I am resolv'd this very Night, when he
rambles.

rambles in his Sleep, to watch him, slip to his Wife, and say nothing. Hey! Come, come, where are these Dancers? a little Diversion, and then for Bed.

D A N C E.

Tour. [to *El.*] I have lock'd the *Vidam* in your Closet, who will be sure to watch your Husband's rising, therefore be not surpriz'd ——— [Exit *Tour.*

St. A. Come, well, let's away to Bed.

El. And what then?

St. A. Nay, Gad, that I can't tell; for what with Dancing, Singing, Fencing, and my last Dutcheſs, I am very drowzy.

Pol. And so am I; perhaps our Wives have given us *Opium*, lest we shou'd disturb 'em in the Night.

El. Don't these Men deserve to be fitt'd?

Col. They do, and Fortune grant they may — Hear us, O! hear us, good Heaven, for we pray heartily.

[*Exeunt, as Nemours and Marguerite enter.*

Nem. Was ever Man so blest with such Possession,
Thou ebbing, flowing, ravishing, racking Joy!
A Skin so white and soft, the yielding Mould
Lest not the Fingers stay upon the Dint;
But from the beauteous Dimples slip 'em down
To Pleasures that must be without a Name.
Yet Hands, and Arms, and Breasts we may remember,
And that which I love, no smelling Art,
But sweet Nature, as just peeping Violets, or op'ning Buds.

Marg. Then do you love me?

Nem. O! I could die, methinks, this very Hour;
But for the luscious Hopes of thousands more,
And all like these; yet when I must go out,
Let it be thus, with Beauty laughing by me,
Songs, Lutes, and Canopies, while I sacrifice
To thee the last dear ebbing Drop of Love.
But show me now that Face.

Marg. No, you dissemble, you say the same thing to every one you meet; I thought once indeed to have fix'd my Heart upon you, but I'm off agen, and am resolv'd you shall never see me.

Nem.

Nem. You dally, come, by all the Kindness pass.

Marg. Swear then.

Nem. What?

Marg. Never to touch your dear domestick she,
That lives in Shades to all the World but me.
Do you guess, I know you now?

Nem. I do, and swear; but are these equal Terms,
that you shall never touch a Man but me?

Marg. I will ——— But how can you convince me?
Oaths with you, Libertines of Honour, are to little purpose.

Nem. But this must satisfy thee, there is more pleasure
in thee after Enjoyment, than in her and all Womankind
before it; thou hast Inspiration, Ecstasy, and Transport,
all these bewitching Joys that make Men mad ———

Marg. [*Unmasking.*] And thou villany, witchery; per-
jury, all those monstrous, diabolical Arts, that seduce
young Virgins from their innocent Homes, set them on
the High-way to Hell and Damnation.

Nem. Ha! ha! my *Marguerite*, is't possible?

Marg. Call me not yours, nor think of me again,
I am convinc'd you're Traitors all alike, [*veng'd*;
And from this Hour renounce you — Nor but I'll be re-
Yes, I will try the Joys of Life like you,
But not with Men of Quality, you Devils of Honour;
No, I will satisfy my Pride, Disdain, Rage and Revenge
more safely,

By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth I will;
I'll change my loving, lying Tinsel Lord,
For an obedient, wholsom, drudging Fool.

Nem. Why this will make thee better easy to both;
Take you your Ramble, Madam, and I'll take mine.
But is't possible for one of your nice Taste to bed a Fool?

Marg. To choose, to choose, my Lord,
A Fool; now by my Will and Pride of Heart,
There's Freedom, Fancy and Creation in't,
He trickles to the Frown, and cries forgive me;
Besides the moulding of him without blushing;
And what would Woman more? Now view the other,
Your Man of Sense, that vaunts despatch Pow'r,
That reels precisely home at Break of Day,

Thunders

Thunders the House, brains half the Family, {day?
Cries, where's my Whore, what will she stew till Doom-
When she appears, and kindly goes to help him,
Roars out, a Shop, a Walking-Shop of Scents,
Flavours of Physick, and the clammy Bath,
The Stench of Orange-Flower's, the Devil Pulvilio;
These, these, he cries, are the blest Husband's Joys!

Nem. I swear most natural and unaffected — Ha!
ha ———

Marg. But if he chance to use her civilly,
Take heed, there's Covert-Malice in his Smiles,
Millions to one the Villain has been whoring,
And comes to try Experiments on her;
Besides a thousand Under-Plots and Crosses,
Prescribing Silence still where'er he comes,
No chat, he cries, of Colours, Points or Fashions,

Nem. Preach on, Divine, ha! ha ———

Marg. Let me not hear you ask my sickly Lady,
Whether she found Obstructions at the Waters.

Nem. Fy, that's obscene ———

Marg. Thus damns the Affectation of our Prattle,
And swears he'll gag the Clack, or what is worse.

Nem. Nay, hole ———

Marg. Send for the new-found Lock ———

Nem. What, mad ———

Marg. Do Villain, Traitor ———
Contrive this Mischief if thou canst, for me;
Send thou the Padlock, but I'll find the Key. [*Exit.*

Nem. Whir goes the Partridge on the purring Wing —
Yet when I see my time I must recal her;
For she has admirable things in her, such as if I gain not,
the Princess of Cleve may fix me to her, without nauseating
the Vice of Constancy — ha! *Bellamora.*

Enter Bellamora.

Whas News, my Dear, ha, — hast thou found her?
Speak.

Bell. I have.

Nem. Where, how, when, and by what means?

Bell.

Bell. After I had enquired after the Prince's Health,
I ask'd a Woman of his Lady, who told me,
She was retired into the great Bower in the Garden.

Nem. The very Place where first I saw and lov'd her,
When after I had sav'd the Prince's Life,
He brought me late one Ev'ning to the View,
There Love and Friendship first began;
My Love remains, and Friendship, as
Much as Man can have for his Cuckold;
Nay, I know not that Man upon Earth I love so well, or
cou'd take so much from, as this hopeful Prince of *Cleve*—
Didst thou see her in the Garden? —

Bell. My Lord, I did, where she appear'd like her that
gave *Acteon* Horns, with all her Nymphs about her, busy
in tying Knots which she took from Baskets of Ribbons
that they brought her; and methought she ty'd and un-
ty'd 'em so prettily as if she had been at cross Questions,
or knew not what she did, her Face, her Neck and Arms
quite bare —

Nem. No more; if I live I'll see her to Night, for the
heroick Vein comes upon me — Death and the Devil,
what shall become of the Back-Stair Lady then? — hark-
thee, *Bellamore*, take this Key: Dost thou hear, Rogue?
go to *St. Andre's* House, through the Garden up the Back-
Stairs, push open the Door and be blest. Hell! can't I
be in two Places at once? hark thee, give her this, and
this, and this; when thou bitest her with a parting Blow,
sigh out *Nemours*.

Bell. I'll do't —

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Nem. Go to *Tournon* for the rest, he'll instruct thee in
the Management: Away.

Ha! he comes up but slowly, yet he sees me,
Perhaps he's jealous, why then I'm jealous too;
Hypocrisy and Softness, with all the Arts of Woman,
Tip my Tongue.

P. C. I come, my Lord, to ask if you love me.

Nem.

Nem. Love thee, my *Cleve* ! by Heaven, ere yet I saw
Thus were my Prayers still offered to the Fates: [thee,
If I must choose a Friend, grant me, ye Powers,
The Man I love may seize my Heart at once ;
Guide him the perfect Temper of yourselves,
With ev'ry manly Grace and shining Virtue ;
Add yet the Bloom of Beauty to his Youth,
That I may make a Mistress of him too.

P. C. O Heav'n !

Nem. That at first View our Souls may kindle,
And like two Tapers kindly mix their Beams ;
I knelt, and pray'd, and wept for such a Blessing,
And they return'd me more than I cou'd ask,
All that was good, or great, or just in thee.

P. C. You say you love me, I must make the Proof,
For you have brought it to a Doubt ———

Nem. In what ?

P. C. In this ; you have not given me all your Heart.
You muse of late, ev'n on my Bridal Day,
I saw you sit with a too thoughtful Brow ;
You sigh'd, and hung your Head upon your Hand :
Nay, in the midst of Laughter ———
You started, blush'd, and cry'd, it was wondrous well,
And yet you knew not what — speak like a Friend,
What is the Cause, my Lord ?

Nem. Shall I deal plainly with you ? I'm not well.

P. C. I do believe it, how happen'd the Distemper ?

Nem. It is too deep to search, nor can I tell you.

P. C. Then you are no Friend.

Shou'd *Cleve* thus answer to *Nemours*, I cannot ;
Say rather, that you will trust a Man
You do not love.

Nem. By Heav'n I do.

P. C. By Heaven you do ? yet 'tis too deep to search
For such a shallow Friend.

Nem. Of all Mankind
You ought not ———

P. C. Nay the rest.

Nem. It is not fit,
Be satisfied I'll bear it to my Grave whate'er it be.

P. C. You are in Love, my Lord,
And if you do not swear — But where's the need ?
You start, you change, you are another Man,
You blush, you're all constraint, you turn away.

Nem. Why take it then; 'tis true I am in Love,
In Torture, Racks, in all the Hells of Love,
Of hopeless, restless, and eternal Love.

P. C. Her Name, my Lord.

Nem. Her Name, my Lord, to you ?

P. C. To me, Confusion, Plagues, and Death upon me !
Why not to me ? and wherefore did you say,
Of all Mankind I ought not ? — There you stopt,
But wou'd have said — To pry into this Business —
Yet speak to ease the Troubles of my Soul,
By all our Friendship, by the Life thou gav'st me,
I do conjure thee, thunder in my Ears,
'Tis *Chartres* that thou lov'st, *Chartres* my Wife.

Nem. Your Wife, my Lord ?

[it.

P. C. My Wife, my Lord; and I must have you own

Nem. I will not tell you, Sir, who 'tis I love;
Yet think me not so base, were it your Wife,
That all the subtlest Wit of Earth or Hell
Should make me vent a Secret of that Nature
To any Man on Earth, much less to you.

P. C. Yet you cou'd basely tell it to the *Vidam*,
And he to all the Court — But I waste time
By all the boiling Venom of my Passion,
I'll make you own it ere we part — Dispatch,
Say thou hast whor'd my Wife, Damnation on me,
Pronounce me, Cuckold.

Nem. But then I give my self the Lye,
Who told you but just before, I would not speak,
Tho' I had done it: Which I swear I have not —
Beside, I fear you are going mad.

P. C. Draw then and make it up;
For if thou dost not own what I demand;
What you both know, and have consplotted on me,
Tho' neither will confess, I swear agen,
That one of us must fall.

Nem. Then take my Life.

P. C.

P. C. I will, by Heav'n, if thou refuse me Justice:
Draw then, for if thou dost not, I will kill thee,
And tell my Wife thou basely didst confess
Thy Guilt at last, in hopes to save thy Life.

Nem. That is a Blasphemy indeed, that Honour shrinks at:
Therefore I draw, but Oh! but witness Heaven,
With such a trembling Hand and bleeding Heart,
As if I were to fight against my Father.
Therefore I beg thee by the Name of Friend,
Which once with half this Suit wou'd have dissolv'd thee;
I beg thee, gentle Cleve, to hold thy Hand.

P. C. I'm deaf as death, that calls for one or both.

[Cleve is disarm'd. Nemours gives him his Sword again.]

Nem. Then give it me, I arm thy Hand again,
Against my Heart, against this Heart that loves thee:
Trust then, for by the Blood that bears my Life,
Thou shalt not know the Name of her I love;
Not but I swear upon the Point of Death,
Your Wife's as clear from me as Heav'n first made her.

P. C. No more, my Lord, you've given me twice my

Nem. Are you not hurt? [Life.

P. C. Alas! 'tis not so well,

I have no Wound but that which Honour makes,
And yet there's something cold upon my Heart,
I hope 'tis Death, and I shall shortly pay you
With Chastres' Love, for you deserve her better.

Nem. No, Sir, you shall not, you shall live, my Lord,
And long enjoy your beauteous virtuous Bride;
You shall, dear Prince, why are you then so cold?

P. C. I cannot speak — But thus, and thus, there's
something rises here. [away,

Nem. Fit wait you home; nay, shake these Drops
And hang upon my Arm —

P. C. I will do any thing;

So you will promise never to upbraid me.

Nem. I swear I will not.

P. C. But will you love me too as formerly?

Nem. I swear far more than ever.

P. C.

P. C. Thou know'st my Nature's soft, yet, Oh
Such Love as mine, and injur'd as I thought,
Wou'd spleen the Gail-less Turtle, wou'd it not?

Nem. It wou'd, by Heav'n — You make a Woman
of me. *Weeping.*

P. C. Why any thing thou say'st to humour me,
Yet it is kind, and I must love these Tears,
I hope my Heart will break, and then we're even;
And yet if this cruel Love thy *Cleve* should kill,
Remember after Death thou lov'st me still.

SCENE II.

Enter Tournon with the Vidua.

Tour. So, let the Corner be your Post, and as soon as
ever you see *St. Andre* come stalking in his Dream, slip to
his Lady: and when you have agreed upon the Writings,
I'll be ready to bring you off with a Witness.

Vid. Thou dear obliging —

Tour. No more o' that; away, mark but how usually
those that are gifted with Discretion bring things about;
in the Name of Goodness let Men and Women have
their Risks, but still be careful of the Main — Here's our
hot-headed Lord goes mad for a prating Girl, treats her,
presents her, flames for her, dies for her, till she's Post
complies for pure Love, and when the Business fails, is
forc'd to live at last by the Love of his Footman; but that
that makes a firm Bargain, is commonly thought a great
Soul; for my Lord, having consider'd on't, thinks her
a Person of depth, and so resolves to have it out of her —
But why do I talk so my self, when there's something to
do? certainly I shou'd have made a rare Speaker in a
Parliament of Women, or a notable Head to a female
Jury, when his Lordship gravely puts the Question, Whe-
ther it be *Satis*, or *Non Satis*, or *Nunquam Satis*, and
we bring it in *Ignoramus* — Ha! but who comes here?
I must attend for *Bellamore*.

Enter.

Enter Poltrot, Celia overbearing.

Pol. My Wife and I went to Bed together, and I'll warrant full she was of Expectation, so white and clean, and much inclin'd to laugh, and lay at her full length, as who wou'd say, come eat me.

Cel. Said she so, sweet Sir?

Pol. Not a bit, by the Lord, not I, not I ———

Cel. Alas! nice Gentleman.

Pol. A Farmer wou'd say this was barbarously done, because he loves Beef — But I have Plover in reserve —

Enter St. Andre in his Sleep. The Vidam goes in.

Ha! *St. Andre*, hark, I hear him baffle: O Lord! how my Heart goes pit-a-pat! nay, I dream'd last Night I was gult — 'Tis he, 'tis he, by the Twilight I see him — Ay, now the Politick Head goes, it shall branch by and by — What was that stop for? there's neither Gate nor Stile in your way; now by that sudden stretch, he seems as if he wou'd take a Jump, or practise on the high Rope. O your humble Servant, Sir, I'll but do a little Business for you and be with you agen. Nay, look you, Sir, I have as many Bobs as *Democritus* when he cry'd Poor Jack — There's more Pride in a Puritan's Band, short Hair, and Cap pinch'd, than under a King's Crown. Poor Jack, Citizens, Citizens, look to your Wives, the Courtiers come, look to 'em, they'll do 'em; look to 'em, they'll do 'em; Poor Jack —

St. A. Ha! Ha! You'll tickle me to Death — Nay — Your Mistress will hear us — Thou art the wantonest Rogue —

Enter Tournon with Bellamore.

Tour. Madam.

Cel. Here's ———

Tour. Here's a Thief I took in your Chamber ———

78 *The Princess of Cleve.*

Bell. Ah, Madam ! retire for a Moment, and I'll make you the whole Confession.

Cel. Confess, and you know what follows ; however I am resolved to hear what you can say for your self.

St. A. Nay Pish, nay Fy, Sweet Heart—— But I'll kiss you if I can ;

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Poltrot.

I did not take you for to be such a kind of Man.

But I'll go call my Mother as loud as I can cry.

Why, Mother, Mother, Mother, out upon you, Fy.

Pol. O Lord ! O Lord ! I had like to have trod upon a Serpent that would have bit me to Death. I went to take up the Clothes as gently as I cou'd for my Life, when a great, huge, hoarse Voice flew in my Face, with damme me you Son of a Whore, I'll cut your Throat ; you may guess I wix'drew, for to my Conscience the Right had almost made me unclean : but I'll for my own Spouse, and if the Lord be pleas'd to bring me off safe this bout, I'll never go a Cuckold making agen while my Eyes are open.

[*Exit.*]

St. A. Hark, my Wife's coming up Stairs—— Help up with my Breeches ; so, so, smooth the Bed—— What damn'd Luck is this—— So, fall a rubbing the Room agen—— Hark you, Wife ; *Celia* has been upon the hunt for you all this Day, she's below in the Garden ; go, go, we'll kiss when you come back—— Now, Sirrah, now, you Rogue, she's gone ; come, come, lose not your Opportunity, I'll keep on my Breeches for fear—— Ay ? No, no, not upon the Bed ; Pish, against the Back of this Chair—— Won't—— How can you tell—— Try—— I'll buy thee a new Gown, and a Fan, and a laced Petticoat, and pay thee double Wages ; O thou dear, pretty, soft, sweet wriggling Rogue, what wou'dst thou dodge me ? Gad, but I'll have thee : Gad, but I'll catch thee ; Ay, and have at thee agen and agen.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Poltro.

Pol. Was ever Man of Honour thus unfortunately met with? I went into my Chamber, and trod as softly as a half-starved Mouse, for fear of waking my Cat; when coming close to my Bedside, methought it rocked to and fro like a great Cradle; and the Clothes heav'd as if some Beast lay blowing there — But the Beast was by the Bedside it seems — Yes, I am, and who can help it, as very a Cornuto as e'er was grafted — I heard my beloved Wife too — The Plagues of Egypt on her — I speak so lovingly and anguily together — Nay, prithee my Dear — Nay, now you are tire some — I shall be sham'd, to look you in the Face again! Why, how will she look upon me then? O Lord — What shall I do? shall I stand thus like a Cuckold; Son of a Whore, with my Horns in my Pocket, and not be reveng'd —

Enter St. Andre —

But here comes as very a Cuckold as my self: I am resolv'd to wake him, and we'll fall upon them together —
Alon. St. Andre, St. Andre.

St. A. Ti-ti-tis im-im-im-possible! I I I should be the Man, so-so-for I cannot speak a plain Word.)

Pol. You're a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold.

St. A. Why lo-lo-look you, I said it co-co-could not be me; for, Sir, I all the World knows, I am not a Cu-Cu-Cuckold.

Pol. Wake, wake, I say, or I'll shake the Bones out of your Body; your Horns are a growing, your Bed is a going, your Heifer's a plowing.

St. A. Why, let her Plo-Plo-Plow on, if the Se-Se-Seed be well sown, we shall have a good Cro-Crop.

Pol. Worse and worse: why then I'll roar out directly and raise the Neighbours — Help, Ho Help! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Cuckoldom! Cuckoldom! Thieves! Murder! Rapes! Cuckoldom!

Enter the Vidam and Bellamore. The Vidam comes up to Poltrot, shoots off a Pistol. St. Andre and Poltrot fall down together——Tournon enters with the Ladies——Tournon leads off the Vidam and Bellamore.

Col. Thieves, Thieves! Ho! Jacques! Pedro——
Thou——

Ed. Thieves! Thieves——Wake! wake! my Lord.
St. A. waking.] Why, What the Devil's the matter? Where am I?

Ed. O! you'll never leave this ill habit of walking in your Sleep——'Tis a Mercy we had not all been murder'd——You went down in your Shirt, Sir, open'd the Door, and let in Rogues that had like to have cut all our Throats——But for the future, I am resolv'd to tie you to me with the Bed-Cord, rather than endure this——

St. A. Where's Poltrot?

Col. Murder'd, Sir, here! here! here! one of the Villains has discharg'd a Pistol just in his Belly——

St. A. Shot in the Guts! Lord bless us! here Ten, a Light! Light! Light! Shot in the Guts say you——

Pol. Oh! Oh!——Lower, lower, lower——Feel, feel, search me, lower, lower.

St. A. Cold hereabouts——Let's bear him to his Bed, and send for a Surgeon——

Pol. Softly, softly, softly——Come not near me Crocodil; Oh! Oh——

St. A. Unhappy Chance, no where but just in the Guts!

Pol. Yes, yes, yes, in the Head too, in the Head, Man, in the Head: Nay, and let me tell you, you had best search your own, but bear me off, or I shall swoon, I feel something trickle, trickle in my Breeches; Oh! Oh! Oh!
[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours ; Pedro listening.

Nem. Alas! Poor Prince, I protest the Violence of his Passion has cast him in a Fever, he dies of it: ——— And how then? Shall I marry the Princess of *Cleve*, or stick to *Marguerite* as we are? For 'tis most certain she has rare things in her, which I found by my last Experiment, and I love her more than ever, almost to Jealousy: Besides, *Tournon* tells me, the Dauphin begins to buzz about her again, and who knows but in this heat of hers, as she says, she will hang her self out to Sale? but he may nick the time and buy her ——— I like not that — No, I'll throw boldly, clear the Table if I can; if not, 'tis but at last forswearing Play, shake off my new Acquaintance, and be easy with my Reserve ——— Hark, I am just upon the Bower-Musick ———

Ped. I have hitherto obey'd my Master's Order; but I'm resolv'd to dog him till he's lodg'd ———

Nem. Now do I know the Precise will call me damn'd Rogue for wringing my Friend; especially such a soft, sweet natur'd Friend, as this gentle Prince ——— Verily, I say, they lye in their Throats; were the gravest of 'em in my Condition, and thought it shou'd never be known, they wou'd rouse up the Spirit, cast the dapper Cloke, leave off their humming and hawking, and fall too like a Man of Honour. [Exit.

Ped. I'll face him till he enters the Bower, and then call my Lord.

SCENE, *The Bower, Lights, Song.*

The Princess of Cleve, Irene.

SONG.

L Ovely Selina, Innocent and free
From all the dangerous Arts of Love,

H 3

Thus

76 *The Princess of Cleve.*

Thus in a melancholy Grove,
Enjoy'd the sweetness of her Privacy,
Till th' envious Gods designing to undo her,
Dispatch'd a Swain, not unlike them, to woo her:
It was not long ere the design did take,
A gentle Youth born to persuade,
Deceiv'd the too too easy Maid;
Her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake,
And rashly told the Secrets of her Heart,
Which the fond Man would evermore impart.
Rash Florimel, Joy of my Heart, said she,
'Tis hard to love and love in vain,
To love and not be lov'd again;
And why should Love and Prudence disagree?
Pity ye Flowers that sit at ease above,
If e'er you know what 'tis to be Love,

Princess C. Alas! Irene, I do believe Nemours.
The Man thou representst him; yet O Heav'n!
And O my Heart! in spite of my Resolves,
Spite of those matchless Virtues of my Husband,
I love the Man my Reason bids me hate:
Yet grant me some few Hours ye Swains to live,
That I may try what Innocence to arm'd
As mine, with Vows, can do in such a Cause!
The War's begun, the War of Love and Virtue,
And I am fixt to conquer or to die.

Irene. Your Fate is hard; and since you honour'd me
With the important Secret of your Life,
I've labour'd for the Remedy of Love.

Princess C. I must to Death own thee my better Angel.
Thou know'st the Strugglings of my wounded Soul,
Hast seen me strive against this lawless Passion,
Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Wrack,
My Veins half burst, my weary Eye-balls fix'd,
My Brows all cover'd with big Drops of Sweat,
Which strangling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain.

Irene. Alas! I weep to see you thus agen. [first I saw

Princess C. Thou hast heard me curse the Hour when
The fatal charming Face of lay'd Nemours,

Hast

Hast heard the Death-bed Counsel of my Mother,
Yet, what can this avail, spite of my Soul,
The nightly Warnings from her dreadful Shroud?
I love *Nemours*, I languish for *Nemours*;
And when I think to banish him my Breast,
My Heart rebels, I feel a gorging Pain
That chokes me up, Tremblings from Head to Foot,
A shog of Blood and Spirits, Madmens Fears,
Convulsions, gnawing Griefs, and angry Tears.

Enter Nemours.

Ha! but behold ——— My Lord ———

Nem. Oh! pardon me, spare me a Minute's space, and

Princess C. Is this a time, Sir? [I am gone.

Nem. Oh! I must speak or die.

Princess C. Die then, ere thus presume to violate
The Honour of your Friend, your own and mine——

Nem. Yet hear me; and I swear by all things sacred,
Never to see you more.

Princess C. Speak then ——— and keep your Word.
Horror and Death!

Nem. Did you but know what 'tis to love like me,
Without a dawn of Blifs to dream all Day,
To pass the Night in broken Sleeps away,
Toss'd in the restless Tides of Hopes and Fears,
With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears;
To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flow'rs,
T' invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging Hours,
To talk like Madmen to the Groves and Bow'rs. }
Cou'd you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,
If thus it throws my Body at your Feet: Oh fly not
Vouchsafe but just to view me in Despair, [hence;
I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.

Princess C. O Heavens! inspire my Heart.

Nem. The Heavenly Powers
Accept the poorest Sacrifice we bring,
A Slave to them's as welcome as a King.
Behold a Slave that glories in your Chains,
Ah! with some Shew of Mercy view my Pains;

H 4

Your

Your piercing Eyes have made their splendid way,
 Where Lightning cou'd not pass ———
 Ev'n through my Soul their pointed Lustre goes,
 And sacred Smart upon my Spirit throws;
 Yet I your Wounds with as much Zeal desire,
 As Sinners that wou'd pass to Bliss through Fire,
 Yes, Madam, I must love you to my Death,
 I'll fight your Name with my last Gasps of Breath.

Princess C. No more, I have heard you, Sir, as you
 [desir'd.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Reply not, but withdraw, if possible;
 Fix to your Word, and let us trust our Fates;
 Be gone, I charge you, speak not, but retire. [*Exit Nemours*]

P. C. Excellent Woman, and Oh! matchless Friend,
 Love, Friendship, Honour, Poison, Daggers, Death! [*Falls*]

Princess C. O Heaven! *Irene*, help! help the Prince,
 my Lord.

My dearest *Cleve*, wake from this Dream of Death,
 And hear me speak ———

P. C. Curse on my Disposition,
 That thus permits me bear the Wounds of Honour!
 And oh! thou foolish, gentle, love-sick Heart,
 Why didst thou lett my Hand from stabbing both?

Princess C. Behold, my Lord, 'tis yet within your
 To give me Death ——— [Power

P. C. I do intreat thee leave me;
 I'm bound for Death my self, and I wou'd make
 My Passage easy, if you wou'd permit me:
 All that I ask thee for the Heart I gave thee,
 And for the Life I love in thy behalf,
 Is, that thou wou'dst leave me to my self a while,
 And this poor honest Friend ———

Princess C. I wou'd obey you,
 But cannot stir ——— I know, I know, my Lord,
 You think that I design'd to meet *Nemours*
 This Night; but by the Powers above I swear ———

P. C. O! do not swear: for, *Chartres*, credit me,
 There is a Power that can and will revenge;

Therefore

Therefore, dear Soul, for I must love thee still,
If thou wilt speak, confess, repent thy Fault,
And thou, perhaps, may'st find a Door of Mercy
For me; by all my Hopes of Heaven, I swear,
I freely now forgive thee—*Oh my Heart—*
Pedro, thy Arm, let me to Bed—

Princess C. And do you then refuse my Help?

P. C. In honour, *Charlotes*, after such a Fall,
I ought not to permit that thou should'st touch me—

Princess C. But, Sir, I will, your Arm: I'll hold you
Thus in the closest, strictest, dearest Clasp, [all
Nor shall you die believing my Dishonour;
I swear I knew not of *Nemours* his coming,
Nor had I spoke those Words which yet were guileless,
Had he not vow'd never to see me more;
By our first Meeting, by our Nuptial Joys,
By my dead Mother's Ghost, by your own Spirit,
Which, *Oh!* I fear, is taking Leave for ever;
I swear that this is true—

P. C. I do believe thee;
Thou hast such Power, such Charms in those dear Lips,
As might persuade me that I am not dying—
Off *Pedro*, by my most untimely Fate—
I swear—I'm reconcil'd; and hark thee, *Cleve*,
If thou dost marry, ha! I cannot speak,
Away to Bed, yet love my Memory—

Princess C. To Bed, and must we part then?

P. C. Oh! we must—

Were I to live, I shou'd not see thee more—
But since I am dying, by this Kiss I beg thee,
Nay, I command thee part, be gone and leave me.

Princess C. I go and leave thee this farewell Prayer be-
For me, if all I've said be not most true, [hind me.
True as thou think'st me false, all Curses on me!
The Whips of Conscience, and the Stings of Pleasure,
Sores and Distempers, Disappointments, plague me;
May all my Life be one continued Torment—
And that more racking than a Woman's Labour;
In meeting Death may my least Trouble be.
As great as now my parting is with thee. [Ex. *severally*.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVELAND

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. COME, come, take her into Grace agen.
'twas but a slip.



Pol. Take her into Grace agen! —
Why sure you wou'd have her bring me
to that pass she did in *England*, when my Lord *Hair-
brain* us'd to keep me in awe, stand biting my Lips,
twisting my Hat, playing with my Thumbs, while they
were at it, and I durst not look behind me.

Bell. Mere Jealousy; you say your self you saw no-
thing.

Pol. No, Sir, I thank you, I had more care of my
Throat, neither is this the first Fault: for once upon a
time, a little while after we were marry'd, at *London* —
a Pox o' that cuckolding *Trojan* Race; she was talking
to me one Day out of her Window more pleasantly than
ordinary — and acted with her Head and Body won-
drous prettily — Butting at me like a little Goat,
while I butted at her agen. I being glad to find her in
so good a Humour, what did I, Sir, but stole away, and
came softly up the Back-stairs, thinking to cry, Bo —
But, Oh! Lord — How was I thunder-struck to find
my Lord *Hairbrain* there all in a Sweat — kissing and
smacking, puffing and blowing so hard, you wou'd have
sworn they had been at Hot-cockles —

Bell. A little familiar perhaps, things of Custom —

Pol. Ay, Sir, kiss my Wife and welcome, but for the
Zeal in her shogging and butting — *Noli me tangere*, I
cry — I am sure it ran so in my Imagination, I have
been horn-mad ever since — Therefore spare your Pains,
for I am resolute.

Exit.

Enter Celia.

Bell. See where she comes, my Lord—But you are resolved you say—However, let me advise you, have a care of making her desperate. [Exit.]

Pol. Desperate—Damn her, Polluter of my Sheets—Damn her.

Seek. *Celia*, not to shun me; for where-e'er you fly, I'll follow—hang upon thy Knees and die.

Poltrót, behold—Ah! canst thou see me kneel, And yet no Bowels of Compassion feel?

Why dost thou bluster by me like a Storm, And ruffle into Frowns that Godlike Form?

Why dost thou turn away those Eyes of thine, In which Love's Glory, and its Conquests shine?

What is this thing call'd Woman? she is worse Than all Ingredients ramm'd into a Curse.

Were she a Witch, a Baud, a Noseless Whore, I could forgive her, so she were no more:

But she's far worse; and will in time forestall The Devil, and be damning of us all.

Cel. Yet Honour bids you sink with her you call So foul, whose Frailties you too sharply nam'd;

Like *Adam*, you shou'd choose with her to fall, And in meer Generosity be damn'd.

Pol. No, by thy self, and all alone be curst, And by the Winds thy Venom Dust be hurl'd;

For thou'rt a Serpent equal to the first, And hast the Will to damn another World.

Cel. But am I not thy Wife? Let that atone—

Pol. My dear damn'd Wife, I do confess thou art Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone too of my Bone;

Wou'd mine had all been broke when first thou wert.

Cel. Why then I'll cringe no longer; hark you, Sir, leave off your swelling, and frowning, and aukward ambling, and tell me, in fine, whether you'll be reconcil'd, or no; for I'm resolv'd to stoop no longer to an ungrateful Person.

The Princess of Cleve.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord and Master, you will not, Goody *Bathsheba*; but you could stoop your Swine's Flesh last Night, you could, to your rank Bravado, that wou'd have struck his Tushes in my Guts: He had you with a Beck, a Snort; says O my Conscience, thou wou'dst not give him time to speak, but hunch'd him on the Side, like a full-bottom'd Boar, cry'd Oh! and mounted —

Cel. Are you resolv'd then, never to take me into your Grace agen for one Slip?

Pol. No, I'm the Son of a carted Band if I do; a Slip do you call it? what when I heard the Bed crack with the Violence of my Cuckoldom! No, I will ascend the Judge of my own Cause, proceed to Condemnation, and banish thee for ever the Confines of our Repentance —

Cel. What here, before the *Vidam* here?

Pol. Yes, Impudence, before the *Vidam*, and the Duke *Nemours*; nay, to thy eternal Confusion, I will post thee in the Market-place; but first I'll find out *St. Andee*, and tell him the whole Matter, that he may know too what a Ram his blessed Ewe has made him; and then —

Cel. And then I'll have your Throat cut.

Pol. Ha! Tigress, cut my Throat! why, thou She-Bear! thou Dam of Lions Whelps, thou Cormorant of Cormorants! why, what wilt thou devour me Horns and all?

Cel. He that miss'd your Guts in the dark, shall take better aim at your Gullet by Day-light; nay, to thy Terror of Heart be it known, thou Monster of Ill-nature, if I wou'd have consented last Night to have run his Fortune, which is no small one, he wou'd have murder'd thee in thy Bed, for I heard him speak these very Words, Let him lie, *In Mortuis* — *Et in limbo Patrum* — Where I must have pray'd for that unthankful Soul, as thou wou'dst have been damn'd to all Eternity, dying suddenly and without Repentance —

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! *In Mortuis*, *Et in limbo Patrum*; what, to be toss'd on burning Pitch forks for my Sins?

Wine? Why, what a bloody-minded Son of Belial is this?

Cel. In fine, since you will have the Truth, he has long had a Design upon both our Bodies, to ravish mine, and rip open yours.

Pol. Why, then he's a Cannibal; Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! why, what Pleasure can it be to any Man to rip me open? to ravish thee indeed, there's some sense in that—But there's none in ripping me open; why, this is such a brutish Cruelty—

Cel. Rogue, and so I told him—Therefore when he found that nothing could make me consent to your Murder, he swore and caught me by the Hair, if I stirr'd, or made the least Noise, he wou'd murder us all, set the House o' Fire, and so leave us to our selves—

Pol. And so thou wert forc'd to consent: why, then by this Kiss, I swear from my Soul, which might have been damn'd as thou say'st: but for thee, I forgive thee—And what was he that cuckolded St. Andre, such another *Mephistophilus* as this too?

Cel. Oh my Dear, there are not such a pair of Friends upon Earth agen—Why, they look upon't as a Favour to our Sex if they ravish a Woman; for you must know they were formerly Heads of the Banditti—

Pol. Well, and I must praise thy Discretion in sacrificing thy Body; for o' my Conscience, if they had seen this Smock-Face of mine, I had gone to pot too before my Execution.

Cel. They sent their Pages this Morning to know whether it was our Pleasure to have your Throats cut: But we answered 'em, all was well, and desir'd 'em as ever they hop'd to see us agen, to stir no further in the Matter.

Pol. Mum, mum, dear sweet Soul, secure my Life, and thou shalt command me for the future with as full a swing as thou canst desire; only like those that use that Exercise, let it be to and fro, sometimes at home, and sometimes abroad, and we'll be as merry as the Day is long.

Cel. Be thou but true to me, and like the *India Wives*, I'll not out-live thee—

Pol.

Pol. And I'll swear now, that was kindly said, at I hope for Mercy, but it makes me weep! what burn for me! — And shall I not return? I will, I will, I will return when thou dost burn.

Enter St. Andre, Elleanor.

Nay, when thy Body in the Fire appears,
My Ghost shall rise and quench it with his Tears.

St. A. All Flesh is Grass, that's certain, we're all mortal, the Court's in Mourning for the Prince of *Cleve*, the *Vidam* of *Chartres* is extremely griev'd — ha! you, *Poltrou*, sure as I am alive he dy'd of Jealousy. Well! *Nelly*, for this last Care of thine, I swear to be constant to thy Sheets; and as thou say'st, I think it will not be amiss to tie me to thee now and then, for fear of the worst — ha! *Poltrou* —

Pol. Ha! Bully, I heard your kind Expressions to your *Nelly*; and I'll swear I'll vie thee, with who shall love most, for I'll swear these daily Examples make my Hair stand an end — Cut my Throat, and rip me open, he shall cuckold me all over first, like the Man in the *Almanack*; nay, he shall ravish me while I hold the Door to my own deflowring.

SCENE II.

Enter Nemours, Tournon.

Nem. Resolv'd never to see me more, and give up her Honour to the Dauphin, that puling sniveling Prince, that looks as if he suck'd still, or were always in a Milk Diet, for the Sins of his *Florentine* Mother!

Tour. Bless me! you are jealous.

Nem. I confess it — The last time I had her in Disguise, she made such Discoveries as I shall never forget: Lose her I must not, no, I'll lose a Limb first; therefore go tell her, tell her the Prince of *Cleve*'s Death has wrought my Conversion, I grow weary of my wild Courses, repent of my Sins, am resolv'd to leave off whoring, and marry his Wife —

Tour.

Tour. So the Town talks, indeed.

Nim. The Town it is as it always was and will be, a Talk, a Hum, a Buz, and a great Lye—Do as I bid thee, and tell her, just as you left me I was going to make my Court to the Princess upon her Husband's Tomb, which is true, too, I mean a Visit by the way of Consolation; not but I knew it the only Opportunity to catch a Woman in the address of her Soul: nay, I would choose such a time for my Life, and 'tis like the rest of those Starts, and one of the Secrets of their Nature——Why they melt, nay, in Plagues, Fire, Famine, War, or any great Calamity—Mark it—Let a Man stand but right before 'em, and like hunted Hares they run into his Lap.

Tour. But who's the Instrument to bring you to her?

Nim. Her Uncle, the *Vidam*, she lies at his House immur'd in a dark Room, with her Husband's Image in her view, and so resolves, he says, for Death. However I'll sound her in the Ebb of her Soul; if my Boat run aground 'tis but calling for *Marguerite*, and she'll weep a Tide that shall set me afloat agen—As thus, I'll lay the Dauphin in her Dish, nose her in the Tiptoe of her Pride, railing, lying, laming, hanging, drowning, dying, and she comes about agen.

[Exit.]

Tour. Go thy ways, *Patronius*; nay, if he were dying, too, with his Veins cut, he would call for Wine, Fiddles, and Whores, and laugh himself into the other World.

Enter La Marche.

Where's *Marguerite*?

La M. She follows like a Wind, with swollen Cheeks, ruffled Hair, and glaring Eyes; the Princess of Cleve has found her Fury, nor will she yet believe it.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Princess of Cleve. *Irene in Mourning.* **SONG,**
as the Princess kneels at the Sarcophagus.

WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Strephon's now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the bated Shores;
Set, set, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddess's Ripp'd appears,
They beat their Breasts, and rend their Garments,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal Hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had sworn, by Sky, to slay his Partner;
He'd kill a Man the Moment
For Strephon's Breast he saw'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as they came;
He cry'd, and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

III.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eye,
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deserve the Prize;
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

CHORUS.

Why should all things bow to Love,
Beneath, and Gods above?

Why should all things bow to Love?

Death and Fate more awful move;

Death below, and Fate above,

Death below, and Fate above,

Mortals, Mortals, try your Skill,

Seeking Good, or shunning Ill,

Fate will be the Burden still,

Will be the Burden still;

Fate will be the Burden still,

Fate will be the Burden still.

[Throne of Bliss,

Princess C. Dead, thou dear Lord! — Yet from thy

If any thing on Earth be worth thy View,

Look down and hear me, hear my Sighs and Vows,

'Till Death has made me cold, and wax like thee:

Water shall be my Drink, and Herbs my Food,

The Marble of my Chapel be my Bed,

The Altar-Steps my Pillows; while all Night

Stretch'd out, I groaning lie upon the Floor,

Beat my swoll'n Breasts, and thy dear Loss deplore.

Iren. Ah! Madam, what a Life have you propos'd?

Princess C. Too little all for an Offence like mine;

Yet Death has made me cold, and wax like thee:

For Oh! *Irene*, where's the Joy? I find it here,

Yes, I shall die without those violent Means,

That might have hazarded my Soul — O Heaven —

O thou that seest my Heart, and know'st my Terrors,

Wilt thou forgive those Crimes I cou'd not help,

And wou'd not hide?

Iren. Doubt not but your Account

Shall stand as fair in his eternal Book,

As any Saints above —

Princess C. Take, take me then

From this bad World, quench these rebellious Thoughts;

For Oh! I have a Pang, a longing Wish

To see the luckless Face of lov'd *Nemours*;

To gaze a while, and take one last Farewel,

Like one that is to lose a Limb — 'Tis gone —

It was corrupt, a Gangrene to my Honour:

Yet I methinks wou'd view the bleeding Part,

Shudder

Shudder a little — weep — and grudge at Parting;
 But by the Soul of my triumphant Saint,
 I swear this longing is without a Guilt,
 Nor shall it ever be by my Appointment.

Enter Nemours.

Iren. But if he shou'd attempt this cruel Visit,
 How wou'd your Heart receive him?

Princess C. With such Temper,
 So clear and calm in height of my Misfortune,
 As thou thy self perhaps wou'dst wonder at.

Iren. Ha! but he's here —

Princess C. Is't possible, my Lord?
 Has then my Uncle thus betray'd my Honour?

Nem. Start not, nor wonder, Madam, but forgive
 The *Vidam* who has thus entrapt your Virtue,
 To end a ling'ring Wretch — that dies for Love —

Princess C. For Love, my Lord? is this a time
 In Tears and Black, the Livery of Death?

But what's your hope, if I shou'd stay to hear you?

Ah! what can you expect from rigorous Virtue,
 From Chastity as cold as *Cleve* himself?

You that are made, my Lord, for other Pleasures —

Nem. Is this then the Reward of all my Passion?

As if there cou'd be any Happiness

For this disconsolate despairing Wretch,

But in your Love alone?

Princess C. You're pleas'd, my Lord,

That I should entertain you, and I will,

Before this dear Remembrancer of *Cleve* —

We'll talk of murder'd Love — And you shall hear

From this abandon'd Part of him that was,

How much you have been lov'd.

Nem. Ha! Madam —

Princess C. Yes, sighing I speak it, Sir, you have
 With something which I never felt before,

That pleas'd and pain'd the Quicknings of first Love,

Nor fear'd him then, when with his Infant-Beams,

He daws'd upon my chill and senseless Blood.

The Princess of Cleve.

91

But Oh ! when he had reach'd his fierce Meridian,
How different was his Form ! that Angel Face,
With these short Rays, shot to a glaring God.
I grew inflam'd, burnt inward, and the Breath
Of the grown Tyrant parch'd my Heart to Ashes.
Nor need I blush to make you this Confession,
Because, my Lord, 'tis done without a Crime.

Nem. Because of this most blest Discovery,
I am resolv'd to kneel an Age before you. [nothing]

Princess C. Rise, I conjure you, rise, I've said you.
But what you knew, my Lord, too well before :
Not but I always would to keep those Rules
My Duty should prescribe.

Nem. Strike me not dead,
With Duty's Name, by Heaven I swear you're free.
As Air, as Water, Winds, or open Wilds :
There is no Form of Obligation now.
Nay, let me say, for Duty : O forgive me,
'Tis utmost Duty now to keep my Love
You have confess'd for me.

Princess C. 'Tis Duty's Charge,
The Veste of Honour, and the Cry of Love,
That I should fly from Paris as a Pest,
That I shou'd wear these Rags of Life away
In sunless Caves, in Dungeons of Despair,
Where I shou'd never think of Man again.
But more particularly that of you,
For Reasons yet unknown.

Nem. Unknown they are,
And wou'd to Heaven they might be ever so,
Since 'tis impossible they shou'd be just ;
Nay, Madam, let me say the Ghost of Cleve — [Name]

Princess C. Ah ! Sir, how dare you mention that dead
That drains my Eyes, and cries to Heaven for Blood :
Name it no more without the Consequence,
For 'tis but too too true, you were the Cause
Of Cleve's untimely Death, I swear I think
No less than if you had stabb'd him through the Heart.

Nem. O ! cruel Princess ; but why shou'd I answer,
When thus you raise the Shadow of a Reason

Ta

To ruin me for ever? Is it a Fault
To love? then blame not me: No, Madam, no,
But blame your self, who told it to your Husband;
But Oh! you wou'd not argue thus against me
If ever you had lov'd ———

You have deceiv'd your self and flatter'd me;
Why am I thrown else from the glorious Height,
Snatch'd in a Moment from my blissful State,
And hurl'd like Lightning by the Hand of Fate?

Princess C. Be satisfy'd, my Lord, you are not flatter'd;
I have such Love for you, that Duty's Bar
Wou'd prove too weak to hinder our Engagement:
But there is more ———

Nem. More Fancy, more Chimera!
But let it come, I'll stand the stalking Nothing,
And when the bladder'd Air wou'd turn the Balance,
I'll cast in Love, substantial, pondrous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.
But speak, and if a Hell of Separation
Must part my Soul and Body, do not wrack me,
But let the Poison steal into my Veins,
And damn me mildly, Madam, as you can. [last time]

Princess C. Hear then my Bosom-thought — 'Tis the
I e'er shall see you, and 'tis a poor Reward
For such a Love; yet, Sir, 'tis all I have,
And you must ask no more.

Nem. Be witness, Heaven,
Of my Obedience; I will ask her nothing. [am so]

Princess C. Know then, my Lord, you're free, and I
Free from the eternal Bond of Marriage ———
My Heart too is inclined by Love like yours,
Nor can I fear the censuring World shou'd blame us:
But now, my Lord, what Power on Earth can give
Security that Bond shall prove eternal?

Nem. Ha! Madam.

Princess C. Silence, silence, I command you;
No, no, *Nemours*, I know the World too well,
You have a Sense too nice for long Enjoyment:
Cleve was the Man that only cou'd love long;
Nor can I think his Passion would have lasted,

But

But that he found I could have none for him.
 'Tis Obstacle, Ascent, and Lets and Bars,
 That whet the Appetite of Love and Glory;
 These are the Fuel for that fiery Passion:
 But when the flashy Stubble we remove,
 The God goes out, and there's an end of Love.

Nem. Ah, Madam! I'm not able to contain,
 But must perforce break your Commands to answer;
 Once to be yours, is to be for ever yours,
 Yours only, without thought of other Woman. [cloy'd,
Princess C. Why this sounds well, and natural 'till you're
 Both Oh! when one Satiety has pall'd you,
 You sicken at each View, and ev'ry Glance
 Betrays your guilty Soul, and says you lothe her.

I know it, Sir, you have the well-bred Cast
 Of Galantry and Parts to gain Success;
 And do but think when various Forms have charm'd you,
 How I should bear the cross Returns of Love?

Nem. Ah, Madam, now I find you are prejudic'd to black

Princess C. 'Tis Reason, all calm Reason; [my Hopes
 Nature affirms no violent Thing can last,
 I know't, I see't, ev'ry new Face that came
 Wou'd charm you from me — ha! and cou'd I love
 To see that fatal Day, and see you scorn me,
 To hear the Ghost of *Cleve* each Hour upbraid me?
 No, 'tis impossible, with all my Passion,
 Not to submit to these Almighty Reasons;
 For this I brave your noblest Qualities,
 I'll keep your Form at distance, curb my Soul,
 Despair of Smiles and Tears, and Prayers and Oaths,
 And all the Blandishments of perjur'd Love:
 I will, I must, I shall, nay, I can,
 Defy to Death the lovely Traitor Man.

Nem. No, Madam, think not you shall carry't thus;
 'Tis not allowable, 'tis past example,
 'Tis most unnatural, unjust and monstrous;
 And were the rest of Women thus resolv'd,
 You wou'd destroy the Purpose of Creation.
 What, when I have the Happiness to please,
 When Heaven and Earth combine to make us happy,

Will

The Princess of Cleve.

Will you defeat the Aim of Destiny,
By most unparallel'd Extremes of Virtue,
Which therefore take away its very Being?

Princess C. Away, I must not answer, but conjure you
Never to seek occasion more to see me:
Farewel ——— 'Tis past.

Nem. I cannot let you go:
I'll follow on my Knees, and hold your Robe,
'Till you have promis'd me that I shall see you,
To shew you how each Day by slow degrees
I die away. This you shall grant, by Heaven!
Or you shall see my Blood let out before you.

Princess C. Alas! *Nemours*, O Heaven! why must it be
That I shou'd charge you with the Death of *Cleve*?
Alas! why met we, not ere I engag'd
To my dead Lord? and why did Fate divide us?

Nem. Fate does not, no ———
'Tis you that cross both Fortune, Heaven and Fate;
'Tis you obstruct my Bliss, 'tis you impose
Such Laws as neither Sense nor Virtue warrant.

Princess C. 'Tis true, my Lord, I owe much to Duty,
Which but subsists in Thought; therefore have Patience
Expect what time, with such a Love as mine,
May work in your behalfs my Husband's Death.
So bleeding, fresh, I see in this Pang;
Nay, look, methinks I see his Image still,
And point an everlasting Separation:
Yet Oh! it shall not be without a Tear.

Nem. Oh! Stay.

Princess C. Let go, believe no other Man
Cou'd thus have wrought me, but your self, to Love —

Nem. Stay then.

Princess C. I dare not — Think I love you still.

Nem. I do — But stay and speak it o'er again —

Princess C. Believe that I shall love you to my Death.

Nem. I will; but live and love me.

Princess C. Off, I charge you,
Believe this parting wound; me like the Fate
Of *Cleve*, or worse: believe; but Oh! Farewel ———

Nem. Believe, but what? That last Thought I implore.

Princess

The Princess of Cleve.



Princess C. Believe that you shall never see me more.

[Exit.]

Enter Vidam.

Kid. Well, and how goes the Game? What, on the Knee, a gather'd Brow, and a large Dew upon it? Nay, then you're a Loser.

Nem. Didst thou see her pass?

Vid. I did — she wrung me by the Hand and sigh'd, then look'd back twice, and totter'd on the Threshold at the Door.

Nem. Believe that you shall never see me more — she lies; I'll wager my Estate, I bed her eighteen Months three Weeks hence, at half an Hour past Two in the Morning.

Vid. Why Faith, and that's as exact as e'er an Astrologer of 'em all.

Nem. Give me thy Hand, *Vidam*, I know the Souls of Women better than they know themselves; I know the Ingredients just that make them up, All to loose Grains, the subtlest volatile Atoms, With the whole mish-mash of their Composition, Hark there without, the Voice of *Marguerite*; Now thou shalt see a Battle worth the gazing; Mark but how easily my Reason flings her, And yet at last I'll swing her into Friendship, Because I love her —

Enter Bellamore.

Bell. The Princess — shall I stop her?

Nem. No, let her come,

With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum —
Like the Fanatick, I'll but rub me down,
And then have at her; *Vidam*, stay you here —
By Heaven I'm jealous of this changeable Stuff,
Therefore the Hits will be the livelier o' both sides —
The Dauphin; but no more — she comes, she comes.

Enter Marguerite passing Bellamore.

Marg. Be gone, Villain, Devil, Fury, Monster of a Man.

Nem. But hear me six Words in private.

Enter,

Enter Poltrot, Celia.

Pol. And I swear by this lascivious bit of Beauty, I will cleave to my *Celia*, for better for worse, in Serge, Grogrum or Crape, tho' a Queen shou'd come in my way in beaten Gold ———

Nem. What then, Gentlemen, I perceive there has been Wars at Home ———

Pol. Not a Battle, my Lord, only a Charge, a Charge sounded, or so.

Nem. What, was it thro' a Trumpet, or a Horn, Sir?

Pol. A Horn, Sir, a Horn, Sir! no, Sir, 'twas not a Horn, Sir — Only, my *Celia*, was a little disdainful, but we are Friends again, Sir: and what then, Sir?

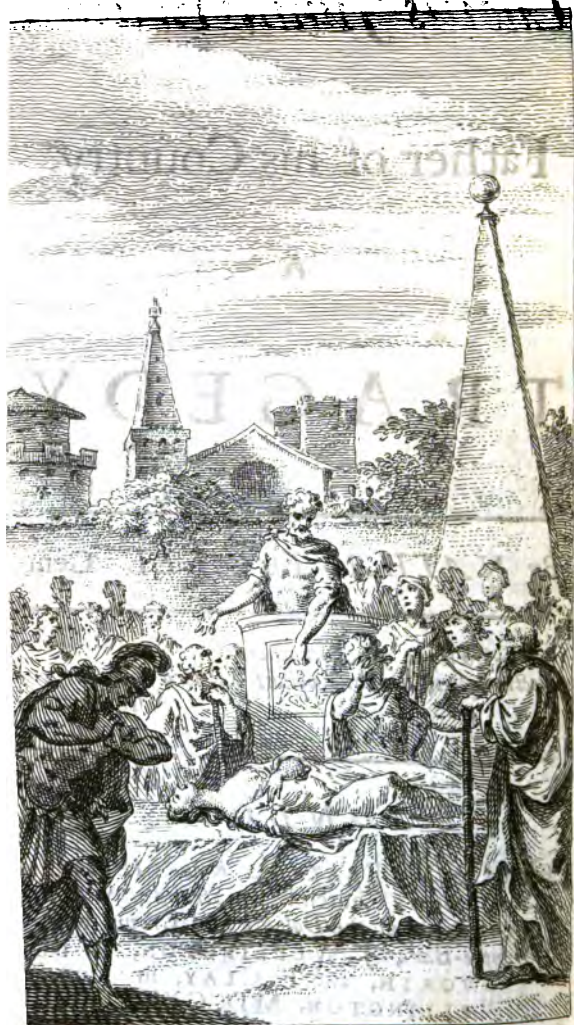
Nem. Come, come, all Friends; were *Tourne* here I wou'd forgive her; a little Scorn in a pretty Woman, so it be not too much affected, is a Charm to new Friendship; therefore let each Man take his Fair one by the Hand, thus lay it to his Lips, and swear a whole Life's Constancy ———

St. A. As I will to my *Nelly*, tho' I haul Cats at Sea, or cry Small-coal; and for him that upbraids her, I'll have more Bobs, than *Democritus*, when he cry'd Poor *Jack*. There's more Pride in *Diogenes*, or under a Paritan's Cap, than in a King's Crown.

Nem. For my part, the Death of the Prince of Cleve, upon second Thoughts, has truly wrought a change in me, as nothing else but a Miracle cou'd — For first, I see and lothe my Debaucheries — Next, while I am in Health, I am resolv'd to give Satisfaction to all I have wrong'd; and first to this Lady, whom I will make my Wife before all this Company ere we part ——— This, I hope, whenever I die, will convince the World of the Ingenuity of my Repentance, because I had the Power to go on.

He well repents that will not sin, yet can;
But Death-bed Sorrows rarely shew the Man.

F . I N I S .



Vander Gucht Insc. Sculp.

Lucius Junius Brutus,

Father of his Country.

A

TRAGEDY.

By *NATHANIEL LEE*, Gent.

*Cœloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secunda.*
Virg. *Æn.* i.

L O N D O N :

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

*Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, One of
the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Bed-
Chamber, &c.*

My Lord,



I T H an Assurance, I hope, becoming
the Justice of my Cause, I lay this Tra-
gedy at your Lordship's Feet, not as a
common Persecution, but as an Offer-
ing suitable to your Virtue, and worthy
of the Greatness of your Name. There are some
Subjects that require but half the Strength of a great
Poet; but when *Greece* or old *Rome* come in play,
the Nature, Wit and Vigour of foremost *Shakespear*,
the Judgment and Force of *Johnson*, with all
his borrowed Mastery from the Antients, will
scarce suffice for so terrible a Grapple. The Poet
must elevate his Fancy with the mightiest Imagi-
nation; he must run back so many hundred
VOL. I. I 3 Years,

D E D I C A T I O N.

Years, take a just Prospect of the Spirit of those Times without the least Thought of ours; for, if his Eye should swerve so low, his Muse will grow giddy with the Vastness of the Distance, fall at once, and for ever lose the Majesty of the first Design. He that will pretend to be a Critick of such a Work, must not have a Grain of *Cecilius*, he must be *Longinus* throughout, or Nothing, where even the nicest best Remarks must pass but for Allay to the Imperial Fury of this old *Roman* Gold. There must be no Dross through the whole Mass, the Furnace must be justly heated, and the Bullion stamp'd with an unerring Hand. In such a Writing there must be Greatness of Thought without Bombast, Remoteness without Monstrousness; Virtue arm'd with Severity, not in Iron Bodies; solid Wit without modern Affectation; Smoothness without Gloss, speaking out without cracking the Voice, or straining the Lungs. In short, my Lord, he that will write as he ought on so noble an Occasion, must write like you. But I fear there are few that know how to copy after so great an Original as your Lordship; because there is scarce one Genius extant of your own Size that can follow you *passibus æquis*; that has the Felicity and Mastery of the old Poets, or can half match the Thoughtfulness of your Soul. How far short I am cast of such inimitable Excellence, I must with Shame, my Lord, confess, I am but too sensible. Nature, 'tis believ'd (if I am not flattered, and do not flatter myself) has not been niggardly to me in the Portion of a Genius; tho' I have been so far from improving it, that I am half afraid I have lost of the Principal. It behoves me then for the future

to

DEDICATION.

to look about me, to see whether I am a Lag in the Race, to look up to your Lordship, and strain upon the Track of so fair a Glory. I must acknowledge, however I have behav'd myself in drawing, nothing ever presented it self to my Fancy with that solid Pleasure, as *Brutus* did in sacrificing his Sons. Before I read *Machiavel's* Notes upon the Place, I concluded it the greatest Action that ever was seen throughout all Ages on the greatest Occasion. For my own Endeavour, I thought I never painted any Man so to the Life before.

*Vis & Tarquinius reges, animamque superbam
Ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptas?
Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores?*

No doubt that Divine Poet imagined it might be too great for any People but his own, perhaps I have found it so, but *Johnson's Catiline* met no better Fate, as his Motto from *Horace* tells us.

———*His non plebecula gaudet, &c.*

Nay, *Shakespear's Brutus* with much ado beat himself into the Heads of a blockish Age, so knotty were the Oaks he had to deal with. For my own Opinion, in spite of all the Obstacles my Modesty could raise, I could not help inserting a Vaunt in the Title-Page, *Cæloque, &c.*

*And having gain'd the List that he design'd,
Bold as the Billows driving with the Wind,
He loos'd the Muse that wing'd his free-born
Mind.*

DEDICATION.

On this I arm'd, and resolv'd not to be stirr'd with the little Exceptions of a sparkish Generation, that have an Antipathy to Thought : But, alas, how frail are our best Resolves in our own Concerns? I shov'd no Passion outward ; but whether through an Over-Conceit of the Work, or because perhaps there was indeed some Merit, the Fire burnt inward, and I was troubled for my dumb Play, like a Father for his dead Child. 'Tis enough that I have eas'd my Heart by this Dedication to your Lordship. I comfort my self too, whatever our partial Youth alledge, your Lordship will find something in it worth your Observation ; which with my future Diligence, Resolution to Study, Devotion to Virtue, and your Lordship's Service, may render me not altogether unworthy the Protection of your Lordship.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. Duke.

Long has the Tribe of Poets on the Stage
 Groan'd under persecuting Criticks Rage;
 But with the Sound of Railing and of Rhyme;
 Like Bees united by the tinkling Chime,
 The little stinging Insects swarm the more,
 And Buz is greater than it was before.
 But Oh! you leading Voters of the Pit,
 That infect others with your too much Wit;
 That well-affect'd Members do seduce,
 And with your Malice poison half the House;
 Know your ill-manag'd Arbitrary Sway
 Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this Day.
 Rulers of abler Conduct we will choose;
 And more indulgent to a trembling Muse;
 Women for ends of Government more fit,
 Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
 Give Laws to Love, and Influence to Wit.
 Find me one Man of Sense in all your Roll,
 Whom some one Woman has not made a Fool.
 Even Business, that intolerable Load,
 Under which Man does groan, and yet is proud;
 Much better they can manage wou'd they please;
 'Tis not their Want of Wit, but love of Ease.
 For, spite of Art, more Wit in them appears;
 Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs:
 Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
 Set shallow in a hot and barren Soil;
 But when transplanted to a richer Ground,
 Has in their Eden its Perfection found.

*And 'tis but just they shou'd our Wit invade,
 Whilst we set up their painting, patching Trade;
 As for our Courage, to our Shame 'tis known,
 As they can raise it, they can pull it down.
 At their own Weapons they our Bullies awe;
 Faith, let them make an antisalick Law,
 Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
 And wear the Breeches, as they wear the Bays.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

NO cringing Sirs, the Poet's Champion I
 Have sworn to stand, and ev'ry Judge despise;
 But why each bullying Critick shou'd I name
 A Judge whose only Business is to damn?
 While you your arbitrary Fist advance
 At Wit, and dust it like a Bear of France;
 Who, without shew of Reason or Pretence,
 Condemn a Man to die for speaking Sense;
 Howe'er we term'd you once the Wise, the Strong,
 Know we have born your Impotence too long:
 You that abate your Sires perfume to fear,
 And are but Copies damb'd in Miniature;
 You that have nothing right in Heart nor Tongue,
 But only to be resolute in wrong:
 Who Sense affect with such an awkward Air,
 As if a Frenchman should become severe;
 Or an Italian make his Wife a Jest,
 Like Spaniards pleasant, or like Dutchmen dress;
 That rank the noblest Poets with the vile,
 And look your selves in a Plebeian Style;
 But with an Oath —————

Falls

*False as your Wit and Judgment now I swear,
 By the known Maidenheads of each Theatre;
 Nay, by my own, the Poets shall not stand,
 Like Shrovetide Cocks, the Pals of every Hand!
 Let not the purblind Critick's Sentence pass,
 That shoots the Poet thro' an Optick Glass;
 No Peals of ill-plac'd Praise from Galleries come,
 Nor Punk below to clap or hiss presume;
 Let her not cackle as the Fops that flout her,
 Nor cluck the Squires that use to Pipp about her;
 No ~~Yell-blown~~ Blackhead, bloated, like an Ox,
 Traverse the Pit with Damme, What a Pox.
 Know then for e'ry Misdemeanor here
 I'll be more stabbing, sharp, and more severe,
 Than the fell She that on her Keeper comes,
 Who in his Drink last Night laid waste her Rooms,
 Thunder'd her China, damn'd her Quality,
 Her Glasses broke, and tore her Point Venie;
 That dragg'd her by the Hair, and broke her Head,
 A Chamber Lion, but a Lamb in Bed:
 Like her I'll teize you for your Midnight storming,
 For your all talking, and your no performing;
 You that with monstrous Judgment force the Stage,
 You fribling, fumbling Keepers of the Age.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lucius Junius Brutus,
Titus,
Fibetius,
Collatinus,
Valerius,
Horatius,
Aquilus,
Vitellius.

Junius.

Fecilian Priests,
Vindicius,
Fabritius,
Citizens, &c.

Mr. Percival,

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Wiltshire.

Mr. Gillow.

Mr. Norris.

Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Nokes.

Mr. Jeron.

W O M E N.

Sempronia,
Lucretia,
Teraminta,

Lady Slingsby.

Mrs. Betterton.

Mrs. Barrey.

SCENE, ROME.

Lucius



Lucius Junius Brutus,

Father of his Country.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Titus and Teraminta.

T I T U S.



Teraminta, why this Face of Tears?
Since first I saw thee, 'till this happy Day,
Thus hast thou pass'd thy melancholy
Hours,
Ev'n in the Court retir'd; stretched on a
Bed

In some dark Room, with all the Curtains drawn;
Or in some Garden o'er a flowry Bank,
Melting thy Sorrows in the murm'ring Stream;
Or in some pathless Wilderness amusing,
Plucking the mossy Bark of some old Tree,
Or poring, like a *Sibyl*, on the Leaves:
What, now the Priest shou'd join us! O, the Gods!
What can you proffer me in vast Exchange
For this ensuing Night? Not all the Days
Of crowning Kings, of conquering Generals,
Not all the Expectation of hereafter,

With

With what bright Fate can give in th' other World,
Should purchase thee this Night one Minute from me.

Ter. O *Titus*! if since first I saw the Light,
Since I began to think on my Misfortune,
And take a Prospect of my certain Woe,
If my sad Soul has entertain'd a Hope
Of Pleasure here, or harbour'd any Joy,
But what the Presence of my *Titus* gave me;
Add, add, you cruel Gods, to what I bear,
And break my Heart before him. [Exit]

Tit. Break first th' eternal Chain; for when thou'rt
The World to me is *Chaos*. Yes, *Teraminta*,
So close the everlasting Sisters wove us,
Whene'er we part, the Strings of both must crack.
Once more I do intreat thee give the Grave
Thy Sadness; let me press thee in my Arms,
My fairest Bride, my only Lightness here,
Tune of my Heart, and Charmer of my Eyes.
Nay, thou shalt learn the Extasy from me;
I'll make thee smile with my extravagant Passion,
Drive thy pale Fears away; and ere the Morn.
I swear, O *Teraminta*, O my Love,
Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into Blushes.

Ter. O *Titus*! may I, ought I to believe you?
Remember, Sir, I am the Blood of *Tarquius*,
The basest too.

Tit. Thou art the Blood of Heaven,
The kindest Influence of the teeming Stars;
No Seed of *Tarquius*; no, 'tis forg'd to abuse thee:
A God thy Father was, a Goddess was his Wife;
The Wood-Nymphs found thee on a Bed of Roses,
Lapt in the Sweets and Beauties of the Spring;
Diana foster'd thee with Nectar Dews,
Thus tender, blooming, chaste, she gave thee me,
To build a Temple sacred to her Name;
Which I will do, and wed thee there again. [Exit]

Ter. Swear then, my *Titus*, swear you'll ne'er upbraid
Swear that your Love shall last like mine for ever,
No turn of State or Empire, no Misfortune,
Shall e'er estrange you from me: Swear, I say;

That

That if you should prove false, I may at least
Have something still to answer to my Fate;
Swear, swear, my Lord, that you will never hate me,
But to your Death still cherish in your Bosom
The poor, the fond, the wretched *Terraminta*.

Tit. Till Death! nay, after Death, if possible,
Dissolve me still with Questions of this Nature,
While I return my Answer all in Oaths:
More than thou canst demand I swear to do.
This Night, this Night shall tell thee how I love thee:
When Words are at a Loss, and the mute Soul
Pours out her self in Sighs and gasping Joys,
Life grasps the Pangs of Bliss, and murmuring Pleasures:
Thou shalt confess all Language then is vile,
And yet believe me most without my vowing.

Enter Brutus with a Flame.

But see, my Father with a *Flame* here!
The Court comes on; let's slip the busy Croud,
And steal into th' eternal Knot of Love. [*Exeunt*]

Brut. Did *Senatus*, say'st thou, lie at *Collatinus*
At *Collatinus's* House, last Night?

Fla. My Lord, he did:
Where he, with *Collatinus*, and many others,
Had been some Nights before.

Brut. Ha! if before,
Why did he come again?

Fla. Because, as Rumour spreads,
He fell most passionately in Love with her.

Brut. What then?

Fla. Why, is't not strange?

Brut. Is she not handfom?

Fla. Oh! very handfom.

Brut. Then 'tis not strange at all:
What, for a King's Son to love another Man's Wife?
Why, Sir, I've known the King has done the same.
Faith, I my self, who am not us'd to cooer,
Have sometimes had th' unlawful Itch upon me:
Nay, pr'ythee, Priest, come thou and help the Nuptial.

Ha!

Ha! my old Boy; the Company is not scandalous :
 Let's go to Hell together; confess the Truth,
 Did'st thou never steal from the Gods an Hour, or so,
 To mumble a new Prayer ———

With a young fleshly Where in a bawdy Corner? ha!

Fla. My Lord, your Servant. Is this the Fool? the Madman?

Let him be what he will, he spoke the Truth :
 If other Fools be thus, they're dangerous Fellows. [*Ex.*

Brut. [*Solus.*] Occasion seems in view; something there
 In *Tarquin's* last abode at *Collatine's*: [*is*

Late entertain'd, and early gone this Morning;
 The Matron ruffled, wet, and dropping Tears,
 As if she had lost her Wealth in some black Storm!
 As in the Body, on some great Surprise,
 The Heart still calls from the discolour'd Face,
 From every part the Life and Spirits down :
 So *Lucrece* comes to *Rome*, and summons all her Blood.

Lucrece is fair: but chaste, as the fann'd Snow
 Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blasts:
 So lies this starry, cold and frozen Beauty,
 Still watch'd and guarded by her waking Virtue,
 A Pattern, tho' I fear inimitable,

For all succeeding Wives. O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*

When will the tedious Gods permit thy Soul
 To walk abroad in her own Majesty,
 And throw this Vizard of thy Madness from thee?

O, what but infinite Spirit, propt by Fate,
 For Empire's Weight to turn on, could endure,

As thou hast done, the Labours of an Age,
 All Follies, Scoffs, Reproaches, Pities, Scorns,
 Indignities almost to Blows sustain'd,

For twenty pressing Years, and by a *Roman*?

To act Deformity in a thousand Shapes,

To please the greater Monster of the two,
 That cries, bring forth the Beast, and let him tumble:

With all Variety of aping Madness,

To bray, and bear more than the Ass's Burden;

Sometimes to whoot and scream like Midnight Owls,

Then screw my Limbs like a distorted Satire,

The

The World's Grimace, th' eternal Laughing-stock
Of Town and Court, the Block, the Jest of Rome?
Yet all the while not to my dearest Friend,
To my own Children, nor my Bosom Wife,
Disclose the weighty Secret of my Soul.
O Rome, O Mother, be thou th' impartial Judge,
If this be Virtue which yet wants a Name,
Which never any Age could parallel,
And worthy of the foremost of thy Sons.

Enter Horatius and Mutius.

Mut. Horatius, heard'st thou where *Sextus* was last Night?

Hor. Yes, at *Collatia*: 'tis the Buz of Rome;
'Tis more than guess'd that there has been foul Play,
Else, why should *Lucrece* come in this sad manner
To old *Lucretius*' House, and summon thither
Her Father, Husband, each distinct Relation?

Enter Fabritius, with Courtiers.

Mut. Scatter it thro' the City, raise the People,
And find *Valerius* out: Away, *Horatius*.

[Exeunt severally.]

Fab. Prithce let's talk no more on't. Look, here's
Lord *Brutus*: Come, come, we'll divert our selves; for
'tis but just, that we who sit at the Helm should now and
then unruffle our State Affairs with the Impertinence of
a Fool. Prithce, *Brutus*, what's o'Clock?

Brut. *Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos*; the Fates are three:
Let them but strike, and I'll lead you a Dance, my
Masters

Fab. But hark you, *Brutus*, dost thou hear the News
of *Lucrece*?

Brut. Yes, yes; and I heard of the Wager that was
laid among you, among you whoring Lords at the Siege
of *Ardea*; ha, Boy! about your handfom Wives.

Fab. Well; and how, and how?

Brut.

18. Lucius Junius Brutus.

Brut. How you bounc'd from the Board, took Horse, and rode like Madmen, to find the gentle *Lucrece* at *Collatia*: but how found her? Why, working with her Maids at Midnight. Was not this monstrous, and quite out of the fashion? Fine Stuff, indeed, for a Lady of Honour, when her Husband was out of the way, to sit weaving, and pinking, and pricking of *Arras*? Now, by this Light, my Lord, your Wife made better use of her Pincushion.

Fab. My Wife, my Lord? by *Mars*, my Wife?

Brut. Why should she not, when all the Royal Nurses do the same? What? What, my Lord, did you not find 'em at it, when you came from *Collatia* to *Rome*? *Lartius*, your Wife, and yours, *Flaminius*? with *Tullia's* Boys, turning the Crystals up, dashing the Windows, and the Fates defying? Now, by the Gods, I think 'twas civil in you, discreetly done, Sirs, not to interrupt 'em. But for your Wife, *Fabritius*, I'll be sworn for her, she would not keep 'em Company.

Fab. No marry, would she not; she hates Debauches. How have I heard her rail at *Tarentia*, and tell her next her Heart upon the Qualms, that drinking Wine so late, and tippling Spirits, wou'd be the Death of her?

Brut. Hark yeu, Gentlemen, if you would but be secret now, I could unfold such a Business; my Life on't, a very Plot upon the Court.

Fab. Out with it, we swear Secrecy.

Brut. Why thus then. To morrow *Tullia* goes to the Camp, and I being Master of the Household, have Command to sweep the Court of all its Furniture, and send it packing to the Wars: Pandars, Sycophants, upstart Rogues, fine Knaves, and surly Rascals; Flatterers, easy, supple, cringing, passing, smiling Villains; all, all to the Wars.

Fab. By *Mars*, I do not like this Plot.

Brut. Why, is it not a Plot? A Plot upon yourselves, your Persons, Families, and your Relations, even to your Wives, Mothers, Sisters, all your Kindred? For Whores too are included, Setters too, and Whore-Procurers, Bag and Baggage; all, all to the Wars. All hence,

hence, all Rubbish, Lumber out, and not a Band be left behind, to put you in hope of hatching Whores hereafter.

Fab. Hark, *Lartius*, he'll run from fooling to direct Madness, and beat our Brains out. The Devil take the hindmost: Your Servant, sweet *Brutus*, noble, honourable *Brutus*. [Exit]

Enter Titus.

Tit. 'Tis done, 'tis done, auspicious Heav'n has join'd [us]
And I this Night shall hold her in my Arms.
Oh, Sir!

Brut. Oh, Sir! that Exclamation was too high:
Such Raptures ill become the troubled Times;
No more of 'em. And by the way, my *Titus*,
Renounce your *Toramenta*.

Tit. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. How now, my Boy?

Tit. Your Counsel comes too late, Sir.

Brut. Your Reply, Sir,
Comes too ill-manner'd, pert, and saucy, Sir.

Tit. Sir, I am marry'd.

Brut. What, without my Knowledge?

Tit. My Lord, I ask your Pardon; but that *Hymen*—

Brut. Thou ly'st; that honourable God would scorn it,
Some bawdy Flamen shuffled you together;
Priapus lock'd you, while the *Bacchanals*
Sung your detested *Epithalamium*.

Which of the Blood were the curs'd Witnesses?

Who would be there at such polluted Rites

But Goats, Baboons, some chatt'ring old *Silvius*,

Or Satyrs grinning at your flimy Joys?

Tit. Oh, all ye Gods! my Lord, your Son is marry'd
To *Tarquin's* —

Brut. Bastard.

Tit. No, his Daughter.

Brut. No matter:

To any of his Blood; if it be his,
There is such natural Contagion in it,

Such

Such a congenial Devil in his Spirit,
 Name, Lineage, Stock, that but to own a part
 Of his Relation, is to profess thy self
 Sworn Slave of Hell, and Bondman to the Furies.
 Thou art not marry'd !

Tit. Oh, is this possible ?

This Change that I behold ? No part of him.
 The same, nor Eyes, nor Mien, nor Voice, nor Gesture ?

Brut. Oh, that the Gods would give my Arm the Vi-
 To shake this soft, effeminate, lazy Soul [gour
 Forth from thy Bosom. No, degenerate Boy,
Brutus is not the same, the Gods have wak'd him
 From dead Stupidity, to be a Scourge,
 A living Torment to thy Disobedience.

Look on my Face, view my Eyes flame, and tell me
 If ought thou seest but Glory and Revenge,
 A blood-shot Anger, and a burst of Fury,
 When I but think of *Tarquin*. Damn the Monster ;
 Fetch him, you Judges of th' eternal Deep,
 Arraign him, chain him, plunge him in double Fires ;
 If after this thou seest a Tenderness,
 A Woman's Tear come o'er my Resolution,
 Think, *Titus*, think, my Son, 'tis Nature's Fault,
 Not *Roman Brutus*, but a Father now.

Tit. Oh, let me fall low as the Earth permits me,
 And thank the Gods for this most happy Change,
 That you are now, altho' to my Confusion,
 That awful, godlike, and commanding *Brutus*,
 Which I so oft have wish'd you ; which sometimes
 I thought imperfectly you were, or might be,
 When I have taken unawares your Soul
 At a broad Glance, and forc'd her to retire.
 Ah, my dear Lord, you need not add new Threats,
 New Marks of Anger to complete my Ruin ;
 Your *Titus* has enough to break his Heart,
 When he remembers that you durst not trust him :
 Yes, yes, my Lord, I have a thousand Frailties :
 The Mould you cast me in, the Breath, the Blood,
 And Spirit which you gave me, are unlike
 The Godlike Author ; yet you gave 'em, Sir :

And

And sure, if you had pleas'd to honour me,
T'immortalize my Name to after Ages,
By imparting your high Cares, I should have found
At least so much hereditary Virtue
As not to have divalg'd them.

Brut. Rise, my Son,
Be satisfy'd thou art the first that know'st me:
A thousand Accidents and fated Causes
Rush against every Bulwark I can raise,
And half unhinge my Soul. For now's the time,
To shake the Building of the Tyrant down.
As from Night's Womb the glorious Day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting Stars:
So from the blackness of young *Tarquin's* Crime,
And Furnace of his Lust, the virtuous Soul
Of *Junius Brutus* catches bright Occasion.
I see the Pillars of his Kingdom totter:
The Rape of *Lucretia* is the Midnight Lanthorn
That lights my Genius down to the Foundation.
Leave me to work, my *Titus*, Oh, my Son;
For from this Spark a Lightning shall arise,
That must ere Night purge all the *Roman* Air:
And then the Thunder of his Ruin follows.
No more; but haste thee to *Lucretius*:
I hear the Multitude, and must among them.
Away, my Son.

Tit. Bound, and obedient ever.

[Exit.]

{ Enter *Vindicius* with Plebeians.

Cit. *Jupiter* defend us! I think the Firmament is
all on a light Fire. Now, Neighbour, as you were say-
ing, as to the Cause of Lightning and Thunder, and for
the nature of Prodigies.

Vin. What! a Taylor, and talk of Lightning and
Thunder? Why, thou walking Shred, thou moving Bot-
tom, thou upright Needle, thou shaving edging Skirt,
thou flip-flap of a Man, thou vaulting Flea, thou Nit,
thou Nothing, dost thou talk of Prodigies when I am by?

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O tempora! O mores! But, Neighbours, as I was saying, what think you of *Valerius*?

All. Valerius, Valerius!

Vin. I know you are piping hot for Sedition, you all gape for Rebellion: but what's the near? For look you, Sirs, we, the People in the Body Politick, are but the Guts of Government, therefore we may rumble and grumble, and croke our Hearts out, if we have never a Head: why, how shall we be nourish'd? Therefore, I say, let us get a Head, a Head, my Masters.

Brut. Protect me, *Jove*, and guard me from the Phantom this so horrid Apparition is?

Or is it but the making of my Fancy?

Vin. Ha, *Brutus*! What, where is this Apparition?

Cit. This is the Tribune of the *Celeres*; A notable Head-piece, and the King's jester.

Brut. By *Jove*, a Prodigy!

Vin. Nay, like enough; the Gods are very angry, I know they are, they told me so themselves:

For look you, Neighbours, I, for my own part, Have seen to day fourscore and nineteen Prodigia, and a half.

Brut. But this is a whole one. O most horrible! Look, *Vindicius*, yonder, o'er that part O'th' Capitol, just, just there, Man, yonder, look.

Vin. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. I always took thee for a quick-sighted Fellow: What, art thou blind? Why yonder, all o' Fire; It vomits Lightning; 'tis a monstrous Dragon.

Vin. Oh, I see it: O *Jupiter* and *Juno*! By the Gods I see it:

Oh, Neighbours, look, look, look on his filthy Nostrils! 'T has Eyes like flaming Saucers, and a Belly Like a burning Caldron: With such a swinging Tail: And oh, a thing, a thing that's all o' Fire!

Brut. Ha! now it fronts us with a Head that's mark'd With *Tarquin's* Name: And see, 'tis Thunder-struck! Look yonder how it whizzes thro' the Air! The Gods have smuck it down; 'tis gone, 'tis vanish'd. Oh! Neighbours, what, what should this Portent mean?

Vin.

Vin. Mean! why, it's plain, did we not see the Mark
Upon the Beast? *Tarquin's* the Dragon, Neighbours,
Tarquin's the Dragon, and the Gods shall swinge him.

All. A Dragon, a *Tarquin*.

i Cit. For my part, I saw nothing.

Vin. How, Rogue? Why, this is Prodigy on Prodigy!
Down with him, knock him down; what, not see the
Dragon?

i Cit. Mercy: I did, I did; a huge monstrous Dragon.

Brut. So; not a Word of this, my Masters, not for your
Lives:

Meet me anon at the *Forum*; but not a Word.

Vindicius, tell 'em the Tribune of the *Celeres*

Intends this night to give them an Oration.

[*Ex. Vindic. and Rabble.*]

Enter Lucrece, Valerius, Lucretius, Mutius, Herminius,
Horatius, Titus, Tiberius, Collatinus.

Brut. Ha! in the open Air? So near, you Gods?
So ripe your judgments? Nay, then let 'em break,
And burst the Hearts of those that have deserv'd them.

Lucr. Oh, *Collatinus*! art thou come?

Alas, my Husband! Oh, my Love! my Lord!

Coll. Oh, *Lucrece*! see, I have obey'd thy Summons:
I have thee in my Arms; but speak, my Fair,
Say, is all well?

Lucr. Away, and do not touch me:

Stand near, but touch me not. My Father too!

Lucretius, art thou here?

Luc. Thou seest I am.

Haste, and relate thy lamentable Story. [me!]

Luc. If there be Gods, Oh, will not they revenge
Draw near, my Lord; for sure you have a Share
In these strange Woes. Ah, Sir, what have you done?
Why did you bring that Monster of Mankind
The other Night, to curse *Collatia's* Walls?
Why did you blast me with that horrid Visage,
And blot my Honour with the Blood of *Tarquin*?

Coll. Oh, all the Gods!

Lucr.

Lucr. Alas, they are far off,
 Or sure they would have help'd the wretched *Lucretia*.
 Hear then, and tell it to the wondring World;
 Last Night the lustful bloody *Sextus* came
 Late, and benighted, to *Collatia*,
 Intending, as he said, for *Rome* next Morning;
 But in the dead of Night, just when soft Sleep
 Had seal'd my Eyes, and quite becalm'd my Soul,
 Methought a horrid Voice thus thunder'd in my Ear,
Lucretia, thou'rt mine, arise and meet my Arms;
 When straight I wak'd, and found young *Tarquin* by me.
 His Rebe unbutton'd, red and sparkling Eyes,
 The flushing Blood that mounted in his Face,
 The trembling Eagerness that quite devour'd him,
 With only one grim Slave that held a Taper,
 At that dead Stilness of the murd'ring Night,
 Sufficiently declar'd his horrid Purpose.

Coll. Oh, *Lucretia*, Oh!

Lucr. How is it possible to speak the Passion,
 The Fright, the Throes, and Labour of my Soul?
 Ah! *Collatine*! half dead I turn'd away
 To hide my Shame, my Anger, and my Blushes,
 While he at first with a dissembled Mildness
 Attempted on my Honour——
 But hastily repuls'd, and with Disdain,
 He drew his Sword, and locking his Left-Hand
 Fast in my Hair, he held it to my Breast:
 Protesting by the Gods, the Fiends and Furies,
 If I refus'd him he would give me Death,
 And swear he found me with that swarthy Slave,
 Whom he would leave there murder'd by my Side.

Brut. Villain! Damn'd Villain!

Lucr. Ah, *Collatine*! Oh, Father! *Junius Brutus*!
 All that are kin to this dishonour'd Blood,
 How will you view me now? Ah, how forgive me?
 Yet think not, *Collatine*, with my last Tears,
 With these last Sighs, these dying Groans, I beg you;
 I do conjure my Love, my Lord, my Husband,
 O think me not consenting once in Thought,
 Tho' he in Act possess'd his furious Pleasure:

For,

For, Oh, the Name! the Name of an Adulteress! —

But here I faint. Oh, help me:

Imagine me, my Lord, but what I was,

And what I shortly shall be, cold and dead.

Coll. Oh, you avenging Gods! *Lucrece*, my Love,

I swear I do not think thy Soul consenting:

And therefore I forgive thee.

Lucr. Ah, my Lord!

Were I to live, how should I answer this?

All that I ask you now is to revenge me;

Revenge me, Father, Husband, Oh, revenge me;

Revenge me, *Brutus*; you his Sons revenge me;

Herminius, *Mutius*, thou *Horatius* too;

And thou *Valerius*; all, revenge me all:

Revenge the Honour of the ravish'd *Lucrece*.

All. We will revenge thee.

Lucr. I thank you all; I thank you, noble *Romans*:

And that my Life, tho' well I know you wish it,

May not hereafter ever give Example

To any that, like me, shall be dishonour'd,

To live beneath so loth'd an Infamy;

Thus I for ever loose it, thus set free

My Soul, my Life and Honour all together:

Revenge me; Oh Revenge, Revenge, Revenge! [*Diss.*]

Lucr. Struck to the Heart, already motionless.

Coll. O give me way t'embalm her with my Tears;

For who has that Propriety of Sorrow,

Who dares to claim an equal Share with me?

Brut. That, Sir, dare I, and every *Roman* here.

What now? At your Laments? your pining Sighs?

And Woman's Drops? Shall these quit Scores for Blood?

For Chastity, for *Rome*, and violated Honour?

Now, by the Gods, my Soul disdains your Tears:

There's not a common Harlot in the Shambles

But for a Drachm shall outweep you all.

Advance the Body nearer: See, my Lords,

Behold, you dazled *Romans*, from the Wound

Of this dead Beauty, thus I draw the Dagger,

All stain'd and reeking with her sacred Blood;

Thus to my Lips I put the hallow'd Blade,

VOL. I.

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To

To yours, *Lucretius*, *Collatinus* yours ;
 To yours *Herminius*, *Mutius* and *Horatius*,
 And yours *Valerius*: Kiss the Poniard round:
 Now join your Hands with mine, and swear, swear all,
 By this chaste Blood, chaste ere the royal Villain
 Mixt his foul Spirits with the spotless Mass.
 Swear, and let all the Gods be Witnesses,
 That you with me will drive proud *Tarquin* out,
 His Wife, th'imperial Fury, and her Sons,
 With all the Race; drive them with Sword and Fire
 To the World's Limits, Profligate accurst:
 Swear from this time never to suffer them,
 Nor any other King, to reign in *Rome*.

All. We swear.

Brut. Well have you sworn; and Oh! methinks I see
 The hovering Spirit of the ravish'd Matron
 Look down; she bows her airy Head to bless you,
 And crown th'auspicious Sacrament with Smiles.
 Thus with her Body high expos'd to View,
 March to the *Forum* with the Pomp of Death.

O *Lucrece*! Oh!

When to the Clouds thy Pile of Fame is rais'd,
 While *Rome* is free thy Memory shall be prais'd:
 Senate and People, Wives and Virgins all,
 Shall once a Year before thy Statue fall;
 Cursing the *Tarquins*, they thy Fate shall mourn:
 But, when the Thoughts of Liberty return,
 Shall bless the happy Hour when thou wert born.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Tiberius, Fabritius, Lartius, Flaminius.

TIBERIUS.

Fab. *Abrtius, Lartius, and Flaminius,*
As you are *Romans*, and oblig'd by *Tarquin*,
I dare confide in you ; I say again,
Tho' I could not refuse the Oath he gave us,
I disapprove my Father's Undertaking :
I'm loyal to the last, and so will stand.
I am in haste, and must to *Tullia*.

Fab. Leave me, my Lord, to deal with the Multitude.

Tib. Remember this in short. A King is one
To whom you may complain when you are wrong'd ;
The Throne lies open in your Way for Justice :
You may be angry, and may be forgiven ;
There's room for Favour, and for Benefit,
Where Friends and Enemies may come together,
Have present Hearing, present Composition,
Without recourse to the litigious Laws ;
Laws that are cruel, deaf, inexorable,
That cast the Vile and Noble all together ;
Where, if you shou'd exceed the Bounds of Order,
There is no Pardon: O ! 'tis dangerous,
To have all Actions judg'd by rigorous Law.
What, to depend on Innocence alone,
Among so many Accidents and Errors
That wait on human Life ? Consider it ;
Stand fast, be loyal, I must to the Queen. [Exit.

Fab. A pretty Speech, by *Mercury* ! Look you, *Lartius*, when the Words lie like a low Wrestler, round, close and short, squat, pat and pithy.

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Lar.

Lar. But what should we do here, *Fabritius*? The Multitude will tear us in pieces.

Fab. 'Tis true, *Lartius*, the Multitude is a mad thing, a strange blunder-headed Monster, and very unruly: But, Eloquence is such a thing, a fine, moving, florid, pathetic Speech! But see, the *Hydra* comes: Let me alone; fear not, I say fear not.

Enter Vindictus, with Plebeians.

Vin. Come, Neighbours, rank your selves, plant your selves, set your selves in order, the Gods are very angry, I'll say that for 'em: Pough, pough, I begin to sweat already; and they'll find us Work enough to Day, I'll tell you that. And to say Truth, I never lik'd *Tarquin*, before I saw the Mark in his Forehead: For look you, Sirs, I am a true Commonwealthsman, and do not naturally love Kings, tho' they be good; for why should any one Man have more Power than the People? Is he bigger, or wiser than the People? Has he more Guts, or more Brains than the People? What can he do for the People, that the People can't do for themselves? Can he make Corn grow in a Famine? Can he give us Rain in Drought? Or make our Pots boil, tho' the Devil piss in the Fire?

Cit. For my part, I hate all Courtiers; and I think I have Reason for't.

Vin. Thou Reason! Well, Taylor, and what's thy Reason?

Cit. Why, Sir, there was a Crew of 'em t'other Night got drunk, broke my Windows, and handled my Wife.

Vin. How, Neighbours? Nay, now the Fellow has Reason, look you: His Wife handled? Why, this is a Matter of Moment.

Cit. Nay, I know there were some of the Princes, for I heard *Sextus* his Name.

Vin. Ay, ay, the King's Sons, my Life for't; some of the King's Sons. Well, these roaring Lords never do any Good among us Citizens: They are ever breaking the

the Peace, running in our Debts, and swinging our Wives.

Fab. How long at length, thou many-headed Monster, You Bulls, and Bears, you roaring Beasts and Bandogs, Porters and Coblers, Tinkers, Tailors. all You rascally Sons of Whores in a civil Government, How long, I say, dare you abuse our Patience? Does not the Thought of Rods and Axes fright you? Does not our Presence, ha! these Eyes, these Faces Strike you with trembling? Ha!

Vin. Why, what have we here? a very Spit-fire; the Crack-fart of the Court. Hold, let me see him nearer: Yes, Neighbours, this is one of 'em. one of your roaring Squires that poke us in the Night, beat the Watch, and deflower our Wives. I know him, Neighbours, for all his bouncing and his swearing; this is a Court Pimp, a Baud, one of *Tarquin's* Bauds.

Fab. Peace thou obstreperous Rascal; I am a Man of Honour; one of the Equestrian Order, my Name *Fabritius*.

Vin. *Fabritius!* Your Servant, *Fabritius*. Down with him, Neighbours; an upstart Rogue; this is he that was the Queen's Coachman, and drove the Chariot over her Father's Body; down with him, down with 'em all: Bauds, Pimps, Panders.

Fab. O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy!

Vin. Hold, Neighbours, hold: As we are Great, let us be Just. You, Sirrah; you of the Equestrian Order, Knight? Now, by *Jove*, he has the Look of a Pimp; I find we can't save him. Rise, Sir Knight, and tell me before the Majesty of the People, what have you to say, that you should not have your Neck broke down the *Tarpeian* Rock, your Body burnt, and your Ashes thrown in the *Tiber*?

Fab. Oh! oh! oh!

Vin. A Courtier! a Sheep-biter. Leave off your blubbering, and confess.

Fab. Oh! I will confess, I will confess.

Vin. Answer me then. Was not you once the Queen's Coachman?

Fab. I was, I was.

Vin. Did you not drive her Chariot over the Body of her Father, the dead King *Tullus*?

Fab. I did, I did; tho' it went against my Conscience.

Vin. So much the worse. Have you not since abused the good People, by seducing the Citizens Wives to Court for the King's Sons? Have you not by your Bands Tricks been the occasion of their making Assault on the Bodies of many a virtuous dispos'd Gentlewoman?

Fab. I have, I have.

Vin. Have you not wickedly held the Door, while the Daughters of the wise Citizens have had their Vessels broken up?

Fab. Oh, I confess many a time and often.

Vin. For all which Services to your Princes, and so highly deserving of the Commonwealth, you have receiv'd the Honour of Knighthood?

Fab. Mercy, Mercy; I confess it all.

Vin. Hitherto I have help'd you to spell, now pray put together for your self, and confess the whole Matter, in three Words.

Fab. I was at first the Son of a Carman, came to the Honour of being *Tullia*'s Coachman, have been a Pimp, and remain a Knight at the Mercy o' the People.

Vin. Well, I am mov'd, my Jewels are stir'd; take 'em away, and let 'em only be hang'd: Away with 'em, away with 'em.

Fab. Oh Mercy! Help, help.

Vin. Hang 'em, Rogues, Pimps, hang 'em I say. Why, look you, Neighbours, this is Law, Right, and Justice: This is the People's Law, and I think that's better than the arbitrary Power of Kings. Why, here was Trial, Condemnation, and Execution, without more ado. Hark, hark, what have we here? Look, look, the Tribune of the *Celeres*! Bring forth the Pulpit, the Pulpit.

Trumpets.

Trumpets sound a dead March.

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Herminius, Mutius, Horatius, Lucretius, Collatinus, Tiberius, Titus, with the Body of Lucrece.

Val. I charge you Fathers, Nobles, Romans, Friends, Magistrates, all you People, hear *Valerius*. This Day, O Romans, is a Day of Wonders, The Villanies of *Tarquin* are complete: To lay whose Vices open to your View, To give you Reasons for his Banishment, With the Expulsion of his wicked Race, The Gods have chosen *Lucius Junius Brutus*, The stupid, senseless, and illiterate *Brutus*, Their Orator in this prodigious Cause: Let him ascend, and Silence be proclaim'd.

Vin. A *Brutus*, a *Brutus*, a *Brutus*! Silence there: Silence, I say, Silence on Pain of Death.

Brut. Patricians, People, Friends, and Romans all, Had not th' inspiring Gods by Wonder brought me From clouded Sense, to this full Day of Reason, Whence, with a Prophet's Prospect, I behold The State of *Rome*, and Danger of the World: Yet in a Cause like this, methinks the weak, Enervate, stupid *Brutus* might suffice: O the eternal Gods! Bring but the Statues Of *Romulus* and *Numa*, plant 'em here On either Hand of this cold *Roman* Wife, Only to stand and point that publick Wound; O *Romans*, Oh, what Use would be of Tongues! What Orator need speak while they were by? Would not the Majesty of those dumb Forms Inspire your Souls, and arm you for the Cause? Would you not curse the Author of the Murder, And drive him from the Earth with Sword and Fire? But where, methinks I hear the People shout, I hear the Cry of *Rome*, where is the Monster? Bring *Tarquin* forth, bring the Destroyer out,

K 4

By

By whose curs'd Offspring, lustful bloody *Sextus*,
 This perfect Mould of *Roman* Chastity,
 This Star of spotless and immortal Fame,
 This Pattern for all Wives, the *Roman* *Lovers*;
 Was foully brought to a disastrous End! [out crying]

Vin. O, Neighbours, oh! I bury'd seven Wives with-
 Nay, I never wept before in all my Life.

Brut. O the immortal Gods, and thou great Stay-
 Of falling *Rome*, if to his own Relations,
 (For *Collatinus* is a *Tarquin* too)

If Wrongs so great to them, to his own Blood,
 What then to us, the Nobles and the Commons?
 Not to remember you of his past Crimes,
 The black Ambition of his furious Queen,
 Who drove her Chariot thro' the *Cyprian* Street;
 On such a damn'd Design as might have turn'd
 The Steeds of Day, and shock'd the starting Gods,
 Blest as they are, with an uneasy Moment:

Add yet to this, oh! add the horrid Slaughter
 Of all the Princes of the *Roman* Senate;
 Invading Fundamental Right and Justice,
 Breaking the antient Customs, Statutes, Laws,
 With positive Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust;
 And those Affairs which were before dispatch'd
 In Publick by the Fathers, now are forc'd
 To his own Palace, there to be determin'd
 As he and his portentous Council please.
 But then for you.

Vin. Ay, for the People, come,
 And then, my Myrmidons, to pot with him.

Brut. I say, if thus the Nobles have been wrong'd,
 What Tongue can speak the Grievance of the People?

Vin. Alas, poor People!

Brut. You that were once a Free-born People, fam'd
 In his Forefathers Days for Wars abroad,
 The Conquerors of the World; Oh *Rome*! Oh Glory!
 What are you now? What has the Tyrant made you?
 The Slaves, the Beasts, the Asses of the Earth,
 The Soldiers of the Gods, mechanick Labourers,
 Drawers of Water, Taskers, Timber-fellers,

Yok'd

Yok'd you like Bulls, his very Jades for Luggage,
Drove you with Scourges down to dig in Quarries,
To cleanse his Sinks, the Scavengers o'th' Court;
While his leud Sons, tho' not on Work so hard,
Employ'd your Daughters, and your Wives at home.

Vin. Yes, marry did they.

Brut. O all the Gods! What are you *Romans*? He!
If this be true, why have you been so backward?
Oh sluggish Souls! O Fall of former Glory!
That would not rouse unless a Woman wak'd you!
Behold she comes, and calls you to revenge her;
Her Spirit hovers in the Air, and cries,
To Arms! to Arms! drive, drive the *Tarquins* out:
Behold this Dagger taken from her Wound,
She bids you fix this Trophy on your Standard;
This Poniard which she stab'd into her Heart,
And bear her Body in your Battle's Front:
Or will you stay till *Tarquin* does return,
To see your Wives and Children dragg'd about,
Your Houses burnt, the Temples all profan'd,
The City fill'd with Rapes, Adulteries,
The *Tiber* chok'd with Bodies; all the Shores
And neighbouring Rocks besmear'd with *Roman* Blood?

Vin. Away, away, let's burn his Palace first. [*Spire*]

Brut. Hold, hold, my Friends; as I have been th' In-
Of this most just Revenge, so I intreat you;
Oh worthy *Romans*, take me with you still:
Drive *Tullia* out; and all of *Tarquin's* Race;
Expel'em without Damage to their Persons,
Tho' not without Reprerch: *Vindictas*, you
I trust in this: So prosper us the Gods,
Prosper our Cause; prosper the Commonwealth,
Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.

Vin. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!

All. Liberty, &c. [*Exeunt*]

Kal. O *Brutus*, as a God we all survey thee:
Let then the Gratitude we should express
Be lost in Admiration. Well; we know
Virtue like thine, so fierce, so like the Gods,
That more than thou presentst we could not bear,

Looks with Disdain on ceremonious Honours ;
 Therefore accept in short the Thanks of *Rome* :
 First with our Bodies thus we worship thee,
 Thou Guardian *Genius* of the Commonwealth,
 Thou Father and Redeemer of thy Country ;
 Next we, as Friends, with equal Arms embrace thee,
 That *Brutus* may remember, tho' his Virtue
 Soar to the Gods, he is a *Roman* still.

Brut. And when I am not so, or once in Thought
 Conspire the Bondage of my Countrymen,
 Strike me, you Gods ; tear me, O *Romans*, piece-meal ;
 And let your *Brutus* be more loth'd than *Tarquin*.
 But now to those Affairs that want a View,
 Imagine then the Fame of what is done
 Has reach'd to *Ardea*, whence the trembling King,
 By Guilt and Nature quick and apprehensive,
 With a bent Brow comes post for his Revenge,
 To make Examples of the Mutineers :
 Let him come on. *Lucretius*, to your Care
 The Charge and Custody of *Rome* is given,
 While we, with all the Force that can be rais'd,
 Waiting the *Tarquins* on the common Road,
 Resolve to join the Army at the Camp.
 What thinks *Valerius* of the Consequence ?

Val. As of a lucky Hit. There is a Number
 Of Malcontents that wish for such a Time :
 I think that only Speed is necessary
 To crown the whole Event.

Brut. Go then your self,
 With these Assistants, and make instant Head
 Well as you can, Numbers will not be wanting
 To *Mars* his Field ; I have but some few Orders
 To leave with *Titus* that must be dispers'd,
 And *Brutus* shall attend you,

Val. The Gods direct you.

[*Exeunt with the Body of Lucrece.*]

Manent Brutus and Titus.

Brut. *Titus*, my Son.

Tit. My ever honour'd Lord.

Brut.

Brut. I think, my *Titus*,

Nay, by the Gods, I dare protest it to thee,
I love thee more than any of my Children.

Tit. How, Sir, oh how, my Lord, have I deserv'd it?

Brut. Therefore I lov'd thee more, because, my Son,
Thou hast deserv'd it; for to speak sincerely,
There's such a Sweetness still in all thy Manners,
An Air so open, and a Brow so clear,
A Temper so remov'd from Villany,
With such a manly Plainness in thy Dealing,
That not to love thee, O my Son, my *Titus*,
Were to be envious of so great a Virtue.

Tit. O all the Gods, where will this Kindness end?
Why do you thus, O my too gracious Lord,
Dissolve at once the Being that you gave me?
Unless you mean to screw me to Performances
Beyond the reach of Man?
Ah why, my Lord, do you oblige me more
Than my Humanity can e'er return?

Brut. Yes, *Titus*, thou conceiv'st thy Father right;
I find our *Genii* know each other well;
And Minds, my Son, of our uncommon Make,
When once the Mark's in view, never shoot wide,
But in a Line come level to the White,
And hit the very Heart of our Design;
Then to the shocking Purpose. Once again
I say, I swear, I love thee, O my Son;
I like thy Frame, the Fingers of the Gods
I see have left their Mastery upon thee;
They have been tapering up thy *Roman* Form,
And the majestick Prints at large appear:
Yet something they have left for me to finish,
Which thus I press thee to, thus in my Arms
I fashion thee, I mould thee to my Heart.
What? Dost thou kneel? Nay, stand up now a *Roman*,
Shake from thy Lids that Dew that hangs upon 'em,
And answer to th' Austerity of my Virtue.

Tit. If I must die, you Gods, I am prepar'd:
Let then my Fate suffice; but do not rack me
With something more.

Brut.

36 **Lucius Junius Brutus, &**

Brut. Titus as I remember,
You told me you were marry'd.

Tit. My Lord, I did.

Brut. To Teraminta, *Tarquin's* natural Daughter.

Tit. Most true, my Lord, to that poor virtuous Maid,
Your *Titus*, Sir, your most unhappy Son,
Is join'd for ever.

Brut. No, Titus, not for ever;
Not but I know the Virgin beautiful;

For I did oft converse her when I seem'd

Not to converse at all: Yet more, my Son,

I think her chastly good, most sweetly fram'd,

Without the smallest Tincture of her Father:

Yet, *Titus*— Ha! What, Man? What, all in Tears!

Art thou so soft, that only saying, Yet,

Has dash'd thee thus? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down

Down to the bottom of this foolish Stream,

Whose Brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my Son,

If thou art mine thou art not *Teraminta's*:

Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be,

Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Tit. O the Gods!

Forgive me, Blood and Duty, all Respects

Due to a Father's Name, not *Teraminta's*!

Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not *Teraminta's*;

No, *Titus*, by th'eternal Fates, that hang

I hope auspicious o'er the Head of *Rome*,

I'll grapple with thee on this Spot of Earth

About this Theme till one of us fall dead:

I'll struggle with thee for this Point of Honour,

And tug with *Teraminta* for thy Heart,

As I have done for *Rome*: Yes, ere we part,

Fix'd as you are, by Wedlock join'd and fast,

I'll set you far asunder: Nay, on this,

This spotted Blade, bath'd in the Blood of *Lucrece*,

I'll make thee swear on this thy Wedding Night

Thou wilt not touch thy Wife.

Tit. Conscience, Heart and Bowels,

Am I a Man? Have I my Flesh about me?

Brut. I know thou hast too much of Flesh about thee:

'Tis

'Tis that, my Son, that and thy Blood I fear,
More than thy Spirit, which is truly *Roman*;
But let the heated Channels of thy Veins
Boil o'er; ~~I still am obstinate in this~~.
Thou shalt renounce thy Father or thy Love.
Either resolve to part with *Tullia*;
To send her forth with *Tullia* to her Father,
Or shake Hands with me; part, and be accus'd;
Make me believe thy Mother play'd me false,
And, in my Absence, stamp'd thee with a *Tarquin*.
Tit. Hold, Sir, I do-conjure you by the Gods,
Wrong not my Mother, tho' you doom me dead:
Curse me not till you hear what I resolve;
Give me a little time to rouse my Spirits,
To muster all the Tyrant-Man about me,
All that is fierce, austere, and greatly cruel,
To *Titus* and his *Ferentina's* Ruin.

Brut. Remember me; look on thy Father's Sufferings,
What he has borne for twenty rolling Years;
If thou hast Nature, Worth, or Honour in thee,
The Contemplation of my cruel Labours
Will stir thee up to this new Act of Glory.
Thou want'st the Image of thy Father's Wrongs;
O take it then, reflected with the Warmth
Of all the Tenderness that I can give thee:
Perhaps it stood in a wrong Light before,
I'll try all ways to place it to advantage:
Learn by my rigorous *Roman* Resolution
To stiffen thy unharas'd Infant Virtue:
I do allow thee Fond, Young, Soft, and Gentle,
Train'd by the Charms of one that is most Lovely;
Yet, *Titus*, this must be all lost, when Honour,
When *Rome*, the World, and the Gods come to claim us;
Think then thou heard'st 'em cry, Obey thy Father;
If thou art false, or perjur'd, there he stands
Accountable to us, but swear t'obey;
Implicitly believe him, that, if ought
Besworn amiss, thou may'st have nought to answer.

Tit. What is it, Sir, that you wou'd have me swear?
That I may 'scape your Curse, and gain your Blessing.

Brut.

Brut. That thou this Night wilt part with *Teraminta*,
For once again I swear, if here she stays,
What for the Hatred of the Multitude,
And my Resolves to drive out *Tarquin's* Race,
Her Person is not safe.

Tit. Here, take me, Sir,
Take me before I cool : I swear this Night
That I will part with (oh!) my *Teraminta*.

Brut. Swear too, and by the Soul of ravish'd *Lucrece*,
Tho' on thy Bridal Night, thou wilt not touch her.

Tit. I swear, even by the Soul of her you nam'd,
The ravish'd *Lucrece*, oh th' immortal Gods!
I will not touch her.

Brut. So ; I trust thy Virtue :
And by the Gods I thank thee for the Conquest.
Once more, with all the Blessings I can give thee,
I take thee to my Arms ; thus on my Breast,
The hard and rugged Pillow of thy Honour,
I wean thee from thy Love : Farewel ; be fast
To what thou'st sworn, and I am thine for ever. *[Exit]*

Tit. solus. To what thou'st sworn ! Oh Heaven and Earth
What have I sworn ? to part with *Teraminta* ? [what's that ?]
To part with something dearer to my Heart
Than my Life's Drops ? What ! not this Night enjoy her ?
Renounce my Vows, the Rights, the Dues of Marriage,
Which I now gave her, and the Priest was Witness,
Bless'd with a Flood that stream'd from both our Eyes,
And seal'd with Sighs, and Smiles, and deathless Kisses :
Yet after this to swear thou wilt not touch her !
Oh, all the Gods, I did forswear my self
In swearing that, and will forswear again :
Not touch her ! O thou perjur'd Braggard, where,
Where are thy Vaunts, thy Protestations now ?

Enter Teraminta.

She comes to strike thy staggering Duty down :
'Tis fall'n, 'tis gone. Oh *Teraminta*, come,
Come to my Arms thou only Joy of *Titus*,
Hush to my Cares thou Mass of hoarded Sweets,

Selected

Selected Hour of all Life's happy Moments :

What shall I say to thee?

Ter. Say any thing ;

For while you speak, methinks a sudden Calm,

In spite of all the Horror that surrounds me,

Falls upon every frighted Faculty,

And puts my Soul in Tune. O *Titus*, oh!

Methinks my Spirit shivers in her House,

Shrugging, as if she long'd to be at rest ;

With this Foresight, to die thus in your Arms,

Were to prevent a World of following Ills.

[*know*

Tit. What Ills, my Love? What Power has Fortune

But we can brave? 'Tis true, my *Teraminta*,

The Body of the World is out of Frame,

The vast distorted Limbs are on the Rack,

And all the Cable Sinews stretch'd to bursting,

The Blood ferments, and the majestick Spirits,

Like *Hercules* in the invenom'd Shirt,

Lie in a Fever on the horrid Pile :

My Father, like an *Esculapius*

Sent by the Gods, comes boldly to the Cure ;

But how, my Love? By violent Remedies :

And says that *Rome*, ere yet she can be well,

Must purge and cast, purge all th'infected Humours

Through the whole Mass, and vastly, vastly bleed.

Ter. Ah, *Titus*! I my self but now beheld

Th' Expulsion of the Queen, driv'n from her Palace,

By the enrag'd and madding Multitude,

And hardly 'scap'd my self to find you here.

Tit. Why yet, my *Teraminta*, we may smile.

Come then to Bed, ere yet the Night descends

With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World.

Why, what care we? Let us enjoy those Pleasures

The Gods have given; lock'd in each other's Arms

We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at Fate.

Ter. No, no, my Lord, there's more than you have nam'd,

There's something at your Heart that I must find ;

I claim it with the Privilege of a Wife :

Keep close your Joys ; but for your Grievs, my *Titus*,

I must not, will not lose my Share in them.

Ah,

Ah, the good Gods, what is it sin you thus?
 Speak, speak, my Lord, or *Teraminta* dies:
 Oh Heav'n's, he weeps! nay then, upon my Knees
 I thus conjure you speak, or give me Death.

Tit. Rise, *Teraminta*. Oh, if I should speak
 What I have rashly sworn against my Love,
 I fear that I should give thee Death indeed.

Ter. Against your Love? no, that's impossible;
 I know your God-like Truth: Nays, should you swear,
 Swear to me now that you forswore your Love,
 I would not credit it. No, no, my Lord,
 I see, I know, I read it in your Eyes,
 You love the wretched *Teraminta* still:
 The very manner of your hiding it,
 The Tears you shed, your Backwardness to speak:
 What you affirm you swore against your Love,
 Tell me, my Lord, you love me more than ever.

Tit. By all the Gods I do: Oh *Teraminta*,
 My Heart's Discerner, whither wilt thou drive me?
 I'll tell thee then. My Father wrought me up,
 I know not how, to swear I know not what;
 That I would send thee hence with *Fulvia*,
 Swear not to touch thee, tho' my Wife; yet, oh! what
 Hadst thou been by thy self, and but behold him,
 Thou wouldst have thought, such was his Majesty,
 That the Gods lightned from his awful Eyes,
 And thunder'd from his Tongue.

Ter. No more, my Lord:
 I do conjure you by all those Powers
 Which we invok'd together at the Altar,
 And beg you by the Love I know you bear me,
 To let this Passion trouble you no farther;
 No, my dear Lord, my honour'd God-like Husband,
 I am your Wife, and one that seeks your Honour:
 By Heav'n I would have sworn you thus my self.
 What, on the Shock of Empire, on the Turn
 Of State, and the Universal Change of Things,
 To lie at home, and languish for a Woman?
 No, *Titus*, he that makes himself thus vile,
 Let him not dare pretend to ought that's Princely;

But

But be, as all this warlike World shall judge him,
The Droll o' th' People, and the Scorn of Kings.

Enter Horatius.

Hor. My Lord, your Father gives you thus in Charge,
Remember what you swore: The Guard is ready;
And I am ordered to conduct your Bride,
While you attend your Father.

Tit. Oh *Teraminta*!

Then we must part.

Ter. We must, we must, my Lord,
Therefore be swift, and snatch your self away;
Or I shall die with lingring.

Tit. Oh, a Kiss,
Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls,
Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.
Preserve thy self: look well to that, my Love;
Think on our Covenant: When either dies,
The other is no more.

Ter. I do remember,
But have no Language left.

Tit. Yet we shall meet,
In spite of Sighs we shall, at least in Heav'n.
Oh *Teraminta*, once more to my Heart,
Once to my Lips, and ever to my Soul.
Thus the soft Mother, tho' her Babe is dead,
Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid,
Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurses strive,
And fond it still, as if it were alive;
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Croud,
And shrieks to see 'em wrap it in the Shroud.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Collatinus, Tiberius, Vitellius, Aquilius.

C O L L A T I N U S.

H Expulsion of the *Tarquins* now must stand;
 Their Camp to be surpris'd, while *Tarquin* here
 Was scolded from our Walls; I blush to think
 That such a Master in the Art of War
 Should so forget himself.

Vit. Triumphant *Brutus*,
 Like *Jove* when follow'd by a Train of Gods,
 To mingle with the Fates, and doom the World,
 Ascends the Brazen Steps o' th' Capitol,
 With all the humming Senate at his Heels;
 Ev'n in that Capitol which the King built
 With the Expence of all the Royal Treasure:
 Ungrateful *Brutus* there in Pomp appears,
 And sits the Purple Judge of *Tarquin's* Downfall.

Aquil. But why, my Lord, why are not you there too?
 Were you not chosen Consul by whole *Rome*?
 Why are you not saluted too like him?
 Where are your Lictors? Where your Rods and Axes?
 Or are you but the Ape, the mimic God
 Of this new Thunderer, who appropriates
 Those Bolts of Power which ought to be divided?

Tib. Now by the Gods I hate his upstart Pride,
 His Rebel Thoughts of the Imperial Race,
 His abject Soul that stoops to court the Vulgar,
 His Scorn of Princes, and his Lust to th' People.
O Collatine, have you not Eyes to find him?
 Why are you rais'd, but to set off his Honours?
 A Taper by the Sun, whose sickly Beams
 Are swallow'd in the Blaze of his full Glory:
 He, like a Meteor, wades th' Abyss of Light,
 While your faint Lustre adds but to the Beard

That

That awes the World. When late through *Rome* he pass'd
 Fix'd on his Courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
 On this, on that side, to the gazing Heads
 That pav'd the Streets, and all imboss'd the Windows;
 That gap'd with Eagerness to speak, but could not,
 So fast their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
 And that to Joy, which thus at last broke forth :
Brutus, God *Brutus*, Father of thy Country !
 Hail *Genius*, hail ! Deliverer of lost *Rome* !
 Shield of the Commonwealth, and Sword of Justice !
 Hail, Scourge of Tyrants, Lash for lawless Kings !
 All hail, they cry'd, while the long Peal of Praises,
 Tormented with a thousand echoing Cries,
 Ran like the Volly of the Gods along. [brance.

Coll. No more on't ; I grow sick with the Remem-

Tib. But when you follow'd, how did their bellying Bo-
 That ventur'd from the Casements more than half [dies,
 To look at *Brutus*, nay, that stuck like Snails
 Upon the Walls, and from the Houses Tops
 Hung down like clust'ring Bees upon each other ;
 How did they all draw back at sight of you,
 To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from Rapture !
 Are you a Man ? Have you the Blood of Kings,
 And suffer this ?

Coll. Ha ! is he not his Father ?

Tib. I grant he is.

Consider this, and rouse your self at home :
 Commend my Fire, and rail at your own Slackness,
 Yet more, remember but your last Disgrace,
 When you propos'd, with Reverence to the Gods,
 A King of Sacrifices should be chosen,
 And from the Consuls, did he not oppose you ?
 Fearing, as well he might, your sure Election ;
 Saying, it smelt too much of Royalty ;
 And that it might rub up the Memory
 Of those that lov'd the Tyrant ? Nay, yet more,
 That if the People chose you for the Place,
 The Name of King would light upon a *Tarquin* ;
 Of one that's doubly Royal, being descended
 From two great Princes that were Kings of *Rome* ?

Coll.

44 . Lucius Junius Brutus,

Coll. But after all this, whither would'st thou drive?

Tib. I would to Justice, for the Restoration
Of our most lawful Prince : Yes, *Collatine*,
I look upon my Father as a Traitor ;
I find that neither you, nor brave *Aquilius*,
Nor young *Vitellius*, dare confide in me :
But that you may, and firmly, to the hazard
Of all the World holds precious, once again,
I say, I look on *Brutus* as a Traitor ;
No more my Father, by th' immortal Gods :
And to redeem the Time, to fix the King
On his Imperial Throne, some Means propose
That favour of a govern'd Policy,
Where there is Strength and Life to hope a Fortune,
Not to throw all upon one desperate Chance ;
I'll on as far as he that laughs at dying.

Coll. Come to my Arms : O thou so truly Brave,
Thou may'st redeem the Errors of thy Race !
Aquilius, and *Vitellius*, O embrace him,
And ask his Pardon, that so long we fear'd
To trust so rich a Virtue. But behold,

Enter Brutus and Valerius.

Brutus appears : Young Man, be satisfy'd,
I found thy politick Father to the bottom,
Plotting the Assumption of *Valerius* ;
He means to cast me from the Consulship.
But now I heard how he cajol'd the People
With his known Industry, and my Remissness :
That still in all our Votes, Prescriptions, Edicts,
Against the King, he found I acted faintly,
Still closing every Sentence, he's a *Tarquin*.

Brut. No, my *Valerius*, till thou art my Mate,
Joint-Master in this great Authority,
However calm the Face of things appears,
Rome is not safe : By the majestick Gods
I swear, while *Collatine* sits at the Helm,
A Universal Wrack is to be fear'd :
I have Intelligence of his Transactions,

He

He mingles with the young hot Blood of *Rome*,
Gnaws himself inward, grudges my Applause,
Promotes Cabals with highest Quality,
Such headlong Youth as spurning Laws and Manners,
Shar'd in the late Debaucheries of *Sextus*,
And therefore with the Tyrant here again.
As the inverted Seasons shock wise Men,
And the most fix'd Philosophy must start
At sultry Winters, and at frosty Summers:
So at this most unnatural Stillness here,
This more than midnight Silence through all *Rome*,
This deadness of Discourse, and dreadful Calm
Upon so great a Change, I more admire,
Than if a hundred politick Heads were met,
And nodded Mutiny to one another;
More Fear than if a thousand lying Libels
Were spread abroad, nay, dropt among the Senate.

Val. I have my self employ'd a busy Slave,
His Name *Vinditius*, given him Wealth and Freedom,
To watch the Motions of *Vitellius*,
And those of the *Aquilian* Family:
Vitellius has already entertain'd him;
And something thence important may be gather'd:
For these of all the Youth of Quality
Are most inclin'd to *Tarquin* and his Race,
By Blood and Humour.

Brut. Oh, *Valerius*!
That Boy, observ'st thou? Oh, I fear, my Friend,
He is a Weed, tho' rooted in my Heart,
And grafted to my Stock, if he prove rank,
By *Mars* no more but thus, away with him:
I'll tear him from me, tho' the Blood should follow.
Tiberius.

Tib. My Lord!

Brut. Sirrah, no more of that *Vitellius*;
I warn'd you too of young *Aquilius*:
Are my Words Wind, that thus you let 'em pass?
Hast thou forgot thy Father?

Tib. No, my Lord!

Brut.

Brut. Thou ly'st. But tho' thou 'scape a Father's Rod,
 The Consul's Ax may reach thee: think on that.
 I know thy Vanity, and blind Ambition;
 Thou dost associate with my Enemies:
 When I refus'd the Consul *Collatine*
 To be the King of Sacrifices, straight,
 As if thou hadst been sworn his Bosom Fool,
 He nam'd thee for the Office: and since that,
 Since I refus'd thy Madness thy Preferment,
 Because I would have none of *Brutus*' Blood
 Pretend to be a King, thou hang'st thy Head,
 Contriv'st to give thy Father new Displeasure;
 As if Imperial Toil were not enough
 To break my Heart without thy Disobedience.
 But by the Majesty of *Rome* I swear,
 If after double Warning thou despise me,
 By all the Gods, I'll cast thee from my Blood,
 Doom thee to Forks and Whips as a *Barbarian*,
 And leave thee to the Lashes of the Lictor.
Tarquinius Collatinus, you are summon'd
 To meet the Senate on the instant Time.

Coll. Lead on: my Duty is to follow *Brutus*.

[*Ex. Brut. Val.*]

Tib. Now, by those Gods with which he menac'd me,
 I here put off all Nature; since he turns me
 Thus desperate to the World, I do renounce him:
 And when we meet again he is my Foe.
 All Blood, all Reverence, Fondness be forgot:
 Like a grown Savage on the common Wild,
 That runs at all, and cares not who begot him,
 I'll meet my Lion Sire and roar Defiance,
 As if he ne'er had nurs'd me in his Den.

*Enter Vinditius, with the People, and two Feclian
 Priests, crown'd with Laurel: two Spears in their
 Hands, one bloody and half burnt.*

Vin. Make way there, hey, News from the Tyrant;
 here come Envoys, Herald, Ambassadors, whether in
 the Gods Name or in the Devils, I know not, but here
 they

they come, your *Fecialian* Priests: Well, good People, I like not these Priests; why, what the Devil have they to do with State Affairs? What side soever they are for, the'll have Heaven for their part I'll warrant you: They'll lug the Gods in whether they will or no.

1 *Pri.* Hear, *Jupiter*; and thou, O *Juno*, hear: Hear, O *Quirinus*, hear us, all you Gods, Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal.

2 *Pri.* Be thou, O *Rome*, our Judge: Hear all you People.

Vin. Fine canting Rogues! I told you how they'd be hooking the Gods in at first dash: Why, the Gods are their Tools and Tackle; they work with Heaven and Hell; and let me tell you, as Things go, your Priests have a hopeful Trade on't.

1 *Pri.* I come Ambassador to thee, O *Rome*, Sacred and Just, the Legate of the King.

2 *Pri.* If we demand, or purpose to require, A Stone from *Rome* that's contrary to Justice, May we be ever banish'd from our Country, And never hope to taste this vital Air.

Tib. *Vinditius*, lead the Multitude away;
Aquilus, with *Vitellius*, and my self,
Will straight conduct 'em to the Capitol.

Vin. I go, my Lord; but have a care of 'em: Sly Rogues, I warrant 'em, Mark that first Priest; do you see how he leers? A lying Elder; the true Cast of a Holy Jugler. Come, my Masters, I would think well of a Priest, but that he has a Commission to dissemble: A Patent Hypocrite, that takes Pay to forge Lyes by Law, and lives by the Sins of the People.

[*Excunt with People.*]

Aquil. My Life upon't, you may speak out, and freely; *Tiberius* is the Heart of our Design.

1 *Pri.* The Gods be prais'd. Thus then; the King commends

Your generous Resolves, longs to be with you,
And those you have engag'd, divides his Heart
Amongst you; which more clearly will be seen

When

When you have read these Packets : As we go,
I'll spread the Bosom of the King before you [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Senate.*

Brut. *Patricians*, that long stood, and 'scap'd the Ty-
The venerable Moulds of your Forefathers, [*rant,*
That represent the Wisdom of the Dead ;
And you the Conscript chosen for the People,
Engines of Power, severest Counsellors,
Courts that examine Treasons to the Head :
All hail. The Consul begs th' auspicious Gods,
And binds *Quirinus* by his tutelar Vow,
That Plenty, Peace, and lasting Liberty
May be your Portion, and the Lot of *Rome*.
Laws, Rules, and Bounds, prescrib'd for raging Kings,
Like Banks and Bulwarks for the Mother Seas,
Tho' 'tis impossible they should prevent
A thousand daily Wrecks and nightly Ruins,
Yet help to break those rolling Inundations,
Which else would overflow and drown the World.
Tarquin, to feed whose fathomless Ambition
And Ocean Luxury, the noblest Veins
Of all true *Romans* were like Rivers empty'd,
Is cut from *Rome*, and now he flows full on :
Yet, Fathers, ought we much to fear his Ebb,
And strictly watch the Dams that we have rais'd.
Why should I go about ? The *Roman* People
All, with one Voice, accuse my Fellow Consul.

Coll. The People may ; I hope the Nobles will not.
The People ! *Brutus* does indulge the People.

Brut. Consul, in what is right I will indulge 'em :
And much I think 'tis better so to do,
Than see 'em run in Tumults through the Streets,
Forming Cabals, plotting against the Senate,
Shutting their Shops, and flying from the Town,
As if the Gods had sent the Plague among 'em.
I know too well, you and your Royal Tribe
Scorn the good People, scorn the late Election,
Because

Because we chose these Fathers for the People,
 To fill the Place of those whom *Tarquin* murder'd :
 And tho' you laugh at this, you and your Train,
 The irreligious harebrain'd Youth of *Rome*,
 The Ignorant, the Slothful, and the Base :
 Yet wise Men know, 'tis very rarely seen,
 That a free People should desire the Hurt
 Of Common Liberty. No, *Collatine*,
 For those Desires arise from their Oppression,
 Or from Suspicion they are falling to it :
 But put the Case that those their Fears were false,
 Ways may be found to rectify their Errors ;
 For grant the People ignorant of themselves,
 Yet they are capable of being told,
 And will conceive a Truth from worthy Men :
 From you they will not, nor from your Adherents,
Rome's infamous and execrable Youth,
 Foes to Religion and the Commonwealth,
 To Virtue, Learning, and all sober Arts
 That bring Renown and Profit to Mankind ;
 Such as had rather bleed beneath a Tyrant
 To become dreadful to the Populace,
 To spread their Lusts and Dissoluteness round,
 Tho' at the daily hazard of their Lives,
 Than live at Peace in a free Government,
 Where every Man is Master of his own,
 Sole Lord at home, and Monarch of his House ;
 Where Rancor and Ambition are extinguish'd :
 Where universal Peace extends her Wings,
 As if the Golden Age return'd ; where all
 The People do agree, and live secure ;
 The Nobles and the Princes lov'd and reverenc'd,
 The World in Triumph, and the Gods ador'd.

Coll. The Consul, Conscript Fathers, says the People,
 For divers Reasons, grudge the Dignity,
 Which I possess'd by general Approbation :

I hear their Murmurs, and would know of *Brutus*
 What they would have me do ; what's their Desire.

Brut. Take hence the Royal Name, resign thy Office
 Go as a Friend, and of thy own accord,

Lest thou be forc'd to what may seem thy Will :
 The City renders thee what is thy own
 With vast Increase, so thou resolve to go :
 For 'till the Name, the Race and Family
 Of *Tarquin* be remov'd, *Rome* is not free.

Coll. Brutus, I yield my Office to *Valerius*,
 Hoping, when *Rome* has try'd my Faith by Exile,
 She will recal me : So the Gods preserve you. [Exit.]

Brut. Welcome, *Publicola*, true Son of *Rome* ;
 On such a Pilot in the roughest Storm
 She may securely sleep, and rest her Cares.

Enter Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, and the Priests.

1 *Pri.* Hear *Jupiter*, *Quirinus*, all you Gods.
 Thou Father, Judge, commission'd for the Message,
Pater Patratus for the Embassy,
 And sacred Oaths which I must swear for Truth ;
 Dost thou commission me to seal the Peace,
 If Peace they choose ; or hurl this bloody Spear
 Half burnt in Fire, if they enforce a War ?

2 *Pri.* Speak to the Senate, and the *Alban* People,
 The Words of *Tarquin* : This is your Commission.

1 *Pri.* The King, to shew he has more Moderation
 Than those that drove him from his lawful Empire,
 Demands but Restitution of his own,
 His Royal Household-stuff, Imperial Treasure,
 His Gold, his Jewels, and his proper State
 To be transported where he now resides :
 I swear that this is all the King requires ;
 Behold his Signet set upon the Wax,
 'Tis seal'd and written in these sacred Tables.
 To this I swear ; and as my Oath is just,
 Sincere, and punctual, without all Deceit,
 May *Jupiter* and all the Gods reward me :
 But if I act, or otherwise imagine,
 Think, or design, than what I here have sworn,
 All you the *Alban* People being safe,
 Safe in your Country, Temples, Sepulchres,
 Safe in your Laws, and proper Household Gods,

Let

Let me alone be struck, fall, perish, die,
As now this Stone falls from my Hand to Earth.

Brut. The Things you ask, being very controversial,
Requise some time. Should we deny the Tyrant
What was his own, 'twould seem a strange Injustice,
Tho' he had never reign'd in *Rome*; yet, Fathers,
If we consent to yield to his Demand,
We give him then full Power to make a War.
'Tis known to you, the *Fecialian* Priests,
No Act of Senate after Sun-set stands;
Therefore your Offers being of great moment,
We shall defer your Business 'till the Morn;
With whose first Dawn we summon all the Fathers.
To give th' Affair Dispatch: So *Jove* protect,
Guard, and defend the Commonwealth of *Rome*. [*Exe.*

Moment Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, Priests.

Tib. Now to the Garden, where I'll bring my Brother:
Fear not, my Lord; we have the Means to work him:
It cannot fail.

1 Pri. And you, *Vitellius*, haste
With good *Aquilius*, spread the News thro' *Rome*,
To all of Royal Spirit; most to those
Young Noblemen that us'd to range with *Sextus*:
Persuade a Restitution of the King,
Give 'em the Hint to let him in by Night,
And join their Forces with th' Imperial Troops,
For 'tis a Shove, a Push of Fate must bear it:
For you, the Hearts and Souls of Enterprize,
I need not urge a Reason after this:
What Good can come of such a Government,
Where tho' two Consuls, wise and able Persons
As are throughout the World, sit at the Helm,
A very Trifle cannot be resolv'd;
A Trick, a Start, a Shadow of a Business,
That would receive Dispatch in half a Minute,
Were the Authority but rightly plac'd
In *Rome's* most lawful King? But now no more;
The *Fecialian* Garden is the Place,

Where more of our sworn Function will be ready
To help the Royal Plot: Disperse, and prosper.

SCENE III. *The Fecialian Garden.*

Titus solus.

Tit. She's gone, and I shall never see her more:
Gone to the Camp, to the harsh Trade of War,
Driven from thy Bed, just warm within thy Breast,
Torn from her Harbour by thy Father's Hand,
Perhaps to starve upon the barren Plain.
Thy Virgin Wife, the very Blush of Maids,
The softest Bosom, sweet, and not enjoy'd:
O the Immortal Gods! And as she went,
Howe'er she seem'd to bear our Parting well,
Methoughts she mix'd her Melting with Disdain,
A Cast of Anger through her shining Tears:
So to abuse her Hopes, and blast her Wishes,
By making her my Bride, but not a Woman!

*Enter Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, and Priests,
with Teraminta.*

Tib. See where he stands, drown'd in his Melancholy.

Pri. Madam, you know the Pleasure of the Queen:
And what the Royal *Tullia* did command,
I've sworn to execute.

Ter. I am instructed.

Since then my Life's at stake, you need not doubt
But I will act with all the Force I can:
Let me intreat you leave me here alone
Some Minutes, and I'll call you to the Conquest.

[*Ex. Tib. Aquil. Vitel. Pri.*

Tit. Choose then the gloomiest Place through all the
Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground, [Grove,
With thy bare Breast lie wedded to the Dew;
Then, as thou drink'st the Tears that trickle from thee,
So stretch'd resolve to lie 'till Death shall seize thee:
Thy sorrowful Head hung o'er some tumbling Stream,
To

To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds,
With broken Murmurs, and redoubled Groans,
To help the gurgling of the Waters Fall.

Ter. Oh, *Titus*, Oh, what Scene of Death is this!

[*Aside.*]

Tit. Or if thy Passion will not be kept in,
As in that Glas of Nature thou shalt view
Thy swollen drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
The Tops of Willows, and their Blossoms turn'd,
With all the under Sky ten Fathom down,
With that the Shadow of the swimming Globe
Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at Fate,
And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars:
Nay, do not bear it, turn thy watry Face
To yon misguided Orb, and ask the Gods
For what bold Sin they doom the wretched *Titus*
To such a Loss as that of *Teraminta*?

O *Teraminta*! I will grone thy Name,
'Till the tir'd Echo faint with Repetition,
'Till all the breathless Grove and quiet Myrtles
Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempest bow'd 'em.
Nothing but *Teraminta*: O *Teraminta*!

Ter. Nothing but *Titus*: *Titus* and *Teraminta*!
Thus let me rob the Fountains and the Groves,
Thus gird me to thee with the fastest Knot
Of Arms and Spirits that would clasp thee through;
Cold as thou art, and wet with Night's faln Dews,
Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd with Sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with Kingdoms.
Oh, *Titus*! Oh!

Ter. I find thee, *Teraminta*,
,Wak'd from a fearful Dream, and hold thee fast:
'Tis real, and I give thee back thy Joys,
Thy boundless Love with Pleasures running o'er;
Nay, as thou art, thus with thy Trappings, come,
Leap to my Heart, and ride upon the Pants,
Triumphing thus, and now defy our Stars.
But, oh, why do we lose this precious Moment!
The Bliss may yet be barr'd if we delay,
As 'twas before. Come to thy Husband's Bed;

I will not think this true 'till there I hold thee,
 Lock'd in my Arms. Leave this contagious Air,
 There will be time for Talk how thou canst hither,
 When we have been beforehand with the Gods:
 'Till then —————

Ter. Oh, *Titus*, you must hear me first.
 I bring a Message from the furious Queen:
 I promised, nay, she swore me not to touch you,
 'Till I had charm'd you to the Part of *Tarquin*.

Tit. Ha, *Teraminta*! Not to touch thy Husband
 Unless he prove a Villain?

Ter. *Titus*, no:
 I'm sworn to tell you that you are a Traitor,
 If you refuse to fight the Royal Cause.

Tit. Hold, *Teraminta*.

Ter. No, my Lord; 'tis plain,
 And I am sworn to lay my Reasons home.
 Rouze then, awake, recal your sleeping Virtue,
 Side with the King, and arm against your Father:
 Take part with those that loyally have sworn
 To let him in by Night: *Vitellius*,
Aquilius, and your Brother wait without;
 Therefore I charge you haste, subscribe your Name,
 And send your vow'd Obedience to the King.
 'Tis *Teraminta* that intreats you thus,
 Charms, and conjures you: tell the Royal Herald
 You'll head their Enterprize; and then, my Lord,
 My Love, my noble Husband, I'll obey you,
 And follow to your Bed.

Tit. Never, I swear.
 Oh, *Teraminta*, thou hast broke my Heart;
 By all the Gods, from thee this was too much.
 Farewel, and take this with thee. For thy sake
 I will not fight against the King, nor for him.
 I'll fly my Father, Brother, Friends for ever;
 Forsake the haunts of Men; converse no more
 With ought that's human; dwell with endless Darkness;
 For since the sight of thee is now unwelcome,
 What has the World besides that I can bear?

Ter.

Ter. Comeback, my Lord. By these immortal Pow'rs
You now invoc'd, I'll fix you in this Virtue.
Your *Teraminta* did but try how strong
Your Honour stood; and now she finds it lasting,
Will die to root you in this solid Glory.
Yes, *Titus*, tho' the Queen has sworn to end me,
Tho' both the *Fecialians* have Commission
To stab me in your Presence, if not wrought
To serve the King, yet by the Gods I charge you
Keep to the Point your Constancy has gain'd.
Tarquin, altho' my Father, is a Tyrant,
A bloody, black Usurper; so I beg you
E'en in my Death to view him.

Tit. Oh, you Gods!

Ter. Yet guilty as he is, if you behold him
Hereafter with his Wounds upon the Earth,
Titus, for my sake, for poor *Teraminta*,
Who rather dy'd than you shou'd lose your Honour,
Do not you strike him, do not dip your Sword
In *Tarquin's* Blood, because he was my Father.

Tit. No, *Teraminta*, no; by all the Gods
I will defend him, e'en against my Father.
See, see, my Love, behold the Flight I take:
What all the Charms of thy expected Bed
Could not once move my Soul to think of acting,
Thy Tears and menac'd Death, by which thou striv'st
To fix me to the Principles of Glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes, yes, you cruel Gods,
Let the eternal Bolts that bind this Frame
Start from their Order: since you push me thus,
E'en to the Margin of this wide Despair,
Behold I plunge at once in this Dishonour,
Where there is neither Shore, nor hope of Heav'n,
No floating Mark through all the dismal Vast;
'Tis rockle'ss too, no Cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about and pause upon the Ruin.

Ter. Is then your purpos'd Honour come to this?
What now, my Lord?

Tit. Thy Death, thy Death, my Love:
I'll think on that, and laugh at all the Gods.

56 Lucius Junius Brutus,

Glory, Blood, Nature, Ties of Reverence,
The Dues of Birth, Respect of Parents, all,
All are as this, the Air I drive before me.
What ho! *Vitellius*, and *Aquilus*, come,
And you the *Fecialian* Herald, haste,
I'm ready for the Leap, I'll take it with you,
Tho' deep as to the Fiends.

Ter. Thus hear me, *Titus*.

Tit. Off from my Knees, away. [me?
What on this Theme, thy Death? Nay, stab'd before

Enter Priests, with Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius.

Speak not; I will not know thee on this Subject,
But push thee from my Heart, with all Persuasions
That now are lost upon me. O *Tiberius*,
Aquilus, and *Vitellius*, welcome, welcome;
I'll join you in the Conjurat[i]on, come:
I am as free as he that dares be foremost.

Ter. My Lord, my Husband.

Tit. Take this Woman from me.

Nay, look you, Sirs, I am not yet so gone,
So headlong neither in his damn'd Design,
To quench this horrid Thirst with *Brutus'* Blood:
No, by th' Eternal Gods I bar you that;
My Father shall not bleed.

Tib. You could not think
Your Brother sure so monstrous in his Kind,
As not to make our Father's Life his Care.

Tit. Thus then, my Lords, I list my self among you,
And with my Stile in short subscribe my self
The Servant to the King; my Words are these;

' *Titus* to the King:

' Sir, you need only know my Brother's Mind

' To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

1 *Pri.* 'Tis full enough.

Tit. Then leave me to the Hire

[*Ex. Tib. Aquil. Vit. and Priests.*

Of this hard Labour, to the dear-bought Prize,
Whose Life I purchas'd with my Lots of Honour:

Come

Come to my Breasts thou Tempest-beaten Flower,
Brim-full of Rain, and flick upon my Heart.
O short-liv'd Rose! Yet I some Hours will wear thee:
Yes, by the Gods I'll smell thee 'till I languish,
Rifle thy Sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding Beauties,
And clasp thee dead: Then, like the Morning Sun,
With a new Heat kiss thee to Life again,
And make the Pleasure equal to the Pain. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Tiberius, Vitellius.

T I B E R I U S.



ARK, are we not pursu'd?

Vit. No; 'tis the Tread

Of our own Friends that follow in the dark.

Tib. What's now the time?

Vit. Just dead of Night,

And 'tis the blackest that e'er mask'd a Murder.

Tib. It likes me better; for I love the Scoul,
The grimmeſt Lowre of Fate on ſuch a Deed;

I would have all the Charnel-houſes yawn,

The duſty Urns, and monumental Bones,

Remov'd, to make our Maſſacre a Tomb.

Hark! Who was that that hollow'd Fire?

Vit. A Slave

That ſnores i' th' Hall, he bellows in his Sleep,

And cries, The Capitol's o' Fire.

Tib. I would it were,

And *Tarquin* at the Gates: 'Twould be a Blaze,

A Beacon fit to light a King of Blood,

That vows at once the Slaughter of the World:

Down with their Temples, ſet 'em on a Flame;

What ſhould they do with Houſes for the Gods,

Fat Fools, the lazy Magiſtrates of Rome,

L 5

Wise Citizens, the politick Heads o' th' People,
 That preach Rebellion to the Multitude?
 Why, let 'em off, and roll into their Graves:
 I long to be at work. See, good *Aquilius*,
Trebonius too, *Servilius* and *Minatius*,
Pomponius hail: Nay, now you may unmask,
 Brow-beat the Fates, and say they are your Slaves.
Aqu. What are those Bodies for?

Tib. A Sacrifice.

These were two very busy Commonwealths-Men,
 That, e'er the King was banish'd by the Senate,
 First set the Plot on foot in publick Meetings;
 That would be holding forth, 'twas possible
 That Kings themselves might err, and were but Men,
 The People were not Beasts for Sacrifice;
 Then jogg'd his Brother, this 'cramin'd Statesman here,
 The bolder Rogue, whom ev'n with open Mouth
 I heard once belch Sediton from a Stall.
 Go, bear him to the Priests; he is a Victim
 That comes as wish'd for them, the Cooks of Heav'n,
 And they will carve this Brawn of fat Rebellion,
 As if he were a Dish the Gods might feed on.

Vin. [From a Window.] Oh, the Gods! Oh the Gods!
 What will they do with him? O these Priests, Rogues,
 Cut-throats! a Dish for the Gods, but the Devil's Cooks
 to dress him.

Tib. Thus then. The *Fetialians* have set down
 A Platform, copy'd from the King's Design:
 The *Pandane*, or the *Romulike*, the *Roman*,
Carmental and *Janiculum* Ports of *Rome*,
 The *Circ*, the *Capitol*, and *Sublician* Bridge,
 Must all be seiz'd by us that are within;
 'Twill not be hard in the Surprise of Night
 By us, the Consuls Children and their Nephews,
 To kill the drowsy Guards, and sweep the Fields,
 At least so long till *Tarquin* force his Entrance
 With all the Royalists that come to join us.
 Therefore to make his broader Squadrons Way,
Tarquinian is design'd to be the Entry
 Of his most pompous and resolv'd Revenge..

Aquil.

Aquil. The first decreed in this great Execution,
Is here set down, your Father and *Valerius*.

Tib. That's as the King shall please; but for *Valerius*,
I'll take my self the Honour of his Head,
And wear it on my Spear. The Senate all
Without Exception shall be sacrific'd:
And those that are the mutinous Heads o' th' People,
Whom I have mark'd to be the Soldiers Spoil,
For Plunder must be given; and who so fit
As those notorious Limbs, your Commonwealths Men?
Their Daughters to be ravish'd, and their Sons
Quarter'd like Brutes upon the common Shambles.

Vit. Now for the Letters, which the *Fecilians*
Require us all to sign, and send to *Tarquin*,
Who will not else be apt to trust his Herald's
Without Credentials under every Hand;
The Business being indeed of vast Import,
On which the Hazard of his Life and Empire,
As well as all our Fortunes, does depend.

Tib. It were a Break to the whole Enterprize
To make a Scruple in our great Affair:
I will sign first: And for my Brother *Titus*,
Whom his new Wife detains, I have his Hand
And Seal to shew, as fast and firm as any.

Vin. O Villany! Villany! What would they do with
me if they should catch me peeping? Knock out my
Brains at least; another Dish for the Priests, who would
make fine Sauce of 'em for the Hanch of a fat Citizen!

Tib. All Hands have here subscribed: and that your
Prove resolute to what your Hands have giv'n, [Hearts
Behold the Messengers of Heav'n to bind you,
Charms of Religion, sacred Conjurations,
With Sounds of Execration, Words of Horror,
Not to disclose or make least Signs or Shew
Of what you have both heard, and seen, and sworn;
But bear your selves as if it ne'er had been:
Swear by the Gods celestial and infernal,
By *Pluto*, Mother Earth, and by the Furies,
Not to reveal, tho' Racks were set before you,
A Syllable of what is past and done.

Hark

Hark how the offer'd Brutes begin to roar !
 O that the Hearts of all the Traitor Senate,
 And Heads of all that foul *Hydra* Multitude,
 Were frying with their Fat upon this Pile,
 That we might make an Off'ring worth an Empire,
 And sacrifice Rebellion to the King.

The SCENE draws, showing the Sacrifice; one burning, and another crucify'd; the Priests coming forward with Goblets in their Hands, fill'd with Human Blood.

1 *Pri.* Kneel all you Heroes of this black Design,
 Each take his Goblet fill'd with Blood and Wine;
 Swear by the Thunderer, swear by *Jove*,
 Swear by the hundred Gods above,
 Swear by *Dis*, by *Proserpine*,
 Swear by the *Berecynthian* Queen.

2 *Pri.* To keep it close 'till *Tarquin* comes,
 With Trumpet Sound and Beat of Drums;
 But then to thunder forth the Deed,
 That *Rome* may blush, and Traitors bleed:
 Swear all.

All. We swear.

1 *Pri.* Now drink the Blood,
 To make the Conjunction good.

Tib. Methinks I feel the Slaves exalted Blood
 Warm at my Heart: O that it were the Spirits
 Of *Rome's* best Life, drawn from her grizzled Fathers!
 That were a Draught indeed to quench Ambition,
 And give new Fierceness to the King's Revenge.

Vin. Oh the Gods! What, burn a Man alive! O Cannibals, Hell-hounds! Eat one Man, and drink another! Well, I'll to *Valerius*; *Brutus* will not believe me, because his Sons and Nephews are in the Business. What, drink a Man's Blood! Roast him and eat him alive! A whole Man roasted! Would not an Ox serve the Turn? Priests to do this! Oh ye immortal Gods! For my part if this be your Worship I renounce you. No, if a Man can't go to Heav'n, unless your Priests eat him, and drink

drink him, and roast him alive, I'll be for the broad Way,
and the Devil shall have me at a Venture. [Exit.

Enter Titus.

Tit. What ho, *Tiberius* ! Give me back my Hand :
What have you done ? Horrors and Midnight Murders !
The Gods, the Gods awake you to Repentance,
As they have me. Wouldst thou believe me, Brother ?
Since I deliver'd thee that fatal Scroll,
That Writing to the King, my Heart rebell'd
Against it self ; my Thoughts were up in Arms,
All in a Roar, like Seamen in a Storm,
My Reason and my Faculties were wrack'd,
The Mast, the Rudder, and the Tackling gone ;
My Body, like the Hull of some lost Vessel,
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling Fears,
Therefore I charge thee give me back my Writing.

Tib. What means my Brother ?

Tit. O *Tiberius* ! O !

Dark as it seems, I tell thee that the Gods
Look thro' a Day of Lightning on our City ;
The Heav'n's on Fire ; and from the flaming Vault
Portentous Blood pours like a Torrent down.
There are a hundred Gods in *Rome* to night,
And every larger Spirit is abroad,
Monuments empty'd, every Urn is shaken
To fright the State, and put the World in Arms :
Just now I saw three *Romans* stand amaz'd
Before a flaming Sword, then dropt down dead,
My self untouch'd ; while thro' the blazing Air
A fleeting Head, like a full-riding Moon,
Glanc'd by, and cry'd, *Titus*, I am *Egeria* ;
Repent, repent, or certain Death attends thee ;
Treason and Tyranny shall not prevail :
Kingdom shall be no more, *Egeria* says it :
And that vast Turn Imperial Fate design'd,
I saw, O *Titus*, on th' eternal Loom ;
'Tis ripe, 'tis perfect, and is doom'd to stand.

i Pri.

1 Pri. Fumes, Fumes; the Phantoms of an ill Digest—
The Gods are as good quiet Gods as any be, *1 Pri.* *1 Pri.*
They're fast asleep, and mean not to disturb us,
Unless your Frenzy wakes 'em.

Tit. Peace, Fury, Peace,
May the Gods doom me to the Pains of Hell,
If I enjoy'd the Beauties that I lov'd :
The Horror of my Treason shock'd my joys,
Enervated my Purpose, while I lay
Colder than Marble by her Virgin Side ;
As if I had drunk the Blood of Elephants,
Drousy Mandragora, or the Juice of Hemlock.

1 Pri. I like him not ; I think we had best dispatch him.

Tit. Nothing but Images of Horror round me ;
Rome all in Blood, the ravish'd Vessels rawing,
The sacred Fire put out ; robb'd Mothers shrieks
Deafning the 'Gods with 'Clemours from their Babes,
That sprawl'd aloft upon the 'Soldiers Spears ;
The Beard of Age plucked off by barbarous Hands,
While from his piteous Wounds and horrid Gashes
The labouring Life flow'd faster than the Blood.

*Enter Valerius, Vindicius, with Guards, who seize all but
the Priests, who slip away : Vindicius follows them.*

Val. Horror upon me ! What will this Night bring
forth ?

Yes, you immortal Gods, forsake, forsake the Consul,
Since these are here ; the Crime will look less horrid
In me, than in his Sons. *Titus, Tiberius ?*
O from this time let me be blind and dumb :
But haste there ; *Mutius*, fly ; call hither *Brutus*,
Bid him for ever leave the Down of Rest,
And sleep no more : If *Rome* were all on Fire,
And *Tarquin* in the Streets bestriding Slaughter,
He would less wonder than at *Titus* here.

Tit. Stop there, O stop that Messenger of Fate ;
Here, bind, *Valerius*, bind this Villain's Hands,
Tear off my Robes, put me upon the Forks,
And lash me like a Slave, till I shall howl

My

My Soul away : or hang me on a Cross,
Rack me a Year within some horrid Dungeon ;
So deep, so near the Hells that I must suffer,
That I may groan my Torments to the damn'd :
I do submit this Traitor, this curs'd Villain,
To all the Stings of most ingenious Horror,
So thou dispatch me ere my Father comes.
But hark, I hear the Tread of fatal *Brutus* :
By all the Gods, and by the lowest Furies,
I cannot bear his Face : Away with me ;
Or like a Whirlwind I will tear my Way,
I care not whither. [*Exit with Tiberius.*]

Val. Take 'em hence together.

Enter Vinditius with the Priests.

Vin. Here, here, my Lord, I have unkennell'd Two :
Those there are Rascals made of Flesh and Blood,
Those are but Men, but these are the Gods Rogues.

Val. Go, good *Vinditius*, haste, and stop the People,
Get 'em together to the Capitol ;
Where all the Senate, with the Consuls early,
Will see strict Justice done upon the Traitors.
For thee the Senate shall decree Rewards
Great as thy Service.

Vin. I humbly thank your Lordship.
Why, what, they'll make me a Senator at least,
And then a Consul ; O th' immortal Gods !

My Lord, I go——To have the Rods and Axes carry'd
before me, and a long purple Gown trailing behind my ho-
nourable Heels : Well, I am made for ever. [*Exit.*]

Enter Brutus, attended.

Brut. O, my *Valerius*, are these Horrors true ?
Hast thou, O Gods ! this Night embowell'd me ?
Ransack'd thy *Brutus's* Veins, thy Fellow Consul,
And found two Villains lurking in my Blood ?

Val. The blackest Treason that e'er Darkness brooded ;
And who, to hatch these Horrors for the World,

Who

Who to seduce the Noble Youth of *Rome*,
 To draw 'em to so damn'd a Conjurat[i]on,
 To bind 'em too by new invented Oaths,
 Religious Forms, and devilish Sacrifices,
 A Sacrament of Blood, for which *Rome* suffer'd
 In Two the worthiest of her martyr'd Sons;
 Who to do this, but Messengers from Heav'n?
 These Holy Men that swore so solemnly
 Before the Senate, call'd the Gods to curse 'em.
 If they intended ought against the State,
 Or harbour'd Treason more than what they utter'd?
Brut. Now all the Fiends and Furies thank 'em for it.
 You Sons of Murder, that get drunk with Blood,
 Then stab at Princes, poison Commonwealths,
 Destroy whole Hecatombs of innocent Souls,
 Pile 'em like Bulls and Sheep upon your Altars,
 As you would smoke the Gods from out their Dwelling:
 You Shame of Earth, and Scandal of the Heav'ns;
 You deeper Fiends than any of the Furies,
 That scorn to whisper Envy, Hate, Sedition;
 But with a Blast of Privilege proclaim it;
 Priests that are Instruments design'd to damn us,
 Fit Speaking-Trumpets for the Mouth of Hell:
 Hence with 'em, Guards; secure 'em in the Prison
 Of *Ancus Martius*. Read the Packets o'er,
 I'll bear it as I'm able, read 'em out.

Val. The Sum of the Conspiracy to the King.
 • It shall begin with both the Consuls Deaths;
 • And then the Senate; every Man must bleed,
 • But those that have engag'd to serve the King.
 • Be ready therefore, Sir, to send your Troops
 • By Twelve to morrow Night, and come your self
 • In Person, if you'll reascend the Throne:
 • All that have sworn to serve your Majesty,
 • Subscribe themselves by Name your faithful Subjects;
 • *Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius,*
 • *Trebonius, Servilius, Minutius,*
 • *Pomponius,* and your *Fecidian* Priests.

Brut. Ha! my *Valerius*, is not *Titus* there?

Val.

Val. He's here, my Lord ; a Paper by it self.

* *Titus* to the King.

* Sir, you need only know my Brother's Mind,

* To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

What do you think, my Lord ?

Brut. Think, my *Valerius* !

By my Heart, I knew not :

I'm at a Loss of Thought ; and must acknowledge

The Counsels of the Gods are fathomless :

Nay, 'tis the hardest Task perhaps of Life

To be assur'd of what is Vice or Virtue :

Whether when we raise up Temples to the Gods,

We do not then blaspheme 'em : O, behold me,

Behold the Game that laughing Fortune plays ;

Fate, or the Will of Heav'n, call't what you please,

That marrs the best Designs that Prudence lays,

That brings Events about perhaps to mock

At human Reach, and sport with Expectation.

Consider this, and wonder not at *Brutus*,

If his Philosophy seems at a stand ;

If thou beholdest him shed unmanly Tears

To see his Blood, his Children, his own Bowels

Conspire the Death of him that gave 'em Being. [ing ?

Val. What Heart, but yours, could bear it without break-

Brut. No, my *Valerius*, I were a Beast indeed

Not to be mov'd with such prodigious Suffering :

Yet after all I justify the Gods,

And will conclude there's Reason supernatural,

That guides us through the World with vast Discretion,

Altho' we have not Souls to comprehend it :

Which makes by wondrous Methods the same Causes

Produce Effects, tho' of a different Nature.

Since then, for Man's Instruction, and the Glory

Of the immortal Gods, it is decreed

There must be Patterns drawn of fiercest Virtue,

Brutus submits to the eternal Doom.

Val. May I believe there can be such Perfection,

Such a Resolve in Man ?

Brut. First, as I am their Father,

I pardon both of them this black Design :

But

But as I am *Stair's* Consul, I rather 'em;
 And cast 'em from my Soul with Detestation:
 The nearer to my Blood, the deeper grieved
 The Colour of their Fault, and they shall bleed.
 Yes, my *Valerius*, both my Sons shall die.

Enter Terrentina.

Nay, I will stand unbewell'd by the Altar,
 See something dearer to me than my Entrails
 Display'd before the Gods and Roman People:
 The Sacrifice of Justice and Revenge.

Ter. What Sacrifice, what Victims, Sir, are these?
 Which you intend? O, you eternal Powers,
 How shall I vent my Sorrows! Oh, my Lord, I
 Yet ere you seal the Death you have design'd,
 The Death of all that's lovely in the World,
 Hear what the Witness of his Soul can say,
 The only Evidence that can, or dare
 Appear for your unhappy gilded Son:
 The Gods command you, Virtue, Truth, and Justice,
 Which you with so much Rigour have ador'd,
 Beg you would hear the wretched *Terrentina*.

Brut. Cease thy Laments: Tho' of the Blood of *Tarquinius*,
 Yet more, the Wife of my forgotten Son;
 Thou shalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then?
 Have you forgot your self? The Image of you,
 The very Picture of your Excellence,
 The Portraiture of all your manly Virtues,
 Your Visage stamp'd upon him; just those Eyes,
 The moving Greatness of 'em, all the Mercy,
 The shedding Goodness; not so quite severe,
 Yet still most like: And can you then forget him?

Brut. Will you proceed?

Ter. My Lord, I will. Know then,
 After your Son, your Son that loves you more
 Than I love him, after our common *Titus*,
 The Wealth o' th' World, unless you rob 'em of it,
 Had long endur'd the Assaults of the Rebellious,

And

And still kept fix'd to what you had enjoin'd him :
 I, as Fate order'd it, was sent from *Tallia*,
 With my Death menac'd, ev'n before his Eyes,
 Doom'd to be slabb'd before him by the Priests,
 Unless he yielded not to oppose the King :
 Consider, Sir ; oh make it your own Case ;
 Just wedded, just on the expected Joy,
 Warm for my Bed, and rushing to my Arms,
 So loving too, alas, as we did love ;
 Granted in Haste, in Heat, in Flame of Passion
 He know not what himself, and so subscrib'd.
 But now, Sir, now, my Lord, behold a Wonder,
 Behold a Miracle to move your Soul :
 Tho' in my Arms, just in the Grasp of Pleasure,
 His noble Heart, struck with the Thoughts of Brutus,
 Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
 Leapt in his Breast, and dash'd him from Enjoyment ;
 He shriek'd, y' immortal Gods, what have I done ?
 No, *Turaminta*, let us rather perish,
 Divide for ever with whole Seas betwixt us,
 Rather than sin against so good a Father.
 Tho' he before had barr'd your Life and Fortune,
 Yet would not trust the Traitors with the Safety
 Of him he call'd the Image of the Gods.

Val. O Saint-like Virtue of a *Roman* Wife !
 O Eloquence Divine ! Now all the Arts
 Of Women's Tongues, the Rhetorick of the Gods
 Inspire thy soft and tender Soul to move him.

Ter. On this he rous'd : Swore by the Powers Divine
 He would fetch back the Paper that he gave,
 Or leave his Life amongst 'em : kept his Word,
 And came to challenge it, but, oh ! too late ;
 For, in the midst of all his Piety,
 His strong Persuasions to a swift Repentance,
 His Vows to lay their horrid Treasons open,
 His Execration of the barbarous Priests,
 How he abhor'd that bloody Sacrament
 As much as you, and curs'd the Conjurat'ion ;
Kindicius came, that had before alarm'd
 The wife *Valerius*, who with all the Guards

Found

Found ~~thus~~ here, believ'd him like the rest,
And seiz'd him too, as guilty of the Treason.

Val. But, by the Gods, my Soul does now acquit him.
Blest be thy Tongue, blest the auspicious Gods
That sent thee, O true Pattern of Perfection !
To plead his bleeding Cause, . There needs no more ;
I see his Father's mov'd : Behold a Joy,
A watry Comfort rising in his Eyes,
That says, 'Tis more than half a Heav'n to hear thee.

Brut. Haste, O *Valerius*, haste, and send for *Titus*.

Ter. For *Titus* ! Oh, that is a Word too distant ;
Say, for your Son, for your beloved Son,
The Darling of the World, the Joy of Heav'n,
The Hope of Earth, your Eyes not dearer to you,
Your Soul's best Wish, and Comfort of your Age.

Enter Titus with Valerius.

Tit. Ah, Sir ! Oh whither shall I run to hide me ?
Where shall I lower fall ? How shall I lie
More groveling in your View, and howl for Mercy ?
Yet 'tis some Comfort to my wild Despair,
Some Joy in Death, that I may kiss your Feet,
And swear upon 'em by these streaming Tears,
Black as I am with all my Guilt upon me,
I never harbour'd ought against your Person :
Ev'n in the height of my full-fraught Distraction,
Your Life, my Lord, was sacred ; ever dear,
And ever precious to unhappy *Titus*.

Brut. Rise, *Titus* : Rise, my Son.

Tit. Alas, I dare not ;

I have not Strength to see the Majesty
Which I have brav'd : If thus far I aspire,
If on your Knees I hang and vent my Groans,
It is too much, too much for thousand Lives.

Brut. I pity thee, my Son, and I forgive thee :
And, that thou mayst believe my Mercy true,
I take thee in my Arms.

Tit. O all the Gods !

Brut. Now rise ; I charge thee, on my Blessing, rise.
Ter.

Ter. Ah! see, Sir, see, against his Will behold
He does obey, tho' he would choose to kneel
An Age before you; see how he stands and trembles!
Now, by my Hopes of Mercy he's so lost,
His Heart's so full, brim-full of Tenderness,
The Sense of what you've done has struck him speechless,
Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears.

Brut. My dear *Valerius*, let me now intreat thee,
Withdraw a while with gentle *Teraminta*,
And leave us to our selves.

Ter. Ah, Sir, I fear you now;
Nor can I leave you with the humble *Titus*,
Unless you promise me you will not chide,
Nor fall again to Anger: Do not, Sir,
Do not upbraid his soft and melting Temper
With what is past. Behold he sighs again!
Now by the Gods that hitherto have blest us,
My Heart forebodes a Storm, I know not why:
But say; my Lord, give me your God-like Word,
You'll not be cruel, and I'll not trust my Heart,
Howe'er it leaps, and fills me with new Horror.

Brut. I promise thee.

Ter. Why, then I thank you, Sir;
Ev'n from my Soul I thank you for this Goodness:
The great, good, gracious Gods reward and bless you.
Ah, *Titus*, ah, my Soul's eternal Treasure,
I fear I leave thee with a hard Usurer;
But I perforce must trust thee. Oh farewell. [*Ex. with Val.*]

Brut. Well, *Titus*, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a while this mighty Motion,
Wait till the Tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the Calm of Nature,
With all thy gentler Virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a Stillness, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
My Son, my *Titus*, is all well again?

Tit. So well, that saying how must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this Moment,
For so my Heart with powerful Throbs persuades me:

That

That were indeed to make you Reparation,
That were, my Lord, to thank you home, to die,
And that for *Titus* too, would be most happy. [happy?

Brut. How's that, my Son? Would Death for thee be

Tit. Most certain, Sir; for in my Grave I 'scape
All those Affronts which I in Life must look for,
All those Reproaches which the Eyes, and Fingers,
And Tongues of *Rome* will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a Soul so sensible as mine,
Each single Scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the Stings of my own Conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night,
Casting my blotted Honour in the Way
Where'er my melancholy Thoughts still guide me.

Brut. But is not Death a very dreadful Thing?

Tit. Not to a Mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks and Obsequies,
Make it a dreadful Thing; the Pomp of Death
Is far more terrible than Death it self.
Yes, Sir, I call the Powers of Heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with Joy, to honour *Brutus*,
To make your Justice famous through the World,
And fix the Liberty of *Rome* for ever:
Not but I must confess my Weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the Frailty of a mortal Man,
But the Security of th' immortal Gods.

Brut. O *Titus*! Oh thou absolute young Man!
Thou flatt'ring Mirror of thy Father's Image,
Where I behold my self at such Advantage!
Thou perfect Glory of the *Junian* Race!
Let me endear thee once more to my Bosom;
Groan an eternal Farewel to thy Soul;
Instead of Tears weep Blood, if possible;
Blood, the Heart-Blood of *Brutus*, on his Childs
For thou must die, my *Titus*, die, my Son,

I swear the Gods have doom'd thee to the Grave:
The violated Genius of thy Country
Rears his sad Head, and passes Sentence on thee:
This Morning Sun, that lights my Sorrows on
To the Tribunal of this horrid Vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my Lord!

Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your Sorrow?
Why should the God-like *Brutus* shake to doom me?
Why all these Trappings for a Traitor's Herse?
The Gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my *Titus*:

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, *Titus*, mark; the deeper that I search,
My haras'd Soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very Hand of *Jove*
Moving the dreadful Wheels of this Affair,
That whirl thee, like a Machine, to thy Fate.
It seems as if the Gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling Spirits of the People,
And settle the loose Liberty of *Rome*.

'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not Fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy Death, that 'tis not in the Power
Of Gods or Men to save thee from the Ax.

Tit. The Ax! O Heav'n! then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common Hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, *Titus*, since the Gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' Advantage
Of thy important Fate, cement *Rome's* Flaws,
And heal her wounded Freedom with thy Blood:
I will ascend my self the sad Tribunal,
And sit upon my Sons; on thee, my *Titus*;
Behold thee suffer all the Shame of Death,
The Lictor's Lashes, bleed before the People;
Then with thy Hopes, and all thy Youth upon thee,
See thy Head taken by the common Ax,
Without a Groan, without one pitying Tear,
If that the Gods can hold me to my Purpose,
To make my Justice quite transcend Example.

Tit.

Tit. Scourg'd like a Bondman ! ha ! a beaten Slave ?
 But I deserve it all ; yet here I fail :
 The Image of this Suff'ring quite unmans me ;
 Nor can I longer stop the gushing Tears.
 O Sir ! O *Brutus* ! must I call you Father,
 Yet have no Token of your Tendernefs ?
 No Sign of Mercy ? What, not bate me that !
 Can you resolve, O all th' Extremity
 Of cruel Rigor ! to behold me too ?
 To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to Death ?
 Where are your Bowels now ? Is this a Father ?
 Ah, Sir, why should you make my Heart suspect
 That all your late Compassion was dissembled ?
 How can I think that you did ever love me ?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present Passion,
 By these unmanly Tears, these Earthquakes here,
 These Sighs that twitch the very Strings of Life :
 Think that no other Cause on Earth could move me
 To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a Tear,
 Nor shake my solid Virtue from her Point,
 But *Titus*' Death : O do not call it shameful,
 That thus shall fix the Glory of the World.
 I own thy Suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
 To make me throw my Body on the Ground,
 To bellow like a Beast, to gnaw the Earth,
 To tear my Hair, to curse the cruel Fates
 That force a Father thus to drag his Bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated Majesty,
 Rise from the Earth, or I shall beg those Fates
 Which you would curse to bolt me to the Center.
 I now submit to all your threatned Vengeance :
 Come forth you Executioners of Justice,
 Nay, all you Lictors, Slaves, and common Hangmen,
 Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his Sight,
 And lash me till I bleed, whip me like Furies ;
 And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
 For want of Spirits groveling in the Dust,
 Then take my Head, and give it his Revenge :
 By all the Gods I greedily resign it.

Brut.

Brut. No more, farewell, eternally farewell:
If there be Gods they will reserve a Room,
A Throne for thee in Heav'n. One last Embrace,
What is it makes thy Eyes thus swim again?

Tit. I had forgot: Be good to *Tarquinia*
When I am Ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my Care.
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear it.
O for one more, this Pull, this Tug of Heart-Strings:
Farewel for ever.

Tit. O *Brutus*! O my Father!

Brut. Canst thou not say Farewel?

Tit. Farewel for ever.

Brut. For ever then; but Oh my Tears run o'er;
Gross cheeks my Words, and I can speak no more.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Valerius, Horatius, Herminius, Mutina.

HORATIUS.

What IS Sons condemn'd?

Val. Down'd to the Rods and Axes.

Hor. What, both of 'em?

Val. Both, Sir, both, both his Sons.

Hor. What, *Titus* too?

Val. Yes, Sir, his Darling *Titus*.

Nay, tho' he knows him innocent as I am,

'Tis all one, Sir, his Sentence stands like Fate.

Hor. Yet I'll intreat him.

Mut. So will I.

Herm. And I.

[*thine*]

Val. Intreat him! yes, you may, my Lords, and more
As I have done: Why, he's no more a Man;
He is not cast in the same common Mould,
His Spirit moves not with our Springs and Wards;

M

He

74 Lucius Junius Brutus,

He looks and talks as if that *Jove* had sent him
To be the Judge of all the Under-World;
Tells me, this Palace of the Universe,
With that vast Moat, the Ocean running round us,
Th' eternal Stars so fiercely rolling o'er us,
With all that Circulation of Heav'n's Orbs,
Were so establish'd from before all Ages
To be the Dowry of majestick *Rome*:
Then looks as if he had a Patent for it,
To take account of all this great Expence,
And see the Layings out of the round World.

Herm. What shall be done then? For it grieves my Soul
To think of *Titus*' Loss.

Val. There is no Help;
But thus to shake your Head, and cross your Arms,
And wonder what the Gods and he intend.

Herm. There's scarce one Man of this Conspiracy
But is some way related, if not nearly,
To *Junius Brutus*: Some of the *Aquilians*
Are Nephews to him; and *Vitellius*' Sister,
The grave *Sempronia*, is the Consul's Wife.

Val. Therefore I have engag'd that groaning Matron
To plead the Cause of her unhappy Sons:

Enter Titus with Lictors.

But see, O Gods, behold the galant *Titus*,
The Mirror of all Sons, the White of Virtue,
Fill'd up with Blots, and writ all o'er with Blood,
Bowing with Shame his Body to the Ground,
Whipt out of Breath by these inhuman Slaves!
O *Titus*! is this possible? this Shame?

Tit. O my *Valerius*, call it not my Shame;
By all the Gods it is to *Titus*' Honour;
My constant Suff'rings are my only Glory:
What have I left besides? But ask, *Valerius*,
Ask these good Men that have perform'd their Duty,
If all the while they whipt me like a Slave,
If when the Blood from every Part ran down,
I gave out Groan, or shed a Woman's Tear:

I think, I swear, I think, O my *Valerius*,
That I have born it well, and like a *Roman*.
But Oh, far better shall I bear my Death,
Which, as it brings less Pain, has less Dishonour.

Enter Teraminta wounded.

Ter. Where is he? Where, where is this God-like Son-
Of an inhuman, barbarous, bloody Father?
O bear me to him.

Tit. Ha! My *Teraminta*!
Is't possible! The very top of Beauty,
This perfect Face drawn by the Gods at Council,
Which they were long a-making, as they had Reason,
For they shall never hit the like again,
Defil'd and mangled thus! What barbarous Wretch
Has thus blasphem'd this bright Original?

Ter. For me it matters not, nor my Abuses:
But, Oh, for thee, why have they us'd thee thus?
Whipt, *Titus*, whipt! And could the Gods look on?
The Glory of the World thus basely us'd?
Lash'd, whipt, and beaten by these upright Dogs?
Whose Souls, with all the Virtue of the Senate,
Will be but Foils to any Fault of thine,
Who hast a Beauty e'en in thy offending.
And did thy Father doom thee thus? Oh, *Titus*,
Forgive thy dying Part, if she believes
A Wretch so barbarous never could produce thee:

Some God, some God, my *Titus*, watch'd his Absence,
Slip to thy Mother's Bed, and gave thee to the World.

Tit. Oh, this last Wound, this Stab to all my Courage!
Had'st thou been well I could have born more Lashes:
And is it thus my Father does protect thee?

Ter. Ah, *Titus*! What, thy Murd'rer my Protector!
No, let me fall again among the People,
Let me be whooted like a common Strumpet,
Toss'd as I was, and dragg'd about the Streets,
The Bastard of a *Tarquin* foil'd in Dirt,
The Cry of all those Bloodhounds that did hunt me
Thus to the Goal of Death, this happy End

Of all my Miseries, here to pant my last,
 To wash thy Gashes with my farewell Tears,
 To murmur, sob, and lean my aching Head
 Upon thy Breast, thus, like a Cradle Babe,
 To suck thy Wounds, and bubble out my Soul.

Enter Sempronius, Aquilia, Vitellia, Mourners, &c.

Semp. Come, Ladies, haste, and let us to the Senate:
 If the Gods give us leave, we'll be to Day
 Part of the Council. Oh, my Son, my *Titus!*
 See here the bloody Justice of a Father,
 See how the Vengeance rains from his own Bowels!
 Is he not mad? If he refuse to hear us,
 We'll bind his Hands as one bereft of Reason.
 Haste then: Oh, *Titus*, I would stay to reason that,
 But that I fear his Orders are gone out
 For something worse, for Death, to take the Heads
 Of all the Kindred of these wretched Women.

Ter. Come then, I think I have some Spirits left
 To join thee, O most pious, best of Mothers,
 To melt this rocky Heart: Give me your Hands:
 Thus let us march before this wretched Host;
 And offer to that God of Blood our Vows:
 If there be ought that's human left about him,
 Perhaps my Wounds and horrible Abuses,
 Help'd with the Tears and Groans of this sad Troop,
 May batter down the best of his Resolves.

Tit. Hark, *Terraminta*.

Ter. No, my Lord, away.

[Exeunt.]

Tit. Oh, my *Valerius!* Was there ever Day
 Through all the Legends of recorded Time
 So sad as this? But see, my Father comes!

Enter Brutus, Tiberius, Lictors.

Tiberius too has undergone the Lash.
 Give him the Patience, Gods, of martyr'd *Paul*,
 And he will bless these Hands that have chastised him.

Tib. Enjoy the bloody Conquest of thy Pride,
 Thou more tyrannical than any *Tarquin*,
 Thou fiercer Sire of these unhappy Sons,
 Than impious *Saturn*, or the gorg'd *Thieftes* :
 This Cormorant fees, and owns us for his Children,
 Yet preys upon his Entrails, tears his Bowels
 With Thirst of Blood, and Hunger fetch'd from Hell,
 Which famish'd *Tantalus* would start to think on.
 But end, Barbarian, end the horrid Vengeance
 Which thou so impiously hast begun ;
 Perfect thy Justice, as thou, Tyrant, call'st it ;
 Sit like a Fury on thy black Tribunal,
 Grasp with thy monstrous Hands these gory Heads,
 And let thy flatt'ring Orators adore thee,
 For Triumphs which shall make thee smile at Horror.

Brut. Lead to the Senate.

Tib. Go then to the Senate, [dren
 There make thy Boast how thou hast doom'd thy Chil-
 To Forks and Whips, for which the Gods reward thee.
 Away ; my Spirit scorns more Conference with thee.
 The Axe will be as Laughter ; but the Whips
 That drew these Stains, for this I beg the Gods
 With my last Breath, for every Drop that falls
 From these vile Wounds, to thunder Curses on thee. [Ex.

Brut. Valerius, haste ; the Senate does attend us. [Ex.

Tit. Valerius, ere you go, let me conjure thee,
 By all the Earth holds great or honourable,
 As thou art truly *Roman*, stamp a Man,
 Grant to thy dying *Titus* one Request.

Val. I'll grant thee any thing, but do not talk
 Of dying yet ; for much I dare confide
 In that sad Company that's gone before :
 I know they'll move him to preserve his *Titus* :
 For tho' you mark'd him not as hence he parted,
 I could perceive with Joy a silent Shower
 Run down his Silver Beard, therefore have hope.

Tit. Hope, say'st thou ! O the Gods ! What hope of
 Life ?

To live, to live ! And after this Dishonour !
 No, my *Valerius*, do not make me rave ;

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But

But if thou hast a Soul that's sensible,
Let me conjure thee, when we reach the Senate,
To thrust me through the Heart.

Val. Not for the World.

Tit. Do't, or I swear thou hast no Friendship for me
First, thou wilt save me from the hated Ax,
The Hangman's Hand ; for by the Gods I tell thee
Thou may'st as well stop the Eternal Sun,
And drive him back, as turn my Father's Purpose :
Next, and what most my Soul intreats thee for,
I shall perhaps in Death procure his Pity ;
For to die thus, beneath his killing Frown,
Is damning me before my Execution.

Val. 'Tis granted; by the Gods I swear to end thee;
For when I weigh with my more serious Thought
Thy Father's Conduct in this dreadful Justice,
I find it is impossible to save thee.
Come then, I'll lead thee, O thou glorious Victim,
Thus to the Altar of untimely Death,
Thus in thy Trim, with all thy Bloom of Youth,
These Virtues on thee, whose eternal Spring
Shall blossom on thy monumental Marble
With never-fading Glory.

Tit. Let me clasp thee,
Boil out my Thanks thus with my farewell Spirits :
And now away, the Taper's almost out,
To lose the Light of this dear World for ever ;
Never, *Valerius*, to be kindled more :
Or if it be, my Friend, it shall continue,
Burn thro' all Winds against the Puff of Fortune,
To dazzle still, and shine like the fix'd Stars,
With Beams of Glory that shall last for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Ultima. The Senate.

Brut. Health to the Senate ! To the Fathers hail !
Jupiter, Mars, and Dis, piter,
Hospital and Teretrian, Jove the Stayer,
With all the hundred Gods and Goddesses,

Guard

Guard and defend the Liberty of Rome.
 It has been found a famous Truth in Story,
 Lost by the ancient Sages to their Sons,
 That on the Change of Empires, or of Kingdoms,
 Some sudden Execution, fierce and great,
 Such as may draw the World to Admiration,
 Is necessary to be put in Act
 Against the Enemies of the present State.
 Had Hector, when the Greeks and Trojans met
 Upon the Truce, and ming'd with each other,
 Brought to the Banquet of those Demi-Gods
 The fatal Head of that illustrious Whore,
 Troy might have stood till now; but that was wanting:
 Jove having from Eternity set down
 Rome to be Head of all the Under-World.
 Rais'd with this Thought, and big with Prophecy
 Of what vast Good may grow by such Examples,
 Brutus stands forth to do a dreadful Justice:
 I come, O Conscript Fathers, to a Deed
 Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful,
 Such as, perhaps, has never yet been found
 In all Memorials of former Ages,
 Nor ever will again. My Sons are Traitors,
 Their Tongues and Hands are Witnesses confess'd;
 Therefore I have already pass'd their Sentence;
 And wait with you to see their Execution.

Hor. Consul, the Senate does not ask their Deaths,
 They are content with what's already done,
 And all intreat you to remit the Ax.

Brut. I thank you, Fathers, but refuse the Offer.
 By the assaulted Majesty of Rome,
 I swear there is no way to quit the Grace,
 To right the Commonwealth, and thank the Gods,
 But by the sacrificing of my Bowels:
 Take then, you sad Revengers of the Publick,
 These Traitors hence, strike off their Heads, and then
 My Sons. No more: their Doom is pass'd. Away.
 Thus shall we stop the Mouth of loud Sedition,
 Thus shew the difference betwixt the Sway
 Of partial Tyrants, and a Free-born People;

Where

Where no Man shall offend because he's great,
 Where none need doubt his Wife's or Daughter's Honour,
 Where all enjoy their own without Suspicion,
 Where there's no Innovation of Religion;
 No Change of Laws, nor Breach of Privilege,
 No desperate Factions gaping for Rebellion,
 No Hopes of Pardon for Assassins,
 No rash Advancements of the Base or Stranger,
 For Luxury, for Wit, or glorious Vice;
 But on the contrary, a balanc'd Trade,
 Patriots encourag'd, Manufactures cherish'd,
 Vagabonds, Walkers, Drones, and swarming Braves,
 The Froth of States, scumm'd from the Commonwealth;
 Idleness banish'd, all Excess repress'd,
 And Riots check'd by sumptuary Laws,
 O Conscript Fathers! 'Tis on these Foundations
 That *Rome* shall build her Empire to the Stars,
 Send her Commanders with her Armies forth,
 To tame the World, and give the Nations Law;
 Consuls, Proconsuls, who to the Capitol
 Shall ride upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
 And when they die, mount from the gorgeous Pile
 In Flames of Spice, and mingle with the Gods.

Hor. Excellent *Brutus*! All the Senate thanks thee,
 And says that thou thy self art half a God.

*Enter Sempronia, Teraminta, with the rest of the
 Mourners; Titus, Valerius, Junius.*

Sem. Gone, gone, to Death! Already sentenc'd!
 Doom'd!

What, my *Tiberius* too! Ah, barbarous *Brutus*!
 Send, haste, revoke the Order of their Fate.
 By all the Pledges of our Marriage Bed,
 If thou, inhuman Judge, hast left me one
 To put thee yet in mind thou art a Father;
 Speak to him, O you Mothers of sad *Rome*,
 Sisters and Daughters, ere the Execution
 Of all your Blood; haste, haste, and run about him,
 Groan, sob, howl out the Terrors of your Souls:

Nay,

Nay, lay upon him like robb'd Savages,
And tear him from your Young,

Brut. Away, and leave me.

Sem. Or if you think it better for your Purpose,
Because he has the Power of Life and Death,
Intreat him thus : throw all your heartless Breasts
Low at his Feet, and like a God adore him :
Nay, make a Rampier round him with your Bodies,
And block him up : I see he would be going ;
Yet that's a Sign that our Complaints have mov'd him.
Continu'd Falls of ever-streaming Tears,
Such, and so many, and the chafest too
Of all the pious Matrons throughout *Rome*,
Perhaps may melt this *Adamantine* Temper.
Not yet ! Nay, hang your Bodies then upon him,
Seize on his Arms, and fasten upon his Knees,
And lay this innocent about his Neck,
This little smiling Image of his Father :
See how he bends, and stretches to his Bosom !
Oh all you pitying Pow'rs, the Darling weeper :
His pretty Eyes, ruddy and wet with Tears,
Like two burst Cherries rolling in a Storm,
Plead for our Grievs more than a thousand Tongues.

Jun. Yes, yes, my Father will be good to us,
And spare my Brothers : Oh, I know he will :
Why, do you think he ever was in earnest ?
What, to cut off their Heads ? I'll warrant you.
He will not : no, he only meant to fright 'em,
As he will me, when I have done a Fault.
Why, Mother, he has whipt 'em for't already,
And do you think he has the Heart to kill 'em ?
No, no, he would not cut their little Fingers
From the World : Or if he should, I'm sure
The Gods would pay him for't.

Brut. What ho ! Without there !
Slaves, Villains, ha ! are not my Orders heard !

Hor. Oh, *Brutus*, see, they are too well perform'd !
See here the Bodies of the *Roman* Youth
All heartless by your Deeds, and there *Flavius*.

Ter.

Ter. See, Sir, behold, is not this horrid Slaughter,
This cutting off one Limb from your own Body,
Is't not enough? Oh, will it not suffice
To stop the Mouth of the most bloody Law?
Oh, it were highest Sin to make a Doubt,
To ask you now to save the innocent *Titus*,
The common Wish and general Petition
Of all the *Roman* Senate, Matrons, Wives,
Widows, and Babes; nay, e'en the madding People
Cry out at last that Treason is reveng'd,
And ask no more: Oh, therefore spare him, Sir!

Brut. I must not hear you: Hark, *Valerius*.

Ter. By all these Wounds upon my Virgin Breast,
Which I have suffer'd by your Cruelty,
Altho' you promis'd *Titus* to defend me.

Sem. Yet hold thy bloody Hand, tyrannick *Brutus*,
And I'll forgive thee for that headless Horror:
Grant me my *Titus*, Oh, in Death I ask thee.
Thou hast already broke *Sempronius's* Heart,
Yet I will pardon that so *Titus* live.

Ah, cruel Judge, thou piglefs Avenger!
What art thou whisp'ring? Speak the Horror out,
For in thy glaring Eyes I read a Murder.

Brut. I charge thee by thy Oath, *Valerius*,
As thou art here deputed by the Gods,
And not a Subject for a Woman's Folly,
Take him away, and drag him to the Ax.

Val. It shall be thus then, not the Hangman's Hand.

[*Runs him through, the Women shriek.*]

Tit. O bravely struck! thou hast hit me to the Earth
So nobly, that I shall rebound to Heav'n,
Where I will thank thee for this galant Wound.

[*Semp. furore.*]

Brut. Take hence this Woman; haste and bear her
Why, my *Valerius*, did'st thou rob my Justice? [home.]

Tit. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in Death
I might have leave to pay my last Obedience,
And beg your Blessing for the other World.

Ter. Oh, do not take it, *Titus*: what'er comes
From such a monstrous Nature must be blasting.

Ah,

Ah, thou inhuman Tyrant ! But alas,
I loiter here, when *Titus* stays for me :
Look here, my Love, thou shalt not be before me.

[Stabs herself.

Thus, to thy Arms then: Oh, make haste, my *Titus*,
I'm got already in the Grove of Death :
The Heaven is all benighted, not one Star
To light us through the dark and pathless Maze :
I have lost thy Spirit ; Oh, I grope about,
But cannot find thee. Now I sink in Shadows. [Dies.

Tit. I come, thou matchless Virtue. Oh my Heart !
Farewel my Love, we'll meet in Heav'n again.
My Lord, I hope your Justice is aton'd ;
I hope the glorious Liberty of *Rome*,
Thus water'd by the Blood of both your Sons,
Will get Imperial Growth, and flourish long.

Brut. Thou hast so nobly born thy self in dying,
That not to bless thee were to curse y self ;
Therefore I give thee thus my last Embrace,
Print this last Kiss upon thy dying Lips :
And ere thou goest, I beg thee to report me
To the great Shades of *Romulus* and *Numa*,
Just with that Majesty and rugged Virtue
Which they inspir'd, and which the World has seen :
So, for I see thou'rt gone, farewell for ever :
Eternal *Jove*, the King of Gods and Men,
Reward and crown thee in the other World.

Tit. What Happiness has Life to equal this ?
By all the Gods I would not live again ;
For what can *Jove*, or all the Gods give more,
To fall thus crown'd with Virtue's fullest Charms,
And die thus blest in such a Father's Arms. [Dies.

Val. He's gone ; the galant Spirit's fled for ever.
How fares this noble Vessel, that is robb'd
Of all its Wealth, spoil'd of its topmost Glory,
And now lies floating in this World of Ruin ?

Brut. Peace, Consul, Peace ; let us not soil the Pomp
Of this Majestick Fate with Woman's Brawls.
Kneel, Fathers, Friends, kneel all you *Roman* People,
Hush'd as dead Calms, while I conceive a Pray'r

That

That shall be worthy *Rome*, and worthy *Jove*.

Val. Inspire him, Gods, and thou, O *Rome*, attend.

Brut. Let Heav'n and Earth for ever keep their Bound,
The Stars unshaken go their constant Round ;
In harmless Labour be our Steel employ'd,
And endless Peace through all the World enjoy'd :
Let every Bark the Waves in Safety plough,
No angry Tempest curl the Ocean's Brow ;
No darted Flames from Heav'n make Mortals fear,
Nor Thunder fright the weeping Passenger ;
Let not poor Swains for Storms at Harvest mourn,
But smile to see their Hoards of bladed Corn :
No dreadful Comets threaten from the Skies,
No Venom fall, nor pois'nous Vapours rise :
Thou *Jove*, who dost the Fates of Empire doom,
Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.

F I N I S.



